Saturday Review

October 10, 1964 25¢

THE TRAVELER IN WINTER

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Ocean travel will never be the same after the new

Arriving New York April 30th; Eastbound Maiden Voyage May 4th.

except

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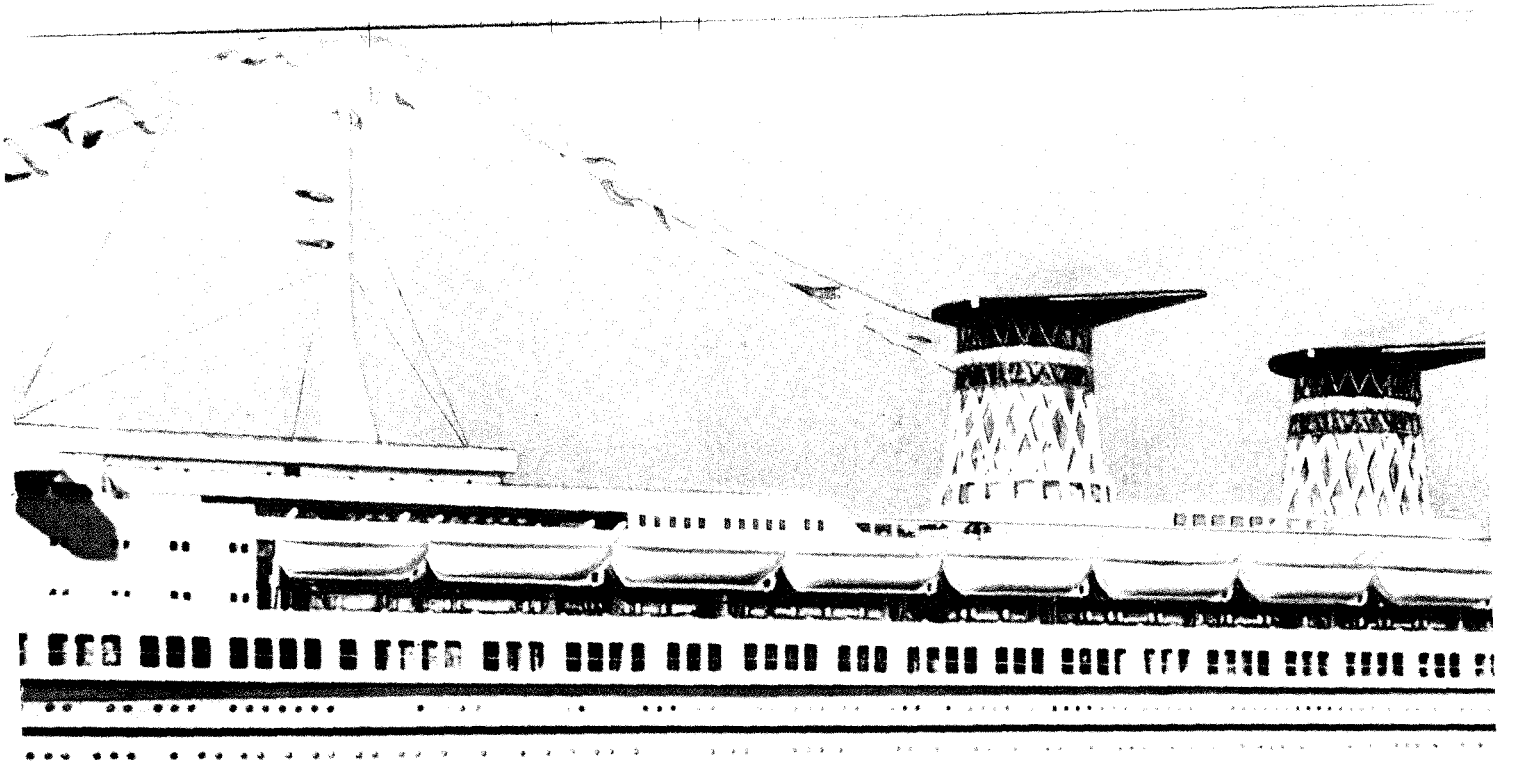
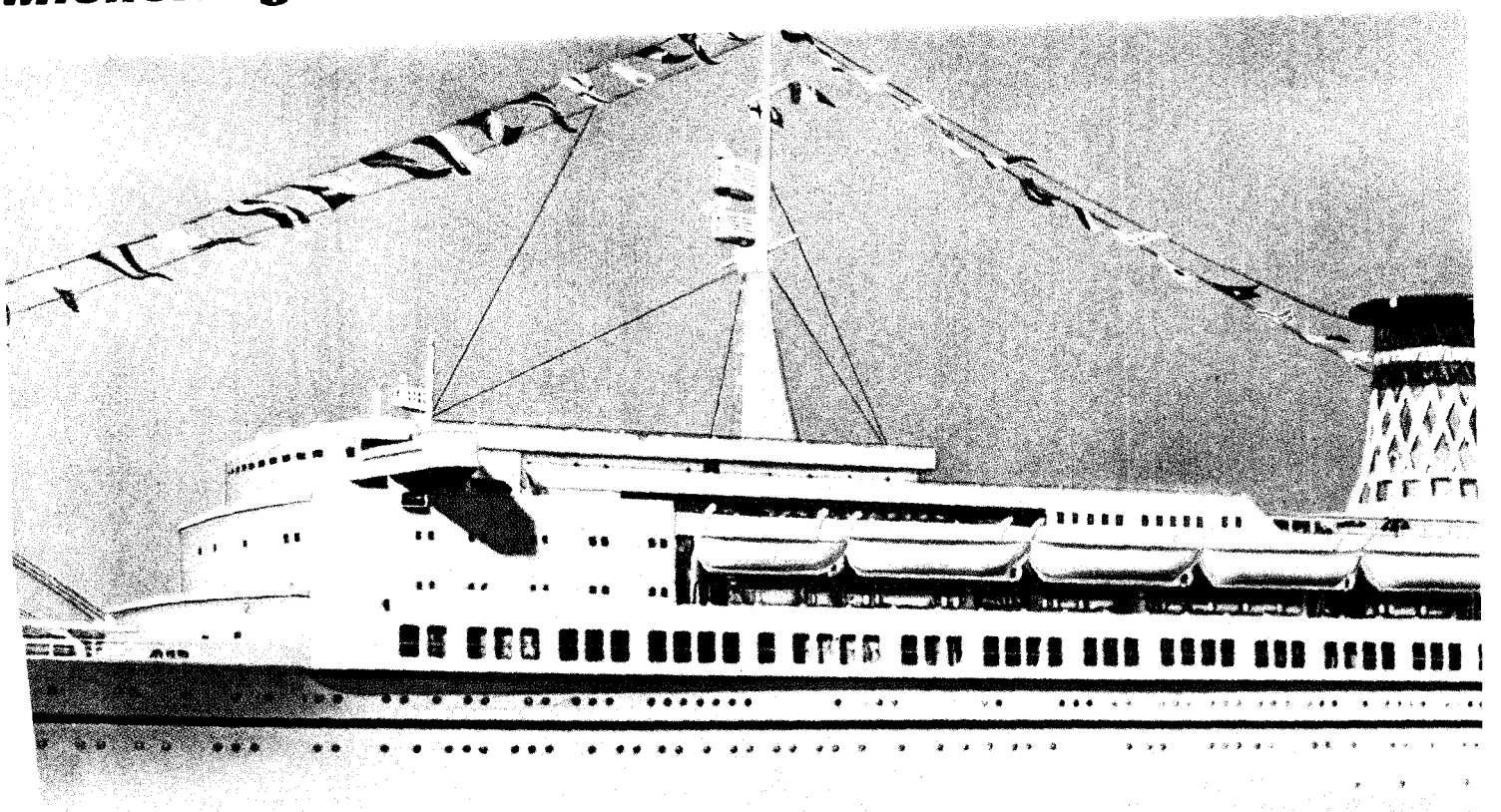


Arriving New York April 2nd; Eastbound Maiden Voyage April 9th.

Michelangelo ...



...n the new Raffaello! Both coming next spring ...

Please turn the page.

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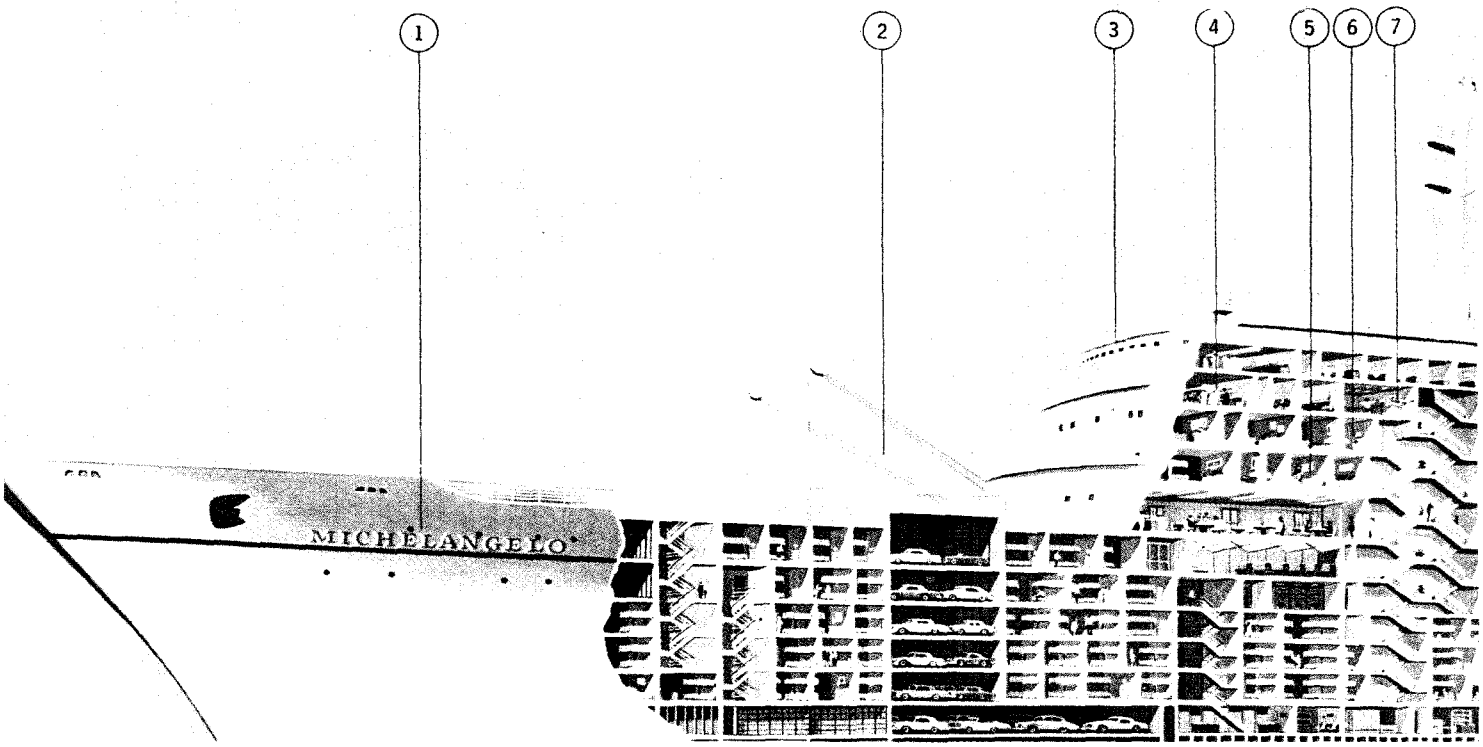
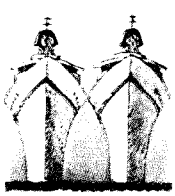


nside story of Italian Line's two newest, biggest, fastest

MAGNIFICENT NEW
PS! Designed for su-
b 3-class passenger
ice. Aerodynamic styl-
by Italy's leading archi-
ts. Each ship has a
der prow...wide, curved
ges...eleven decks...
s tonnage of 43,000...
-all length of 902 feet
eight of 70 feet to Upper Deck. Completely air-
ditioned — special control in each cabin! Top
ed: 29 knots; cruising speed: 26.5 knots.



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helangelo and Raffaello
the largest, fastest su-
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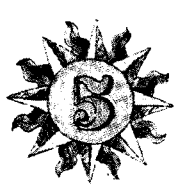

SMOOTH CROSSING
ssured by the newest
ny Brown" stabilizers,
most efficient in the
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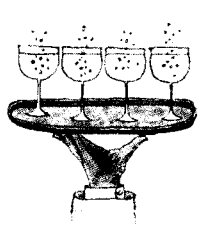
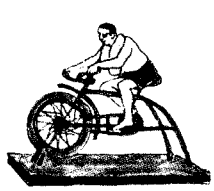


I-NATION TRAINING.
hefs, maître d'hôtels,
rds and stewardesses
ard both ships attend
n Line hotel schools,
train in both English
French hotels. The
m of courteous,
ghtful service that
ks your language" is always at your call. (You'll
er how you ever managed without it before!)

5. MEET THE GOUVERNANTE, meticulous Chief Housekeeper. Only the Michelangelo and Raffaello have such a woman. She is responsible for the needs of ladies in First Class, and for the maintenance of First Class cabins. And she is in charge of all female service personnel.

6. DIRECT CALL SIGNALS are exclusive with Italian Line. The press of a button immediately brings a steward, stewardess, valet service to your cabin. Do you want a decanter of ice water? Or something from the bar? A bowl of fruit? Laundry, cleaning? Friendly, efficient service is always right at your fingertips!

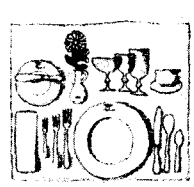
7. A PROFESSIONAL GYMNASIUM, with licensed instructor. Work off your last meal...build your appetite for the next...with rowing machines, electric horses, bicycles, weights...plus therapeutic massages, light baths. Feel like a million!



8. DAILY NEWS BULLETINS are scheduled on closed-circuit television. And take a daily English-Italian newspaper, with the latest world-wide news and features, to your adjustable deck chair. There are stock market reports daily. And you telephone anywhere in the world, from most cabins, on 4 simultaneous ship-to-shore systems.

9. SUPERBLY APPOINTED CABINS have been carefully planned for your comfort. There are private sanitary facilities in every cabin. Full-length mirrors, inner-spring mattresses, extra pillows, spacious luggage areas. Most cabins singles or doubles. Wall-to-wall wool carpeting...thermostatically controlled baths and showers, that you set yourself, in First Class.

10. LUXURIOUS DINING ROOMS. A sparkling, elegant setting for your meals. Your table is set with gleaming china, decorated in gold patterns...brilliant Italian crystal goblets... highly polished silver... golden dessert service... Belgian linen dining cloths ...freshly-cut flowers. 4 trained table attendants cater to your vigorous, sea-going appetite at every meal.



11. ENORMOUS BALLROOMS where you dance tune-filled nights away! In First Class, 2 spacious dance floors of squares of palisander from India. Above you: a magnificent, domed ceiling, 2 decks high. Around you: Flemish inspired tapestries.

12. MORE OUTDOOR POOLS than on any other ship: 3 for adults, 3, adjacent, for children. Refreshing ocean water changed continuously. Lavishly lined in ceramic tile...with specially-designed water slides ...and trained lifeguards on duty at all times.

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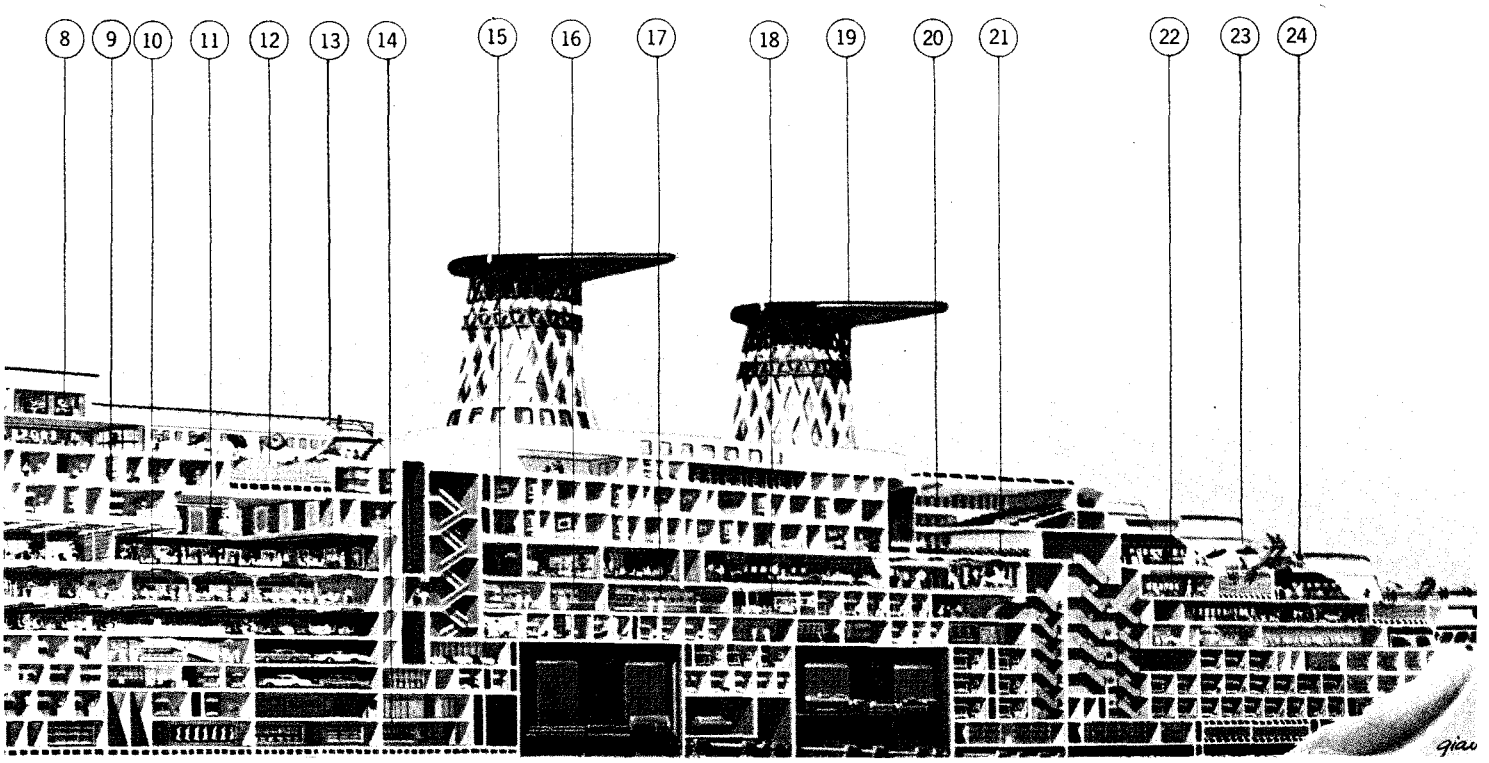
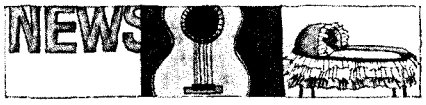


twin superliners: Michelangelo and Raffaello

13. THE LARGEST SUN-DECKS for relaxing and promenading...larger than on any other ships in the Atlantic...and more open deck space for Tourist Class than ever before. Stretch out, feel the warm sun...on magnificent, beach-size, open Belvedere decks. Infrared heating system is available in First Class pool areas for the occasional "cool" day.

14. 203 DIFFERENT WINES for you to choose from, 40 different types of liqueurs, 15 brands of beer. Champagnes (go ahead, be festive!), whiskies, cognacs, brandies—and Rossese, "the wine of Napoleon," is only 80¢ a bottle.

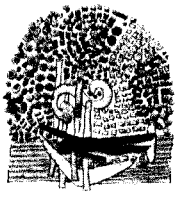


15. 3-CHANNEL RADIO SYSTEM brings you music or news, whichever you select, in the comfort of your First Class stateroom. And Electronic Baby Sitting, *on this system, keeps an alert ear to your baby* while you are dancing...tanning...at the beauty salon...or the English-leather bar. In suites, deluxe cabins, main lounges of *all* classes: closed circuit TV.

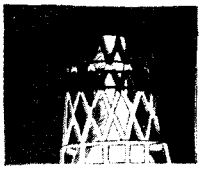
16. 72 CHEFS, COOKS, PASTRY MEN prepare more than 1000 superb dishes daily...or ask for any dish: no request is refused! There are specialties from around the world, where they are freshest and best: oranges from Haifa and Sicily, beef from the United States, veal from Italy, salmon from Scotland, caviar from Iran—and 12 different hams from 12 different countries! Special dietary requirements attended to.

17. DOUBLE-TIERED ROTISSERIE, 8 feet wide, for charcoal broiling superb steaks, prime roasts, tender squabs, baby lamb! Just one of many exclusive features in the most modern, stainless steel kitchens afloat. (Ripening rooms, too, so fruits and vegetables arrive at your table at their succulent best.)

18. ORIGINAL ART TREASURES by Italy's leading contemporary artists, sculptors, create an exquisite atmosphere. Mosaics, tapestries, scenic panels, silver bas-reliefs, handmade chandeliers of Murano crystal . . . sumptuous decor created by 22 designer-teams.



19. UNIQUELY DESIGNED SMOKESTACKS soar 63 feet to the sun. Lattice-worked for distinctive, streamlined appearance. Well astern, they allow you maximum panoramic shipboard view from top deck..."lift" smoke *away* from ships.

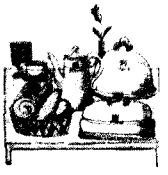


20. THREE-DECK THEATRE. You enjoy American and International pre-release and first run films on wide screen. Films change daily...and 500 are comfortably seated at once in cushiony-soft chairs.

21. ENTERTAINMENT-FILLED NIGHTS. These brilliant new ships have a colorful, informal Repertory Company for evenings of delightful songs, dances. There are Captain's Galas, parties. And you have a dance band in each class: in ballrooms, night clubs.

22. 3 CHILDREN'S PLAYROOMS, fully equipped with the latest in "space age" toys and games, staffed by trained children's nurses. Indoor-outdoor Teen Room gives young people special facilities for dancing, singing, partying.

23. MENUS, MENUS, MENUS! Poolside luncheons...delightful children's meals...dining room menus ...gala night feasts. Breakfast in bed (how long since you've done *that!*)...lavish midnight buffets...snacks.



24. ACTIVE OR LAZY? Relax in the sun, or choose your deck sports from strolling to shuffleboard, deck tennis to skeet shooting. Take dance lessons. Take snapshots (have them printed on ship). Select leather-bound book from the 6-language libra Take cooking or Italian lessons. Or do nothing at a

See your travel agent, and plan to unwind your way to Eur

Italian Lin

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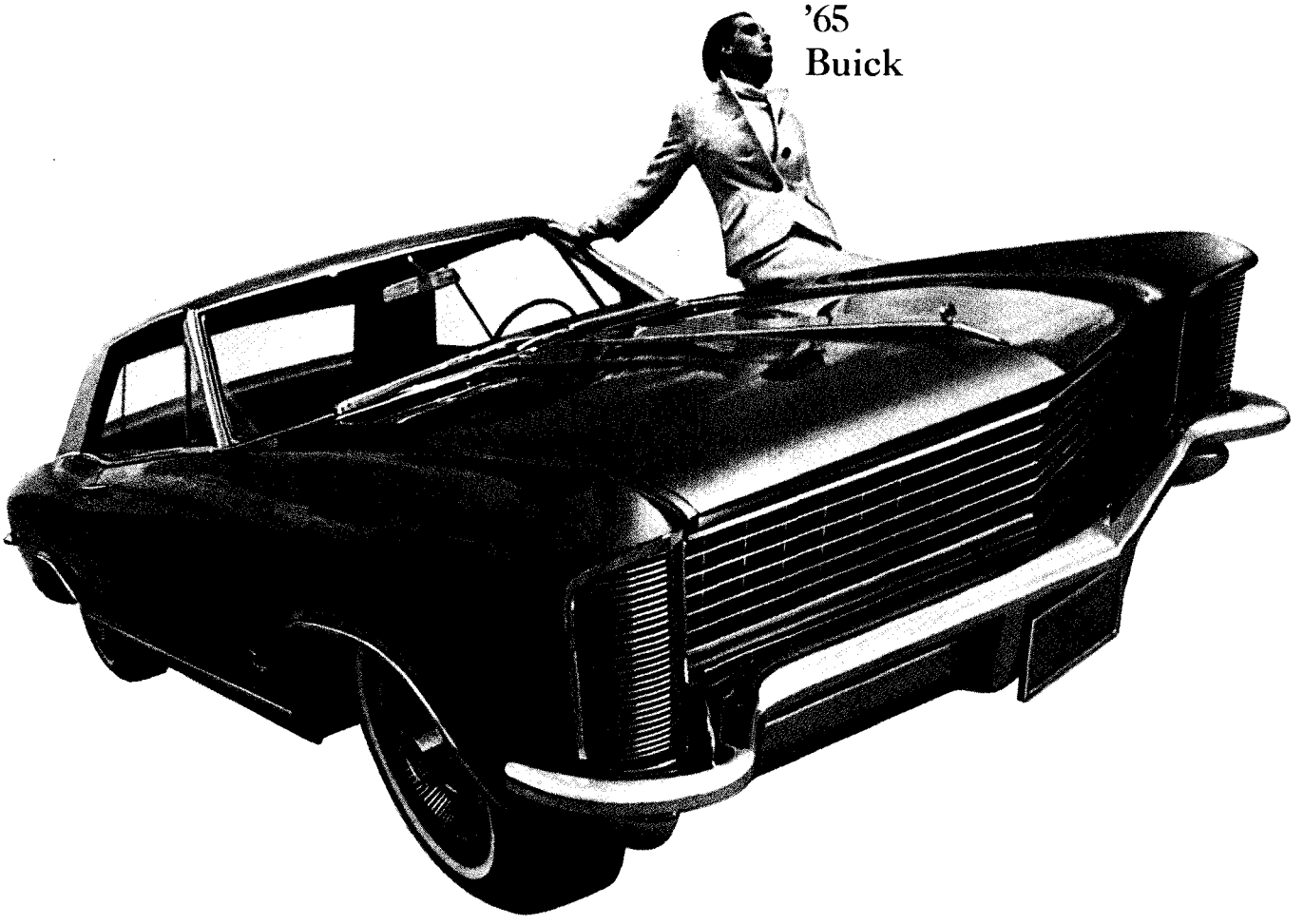
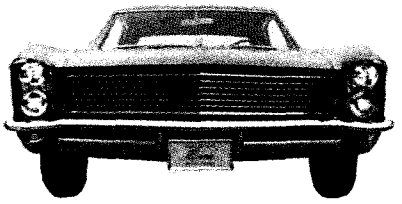
Buick
'65
Buick



An almost impossible thing happened to Riviera on the way to '65.
It got even better.

Far as Buick's concerned, there's no limit to how good a car can get.
Buick has always put more into its cars—and '65 is no exception.
The accent is still on plus-quality engineering, design, styling.
And if it means that we have to spend a little more to give
you a little better—we do. Always did. And we did this year, too—
on our Electra 225, on our Wildcat, Le Sabre, Skylark and Special.

Like we did on this Riviera—on the shielded headlights, for instance.
Camouflaged by masks that flip open wide at the touch of the light switch.
Like we did in adding a hill-climb range to our Super Turbine transmission.
Buick cares more. Does more. And Buicks ride quieter, smoother.
Be our guest. Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?



Buick Motor Division • General Motors Corporation

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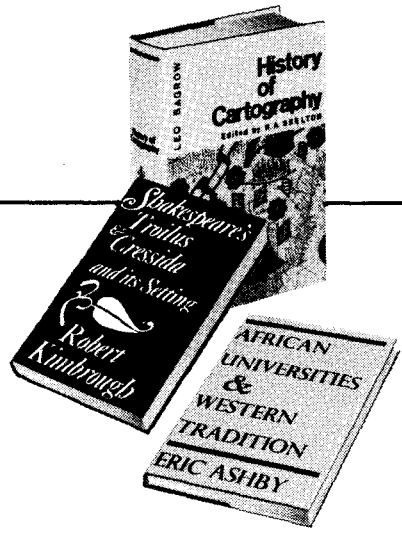

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Saturday Review published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 380 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017. Chairman of the Board, J. R. Cominsky; President, Norman Cousins; Vice President and Treasurer, Nathan Cohn; Vice President and Secretary, W. D. Patterson; Advertising Director, Robert A. Burghardt; Manager of Advertising Sales, Harry T. Morris; Circulation Director, R. F. Goodman; Circulation Consultant, Bert Garmise; Assistant to the Publisher, Marion Urmy; Advertising Promotion Manager, William Donald Garson. Subscription $8 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. XLVII, No. 41 October 10, 1964. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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For the past couple of years, there have been mentions in the press of a new, multi-volume translation of the Bible that would be fully in tune with today's ecumenical spirit—a Bible equally acceptable to Catholics, Jews, and Protestants, based on the soundest scholarship of our time, and written with enlightened modernity.

The first two volumes of this work, called *in toto* "The Anchor Bible" are about to be published. They are *Genesis,* translated by E. A. Speiser, and *The Epistles of James, Peter and Jude,* translated by Bo Reicke. Even at this early stage, it seems safe to state that "The Anchor Bible" has an excellent chance of becoming the single authority for scholars, students, and serious Bible readers of all faiths.

In the past five decades more has been learned about the Bible than was known in all the centuries of its existence. Over 30 renowned experts, under the general authority of Professors William Foxwell Albright and David Noel Freedman, have now applied this new knowledge and have come up with as exact and faithful translations of the Scriptures as are possible today.

In the first two volumes of "The Anchor Bible," the fruit of their labors is evident: the text is vivid and contemporary; the full notes and commentary provide rigorous support for the translations; and the introductions are themselves valuable contributions to biblical scholarship.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

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Edited by Martin Levin

Rondeau '64

(For the Ineffable Bob)

Moses cussed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair he sat in;
Working press, who love to get
Spice in your daily stint, put
that in!
Say I'm venal, say I'm bad,
Say my nearest friends mistrust
me;
Say I'm growing dull, but add
Moses cussed me.

—Howard Cushman.

Say Your Say

I HAVE begun to worry about the word "say," not when it is used in its common form as, say, in a sentence such as "What did he say?" but when it is used by writers who are pointing up an example or a choice.

Here is what I mean. I am reading an account of a day in the life, say, of a political candidate or a steeplejack and I come upon this: "He is riding downtown on a bus and he starts thinking, say, of noodle soup."

I dislike worry but I cannot escape it. I read slowly. My eyes refuse to take in whole sentences at a glance. A good phrase will stop me. I will reread it. I never skip. Though I may be bored I am loyal to the writer, accepting the pain with the pleasure. Much of the time I read criticism and I cannot turn aside even from such words as seminal, granite, *deja vu*, hard-nosed, mystique, charisma, and spectrum.

I have come to live with these words because I know they are stylish and I accept them as I accept autumn tempests and summer heat and the tantrums of vain, posturing tenors. But the word "say" is another matter. "Say" is a good word, a simple Anglo-Saxon word; a word, say, that is so good that it is a pity to abuse it as it is now being abused.

For years writers went along without calling on "say," though it appeared often enough in speech when a man, say, said something like, "I'll meet you, say, outside the Met at 7:30 or, say, at 7:45."

And then someone slipped it into a sentence to give the sentence a new turn. Other writers picked it up and in no time at all it became impossible to read an article without finding the poor little word wedged into a space where it wasn't necessary and where, indeed, it looked uncomfortable. Writers suddenly were unable to make up their minds. Instead of stating plainly, "As a comedian X is every bit as good as Z," a critic fell into the habit of writing, "As a comedian X is every bit as good as, say, Z."

Or, "It no longer is true that a composer like, say, Mozart, etc." or "The wild picturesque scenery reminded him of, say, the Black Forest," or "His level of competency approaches that of, say, Hemingway," and so on and on.

What I am afraid of is that I myself, say, may fall into the habit.

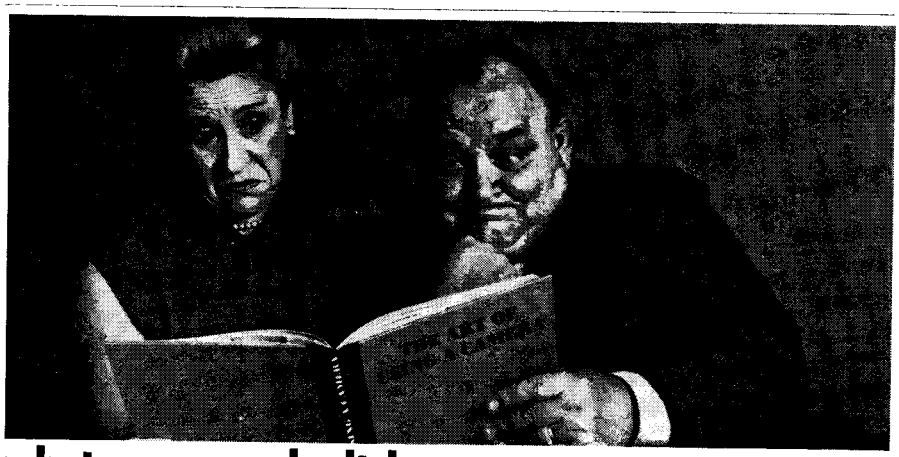
—John Ferris.

The Fortuneteller Was Blind

MY father's fortune was not unexpected. It was at a time when he was leading a comfortable life, but was not yet even a mere millionaire, that a fortuneteller told him he was to become a *multi*millionaire.

The fortuneteller was blind. In fact, blindness was the trademark of all fortunetellers in China, for fortunetelling was the only way a blind person could make a living, except that if he had a wider stretch of imagination he could be a teahouse storyteller. This one we went to was a Mr. Ho, or Half-Immortal Ho, as my toothless aunt ("The Buddha has seen to it that I bite no flesh of other living beings") called him. My aunt was a great believer in the supernatural and spent much of her pennypinched savings on fortunetellers and miracle healers. She had had a hard life and had long concluded that her hope for good fortune rested solely on her afterlife or next-life. So much enthusiasm had she for the life beyond that it had become the only sustaining factor for her well-being. With this enthusiasm she finally succeeded in persuading my skeptical father to have a look into the future with the half-immortal Mr. Ho.

So my father went to see Mr. Ho, taking along my mother and his two eldest children, and Aunt Chao, of course. She cracked open her toothless mouth each time Mr. Ho made a correct statement on the history of our family, such as the number of children, the serious illnesses that had occurred, the fortunes and misfortunes. He carried on, echoed by my aunt's eager acknowledgement, making a blunder here and there. Anyway, my father and the rest of the family were not too impressed—especially the two youngsters who had already



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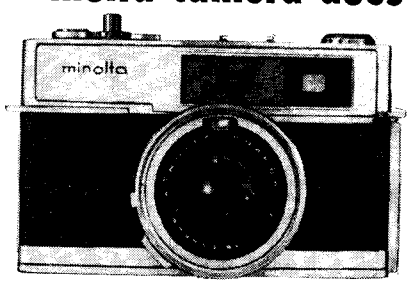

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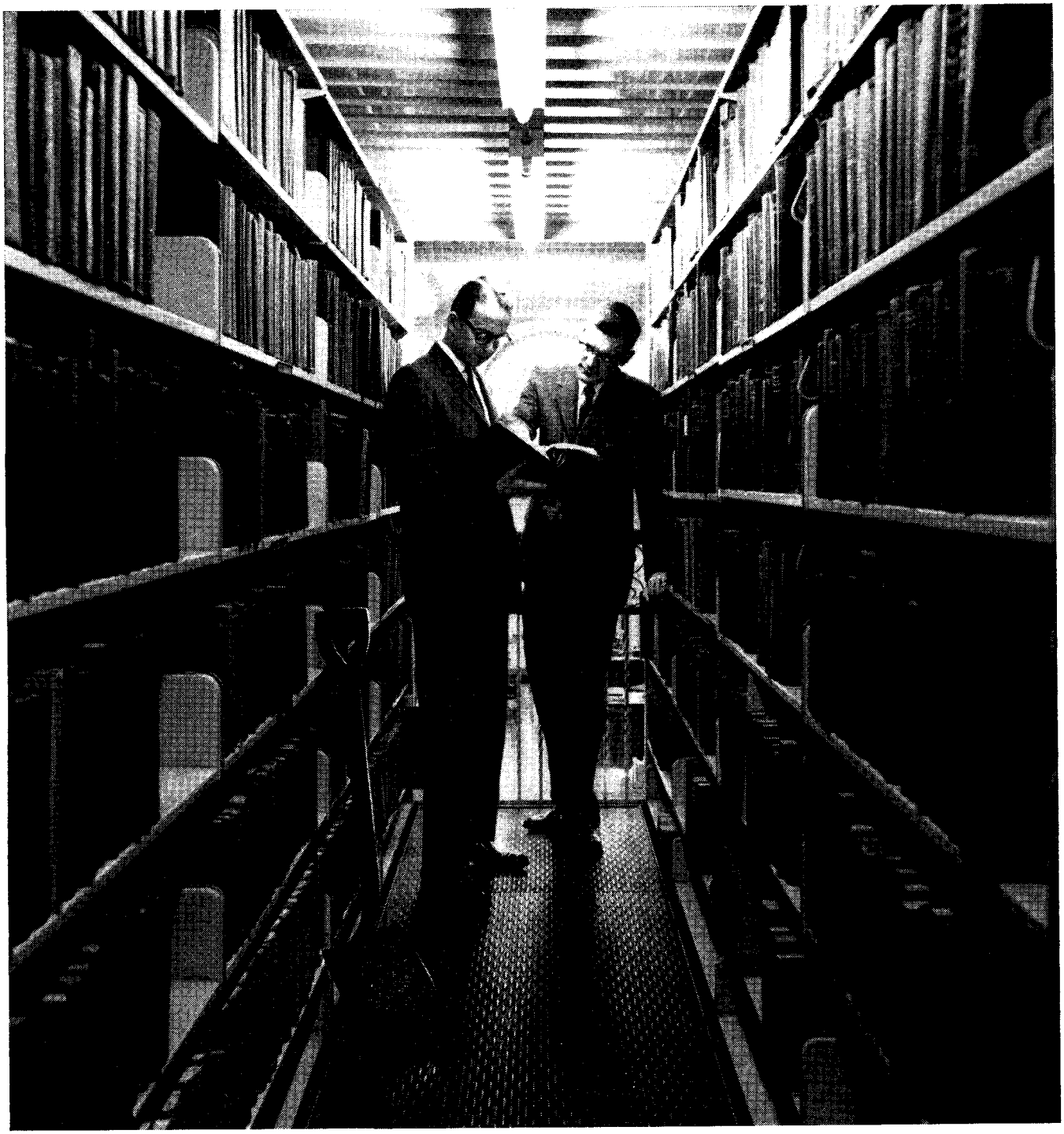

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"To the eyes of the man of imagination,
Nature is imagination itself."
William Blake

The creation of imaginative, fresh patterns through studying the nature and behavior of matter is the heart of our research effort.

Sometimes it leads to the expected, sometimes to the not-so-expected. Always, it leads to stimulation of the intellect through the stimulation of the creative drive.

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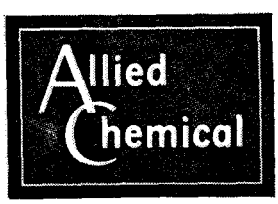

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been infected with modern education. ("Superstition!" my brother whispered to me.) Then Mr. Ho went into the realm of the future and everyone's spirit began to pick up. He foresaw that my brother, who had just entered his late teens and begun to have an eye for a pretty girl, would come across Peach-Flower-Luck many times, meaning frequent love affairs. For my mother he predicted a four-generation family, meaning a long life. To my father he gave the biggest comfort: In no more than five years my father was to be blessed with so much money that the appellation *multimillionaire* would be no exaggeration.

My brother has since fathered five children, but I have no inkling about his luck with woman friends. My mother died before her eldest grandson was old enough to marry and bear children. But my father *did* become a multimillionaire —at the end of the war, when my mother had to hire a ricksha to carry the heavy load of paper money to go shopping. The ricksha boy was also a millionaire. Everyone was. —Timothy Tung.

Keeping Posted

I WAS reading the New York *Post* the other day and the first sentence in Sidney Skolsky's column caught my eye. It read, "Richard Burton, as you probably know, is having an entirely new wardrobe made." This drew me up short. I did *not* know and began to feel ashamed of myself.

While I wasn't anxious to show my ignorance, curiosity got the best of me and I turned to my commuting partner and sheepishly asked him if he had heard about Richard Burton's wardrobe. He seemed a little surprised at my question but finally admitted that he, too, was ignorant of this. We then turned to a friend across the aisle and finally to his friend, and to our amazement, they both acknowledged their ignorance.

Now, here were four men, all college graduates—at least one or two with more than one degree (modesty forbids my pursuing this subject)—reasonably intelligent, apparently well read and knowledgeable men of the world, and all were completely ignorant of Mr. Burton's new wardrobe.

This was puzzling. We got together and started to discuss the subject. One of the men said with certainty that the question of Mr. Burton's wardrobe had not been mentioned in the quiz section of last Sunday's *New York Times*. Another was just as affirmative in denying that he had read anything about it in the last issues of the *New Republic* or *National Observer*. We kicked it around a bit longer and the first thing I knew the train was in my station and I had to get off. —P. Magarick.

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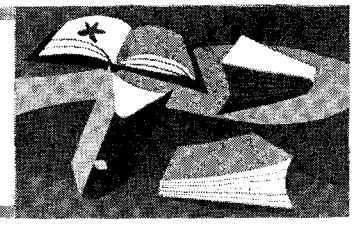
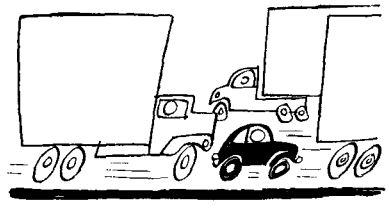
Trade Winds



Having driven 9,000 miles this past summer and having spent six weeks in California, most of it in Orange County, that Southern California stronghold of frontierism, I feel compelled, now that



I have recovered, to make trenchant observations. The first of these shall be the utter destruction of the truck-driver devoted to the myth.

The myth is that they are good drivers, Samaritans off the highway, and the keystone of our economy. The fact is that they are bullies of the wheel, indifferent to the circumstances of others, and road-wreckers. If there is anything that impressed me about the country, it is the complete domination of the roads by trucks. One result has been to render undriveable the right lane of almost every turnpike from the New York State Thruway to the Santa Ana Freeway. The concrete of even the newest roads has been pounded into little bumps and big humps that are every bit as uncomfortable as the similar ones on those old Huey Long two-lane highways in Louisiana, which are still the main arteries in that state.

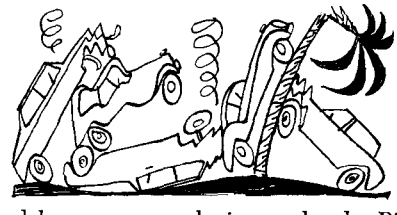
As for rendering aid to stranded motorists, that's a laugh. There are plenty of stranded motorists. They line the roads, usually with the hood open and with their heads inside. They are looking at the engine. Or they are all looking at a flat tire. But truckdrivers aren't stopping to help. Why should they? They are too busy rushing their goods to market. And do they rush!

That's my main complaint, the way these monsters of the highway speed. Seventy miles an hour is the average rate, and I know there were some going much faster than that. The mere speed in itself is dangerous for such large vehicles, but when you add the trucker's compulsive lane-changing, tail-gating, and light-flashing, you've got a case of nationwide intimidation that is shameful. It frightens or antagonizes automobile drivers, who are already on a hellbent mission of self-destruction. The roads are close to chaos as a result.

What's the hurry? In one Midwestern state a huge load of refrigerators went flying past. One day a big truck filled with empty oil drums raced by at about seventy-five. I could only conjecture that somewhere there must be a tremendous leak. A startling reversal of custom came out West when a very long trailer dawdled along. It was loaded with pigs. We all tried to figure out why the live pigs should be made to suffer through a lengthy truck ride while inanimate cargo is speeded to warehouses. Then a big load of lumber passed in the same direction, forcing cars to the side.

The answer was, I guess, that the lumber was being hurried to the same destination as that of the porkers. It would be used to build a pig sty, and therefore the creatures were forced to take it easy until the wood got there and the carpenters built the pen. Maybe you think that's a facetious explanation, but it's got to do until Hoffa or somebody comes up with a better one.

When you get to Southern California, however, the open road looks tame. This is a land of offbeat violence, where people exist in a mood of frenetic detachment. They smoke and drive as though they were immortal. There are no get-well cards for sale in the stores. Newcomers are pouring in by the thousands



and houses are replacing orchards. Picture windows are positioned so they face the freeways. Half the population seems to be sitting on surfboards a few hundred feet out in the ocean. Surfboards are expensive, so some status seekers saw one in half so that two of them can each have an end sticking out the window of their cars. The young guys put something on their hair to make it the fashionable blond color everyone admires. The authentic surfers have little bone malformations on their insteps that come from all that kneeling on the board.

When I said offbeat violence I meant it. While I was there the traffic accidents came faster than the papers could absorb them. Head-on crashes on lonely

20

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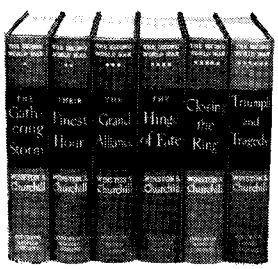

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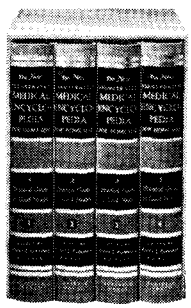

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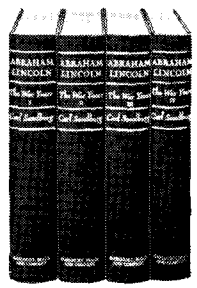

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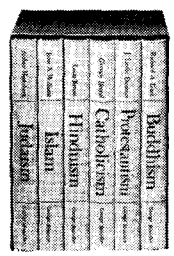

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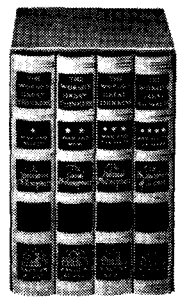

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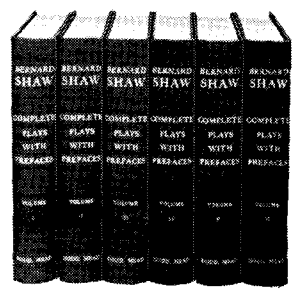

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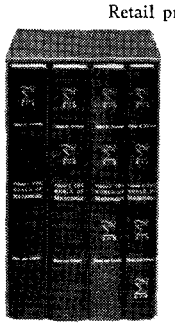

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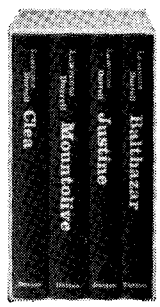

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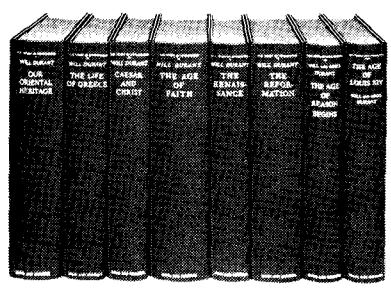

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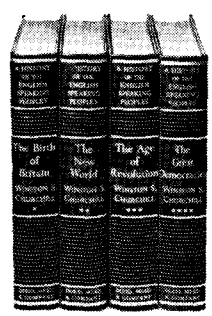

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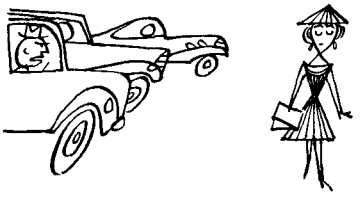
Angel

roads. One-car accidents where the driver, trained out there, came to a slight bend in the road and failed to make it. Twenty-car pileups on the freeway.

That's not half of it. In San Diego a seaplane, landing, dismasts a sailboat. Elsewhere, three kids suffocate in the food freezer belonging to an unemployed mechanic. A man doesn't want his picture taken so he wrestles a TV cameraman to the ground. A man climbs in the window of his estranged wife's home to steal the kids he claims are his. A television actress shoots a .22 at her neighbor in a feud over cats. A television actor almost comes to blows with a Los Angeles councilman in a zoning dispute. Black Muslims with meat cleavers attack cops. Teen-agers in the desert, stopped by the police, pull out guns and start shooting. People are always getting lost—boys in Yosemite, cactus hunters in Lower California. People go for Sunday drives in the nearby desert, where the temperature is way over a hundred and there's no water. They get stuck and someone starts out for help. The rescuers find that one is dead and the ones left in the car are barely alive. That happens nearly every weekend. And on the beaches the undertow is such that lifeguards save a thousand people in two days.

Yet it's a state where automobiles must absolutely stop for pedestrians



crossing the street. Six lanes of screeching, honking, sideswiping, speeding traffic come to a crash stop when someone steps off the curb. It's slightly intoxicating and fun for the Easterner. But don't do it unless it's daylight. At night the cars come right up on the sidewalk after you.

Next time, unless they catch up with me first, I'm going to say some nice things about the subject.

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1591)

(Robert) Murphy:
DIPLOMAT AMONG WARRIORS

The expression was eagerly adopted by American press and public. . . . Millions of people everywhere were eager to believe that the war was "phony," but as we now know from captured German documents, there was nothing "phony" about World War II at any time.

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1

I've always been fascinated by the workings of the Electoral College.

Are they in the Ivy League?

2

The Electoral College is what we're going to vote for November third.

I thought we were going to vote for President.

3

We are, but indirectly. When we vote for a candidate, we really vote for a slate of electors. If a majority of our man's electors get elected, our man will be President.

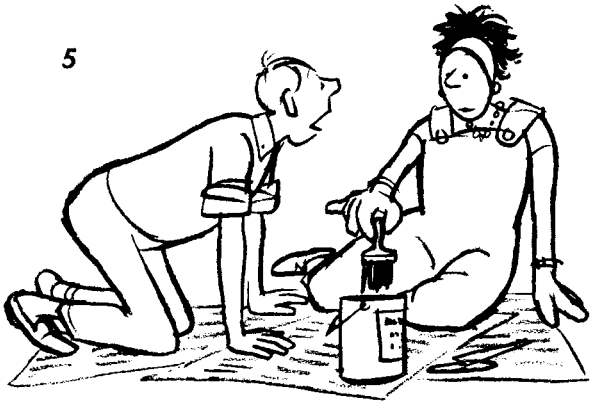
My, that's interesting.

4

Five weeks after election day, the Electoral College meets to actually name the President.

How can we be sure they'll name the same man the newspapers did?

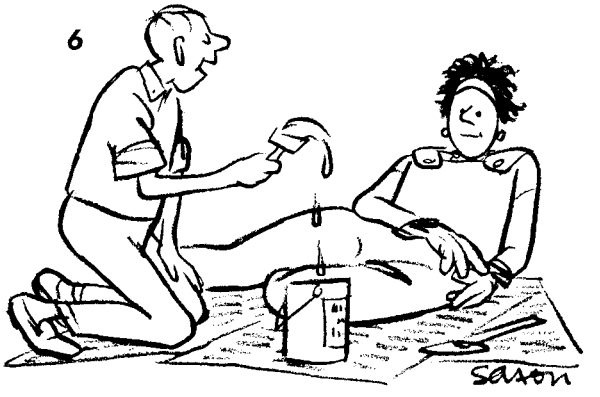
5



Since Rutherford B. Hayes, the outcome has been an absolutely sure thing.

Sometimes I wish I could be sure of how things will be five weeks in advance.

6



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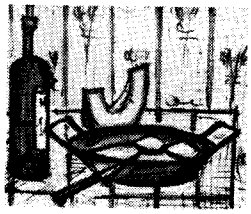

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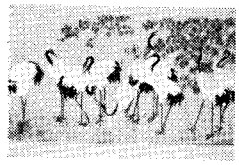

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P-357. BOY WITH BALLOON. Silkscreen of small boy in play clothes in red, blue, cream, dark brown and beige. 16⅝" x 22⅞". *Special* **2.98**

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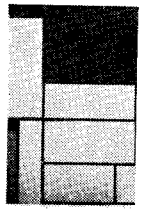
P-938: FRANZ MARC: *TWO BLUE COLTS.* A beautifully silk-screened reproduction, duplicating the exact tones of blue in the horses, with black and gray outlines and yellow-green fronds against a rich creamy background. 18" high x 20" wide. *Special* **2.98**

P-891. JAPANESE CRANES. A handsome serigraph in orange, greys, black and metallic gold, from the lid of a Japanese writing box, attributed to Korin Ogata, 1653-1716, 17" x 19". *Special* **2.98**



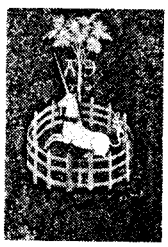
P-894. MONDRIAN: *TABLEAU I.* Superbly silk-screened to duplicate the pure tones of red, blue, yellow, pale gray and beige. Original in a private European collection. 22" x 14" picture area. *Special* **2.98**

P-987. *CHINESE SCROLL ON SILK: MANDARIN.* Gold, red greens, yellows, blues, ivory, black. Silk-screened on silk. Dowels and ribbon for frameless hanging. 42" x 30". *Special* **9.95**

P-340. PICASSO: *WHITE CLOWN.* A silk-screen of Picasso's most famous *White Clown;* brown background on textured olive stock. 19" x 25". *Special* **2.98**

P-341. The above on *genuine artists' canvas.* *Special* **5.95**

P-338. ILLUMINATED LETTER "A". Silk-screen of Czech medieval music manuscript in green, blue, orange, black, metallic gold, rose on granite background, special parchment paper. 20" x 26". *Special* **2.98**



P-814. UNICORN IN CAPTIVITY. A white unicorn in a pale brown enclosure against a predominantly green background. Silk screen. 35" x 23". *Special* **4.95**

P-958. MUSICIANS. This handsome sixteenth-century woodcut panel is silk-screened onto a special, handmade rice paper. White figures are outlined in brown against a metallic gold background. A splendid print in keeping with the newest decorator trends; ideal for modern, traditional or period room. 10¼" high x 31¼" wide picture area. *Special* **2.98**

P-953. FRANZ MARC: *RED HORSES.* By a modern German master of animal studies. Brilliant reds, blues, blue-greens, yellow and yellow-greens on an orange background. Silk screen. 15" x 23". *Special* **2.98**

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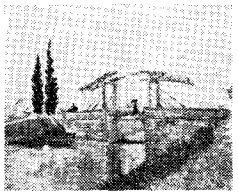
P-361. PICASSO: MOTHER WITH CHILD. Idyll of Mother and Child—silk-screen after an oil sketch in pinks, with muted grays, blacks and tans. 21½" x 27½". *Special* **2.98**

P-815. SAHARA ROCK PAINTING. One of the most beautiful of the magnificent prehistoric Tassili rock frescoes, only recently discovered in the Sahara. Cattle in greens, browns, purples and reds against a soft beige background. Silk-screen; 42" x 14". *Special* **4.95**

P-945. PICASSO: *PIERROT.* The artist's son, Paul, in a white clown costume, with charcoal hat, pumps and mask in colors of red, deep green, brown and pale blue, silk-screened. 23" x 17". *Special* **2.98**



P-964. VAN GOGH: *DRAWBRIDGE AT ARLES.* Silk-screen of this dynamic landscape, original in the Wallraf-Richartz Museum in Cologne in blue, yellow, green with touches of red. 22" x 17". *Special* **2.98**

P-985. FRANZ MARC: *YELLOW HORSES.* Silk-screen of this masterpiece, in yellow, ranging from pale to deep, and green, blues, pink and magenta forming the background. 18" x 27". *Special* **2.98**

P-825. KLEE: *FISH MAGIC.* These highly decorative tropical fish flash pink, red, blue and yellow through underwater flowers of blue, pink and red against a red and blue-grey background. Silk-screen. 17" high x 21¾" wide. *Special* **2.98**

P-364. PICASSO: HEAD OF A YOUNG WOMAN. Silk-screen of a charcoal drawing in burnt siena, grays, blacks and tans. 17½" x 23¾". *Special* **2.98**

P-363. PICASSO: HEAD OF A YOUNG MAN. Silkscreen of a charcoal drawing, in pinks, blacks, cool grays and tans. 17½" x 23¾". *Special* **2.98**

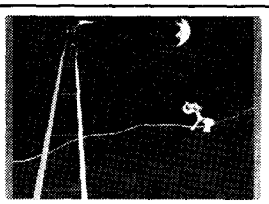
P-986. FEININGER: *VISION OF THE BARQUE.* The sails and ship are in warm tones of yellow and brown, the rough sea is blue and gray, reflecting the sky. Silk-screen. 19" x 26". *Special* **2.98**

P-954. FRANZ MARC: *RED DEER.* A silk-screen reproduction of these graceful animals, duplicating exactly the rich warm shades of red, blue, blue-green, orange, yellow and yellow-green. 16" x 23". *Special* **2.98**

P-248. KAETHE KOLLWITZ: *MOTHER AND CHILD.* A fine silk-screen reproduction of this sensitively rendered charcoal drawing in black and white on a heavy, 26" high x 20" wide sheet. *Special* **1.98**

P-261. CRETAN WALL PAINTING: *BULL DANCERS.* A late Minoan frieze, dated about 1500 B.C., from the Palace at Knossos, depicting leapers or dancers in three positions of their intricate and deadly ritual cavorting with the sacred bull; a finely drawn, colorful work in reds, blues, yellows, browns, grays and black, silk screened on rag paper. 17" high x 46" wide. *Special* **4.95**

P-342. PICASSO'S "GUERNICA". Panel size, 54" x 27½" reproduction of Picasso's masterpiece proclaiming his horror at the bombing of the little Basque town of Guernica during the Spanish Civil War. Symbolic forms, contrasts of light illuminate Picasso's violent protest against war. *Special import* **2.98**

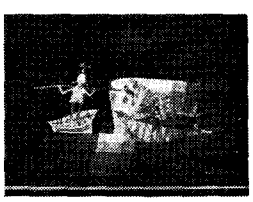


P-325. MIRO: *DOG BARKING AT THE MOON.* Miro's compelling world of deep brown earth and black sky, with dog, moon, cosmic ladder leading nowhere, in yellow, blue, brick red, dark green, violet and white. 20" x 25". **2.98**

P-226. *MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.* This decorative panel of medieval lutes, harps and zithers in metallic gold, outlined in rich wood-brown, with a metallic gold border, has been silk-screened onto a handmade, white rice paper. A handsome and unusual conversation piece for your home. 9½" high x 32" wide picture area. *Special* **2.98**

P-350. MARINI: *THE RIDER.* Blue-grey horse and rider captured in dazzling linear vitality, lined in black, against a muted red background, with red and brown border; silk-screen on a 23" x 30" sheet. *Special* **2.98**

P-349. TINTORETTO: FIGURE STUDY. Silk-screen of a black chalk drawing on background of grayed shades of blues, yellows, greens. 20" x 23" on a 23" x 30" sheet. *Special* **2.98**



P-865. KLEE: SINBAD THE SAILOR. The famous *Arabian Nights* hero in blues from sky to midnight, highlighted with vivid pinks, marigold, red, white, black and warm orange. Silk screen. 16½" x 23". *Special* **2.98**

P-225. MATISSE: *FLOWER PETALS.* Botanical forms in shades of blue-green, yellow, red and orange on a soft beige background. A highly attractive panel that will fit in with almost every decor — traditional, modern or period. 12" high x 48½" wide; silk screen. *Special* **2.98**

P-322. EQUESTRIAN MUSICIANS. A delightful serenade with horns and mandolin—in brown and green upon a burnished gold background; original silkscreen on imported, handmade rice paper. 39" x 12". **2.98**

P-972. CHINESE HORSE ON SILK. Splendid coal-black charger in metallic gold, olive green and charcoal grey. Silk-screened on off-white. 37" x 29½". *Special* **5.95**

P-824. KLEE: BIRD GARDEN. A delightful arrangement of red and white birds among plants of pale and medium blues, blue-green and green, set off by the yellow and tan gate and rich red-brown background. Silk-screen. 17" x 23¾". *Special* **2.98**

P-808. DEER BY RIVER. A golden screen painting from the 19th-century Japanese Toca School, magnificently reproduced by silk screen in shades of soft brown and white and glittering metallic gold, depicting a buck and two fawns, some foliage and a stream set against a vast expanse of golden sky. 20" x 35". *Special* **2.98**

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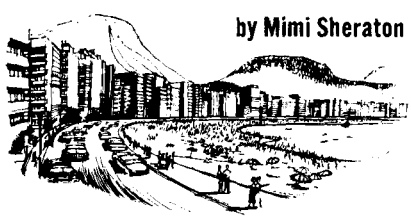

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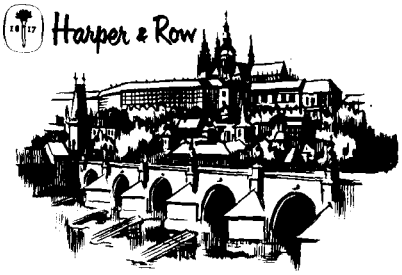

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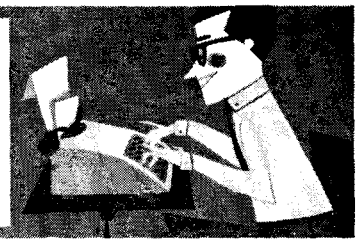

On TV War Is Heck

IN A speech delivered recently the Republican nominee for the Presidency announced: "We are at war! As sure as the sun sets in the west we are at war." Of course the Senator was kidding. Because if we are at war why was a major general of the Air Force Reserves in North Dakota instead of South Vietnam? I'm sure the Senator was misquoted. Most likely what he really said was "as sure as the sun sets in the east."

On the other hand, he may have been watching too much television. On TV we are at war. It started a few years back on CBS with *Sergeant Bilko*. Well, the Army having been taken care of, ABC decided the sailor should be represented, so they piped up *McHale's Navy*. But what is a Navy without an Air Force —so ABC this season gave the Navy cover with an Air Force. And now we have *No Time for Sergeants*.

Now CBS, operating on the theory that just as the Yankees can't win without Mantle, neither can a war be won without the Marines. So they drafted a show called *Gomer Pyle*. Well, ABC's Defense Department, operating on the theory that man cannot live by bread alone, foamed in some Waves to boost the morale of our brave fighting men who unstintingly risk their lives in the defense of our country for a half-hour each week.

So far the critics have pinned few medals on any of our new fighting entries. Considering some of the scripts with which these men have had to do battle, it seemed the least we could do was to have awarded our boys away from home and family a medal for bravery. Gomer Pyle (in *Gomer Pyle*) and Sam Jackson (in *No Time for Sergeants*) seemed nervous. Being rookies, they would be understandably so under the constant, deadly rat-tat-tat of that laugh track. Who wouldn't be nervous? We are, even in our cozy living rooms. So you can imagine their condition with all those gags and deadly bon mots whizzing past their heads!

The key symbol in any TV comedy war program is "KP." That's the big laugh this year, which replaces Dean Martin's libations and Liberace's jackets. And, needless to say, in their premieres both Gomer Pyle and Sam Jackson were immediately and hilariously punished with kitchen duty. Of course, in the case of the Waves in *Broadside*, their punishment will probably be to keep them out of the kitchen.

But in this welter of new programs all is not the smell of battle. What a haven of comfort there was in a Walt Disney show about a hound who thought he was a raccoon, instead of a man who thought he was a soldier. Similarly, there was quiet pleasure in a new program called *Bewitched*. And in the opening Bing Crosby show was a needed change in which the husband wasn't stupid and his wife didn't try to outsmart him. They solved a small identifiable domestic problem intelligently and entertainingly. And no one walked over to answer a knock at the door or a ring of the phone to the accompaniment of a loud laugh track.

FRENZIED laughter from the TV screens does not prognosticate a show's success or longevity. As a matter of fact, the laugh track is singlehandedly responsible for the low estate in which television comedy finds itself. Writers of comedic lines don't have the challenge any more of worrying about whether a line will get a laugh. As long as that electronic device retains its sense of humor they're in business. Their problem is timing the electronically produced laugh to come on just after the joke is told rather than to anticipate it before the punch line is half delivered—as is too often the case.

If TV viewers aren't discerning, they will be lulled into a false sense of being entertained because the laugh tracks tell them the war shows are humorous. So the networks will start to pile up more Gomers. Is it too much to hope that the networks may come up one day very soon with a comedy series about the Peace Corps? But if I know networks they don't tamper with success, and to them war is a hell of a lot of money. So if these war shows win the battle of the ratings with their laugh tracks we may be laughed right into World War III.

And if that ever happens, what a low rating that show's going to get! I hear those nuclear bombs can knock your antenna right off your roof. To say nothing of what else they can do to you. Man, I understand they're worse than cigarettes! —GOODMAN ACE.

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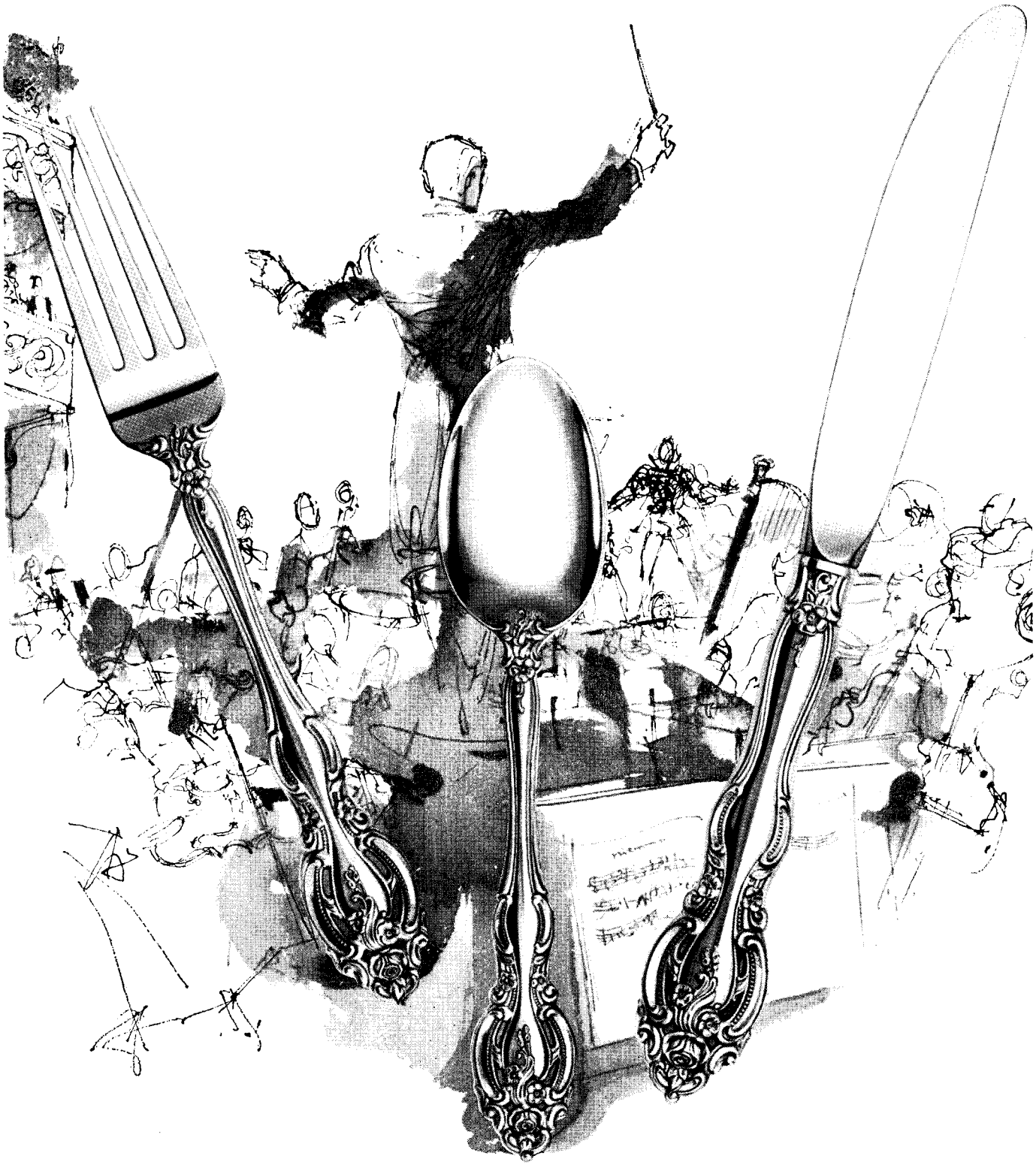

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SR's Checklist of the Week's New Books

Art

EDVARD MUNCH. By Johan H. Langaard and Reidar Redvold. McGraw-Hill. $19.95 to Dec. 31; $23.50 thereafter.

VOLTRON: Sculpture of David Smith. Text by Giovanni Carandente. Abrams. $15.

Crime, Suspense

DON'T CRY FOR LONG. By Thomas E. Dewey. Simon & Schuster. $3.50.

THE GUARDIANS. By Steve Bracken. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $3.50.

Current Affairs

DANGER ON THE RIGHT. By Arnold Forster and Benjamin R. Epstein. Random House. $4.95.

A NATION OF IMMIGRANTS. By John F. Kennedy. Hardbound, Harper & Row, $2.95. Paperback, Popular Library, 50¢.

REGULATING UNION GOVERNMENT. Edited by Marten S. Estey, Philip Taft, and Martin Wagner. Harper & Row. $4.

URBAN DEVELOPMENT IN CENTRAL EUROPE. By E. A. Gutkind. Free Press. $17.95.

Education

ISSUES IN EDUCATION. Edited by Bernard Johnston. Houghton Mifflin. $6.95.

Essays

NOT UNDER OATH: Essays and Reflections. By John Kieran. Houghton Mifflin. $5.

Esthetics

THE IRRESPONSIBLE ARTS. By William Snaith. Atheneum. $5.

Fiction

THE COMPLETE NOVELS OF MARK TWAIN. Edited by Charles Neider. Doubleday. Two volumes, boxed. $12.95.

I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING. By Hans Koningsberger. Simon & Schuster. $3.95.

ILYITCH SLEPT HERE. By Henry Carlisle. Lippincott. $4.95.

THE LAST BELIEVERS. By David Karp. Harcourt, Brace & World. $5.95.

A MULE FOR THE MARQUESA. By Frank O'Rourke. Morrow. $3.95.

STATIONS. By Burt Blechman. Random House. $3.95.

UNDER THE SKIN. By Nina Bawden. Harper & Row. $3.95.

History

COMMUNISM AND THE FRENCH INTELLECTUALS, 1914-1960. By David Caute. Macmillan. $10.

EDWARDIAN ENGLAND, 1901-1914. By Simon Nowell-Smith. Oxford Univ. Press. $15.

THE FALL OF EAGLES. By Zinaida Schakovskoy. Harcourt, Brace & World. $6.95.

ITALY AND THE GREAT WAR: Politics and Culture, 1870-1914. By John A. Thayer. Univ. of Wisconsin Press. $10.

THE LONG DEATH: The Last Days of the Plains Indian. By Ralph K. Andrist. Macmillan. $8.95.

THE WAR IN THE WARDS. By Stanley Weintraub. Doubleday. $4.50.

Literary Criticism

DEATH IN THE LITERATURE OF UNAMUNO. By Mario J. Valdes. Univ. of Illinois Press. Hardbound, $5. Paperback, $4.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY AND THE ENGLISH RENAISSANCE. By John Buxton. St. Martin's. $5.50.

Miscellany

BETTER HEALTH AFTER FIFTY. A Retirement Council publication. Harper & Row. $4.50.

BIRDS OF THE NEW YORK AREA. By John Bull. Harper & Row. $8.95.

THE DOG WHO LIVES AT THE WALDORF. By James Brough. Little, Brown. $3.45.

THE FIRESIDE BOOK OF FOOTBALL. Edited by E. A. Newcombe. Simon & Schuster. $8.95.

FLORIDA: POLLUTED PARADISE. By June Cleo and Hank Mesouf. Chilton. $4.25.

LEATHER ARMCHAIRS. (A guide to the great clubs of London.) By Charles Graves. Coward-McCann. $7.95.

LIFE UNDER SAIL. By Frank Snyder. Macmillan. $9.95.

THE MACMILLAN BOOK OF BOATING. By William N. Wallace. Macmillan. $12.50 to Dec. 31; $14.95 thereafter. De Luxe edition, $14.95 to Dec. 31; $17.50 thereafter.

MY FAVORITE THINGS: A Personal Guide to Decorating and Entertaining. By Dorothy Rodgers. Atheneum. $12.95 to Dec. 25; $15 thereafter.

THE SEVENTEEN COOKBOOK, with a Complete Guide to Teen Party Giving. By the editors of *Seventeen* magazine. Macmillan. $5.

THE SPORTSMAN'S NOTEBOOK. By H. G. Tapply. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $5.95.

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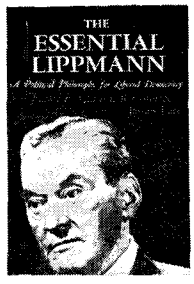

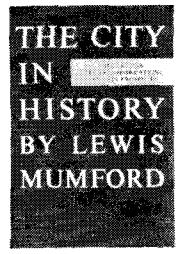

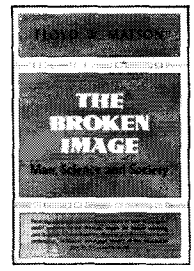

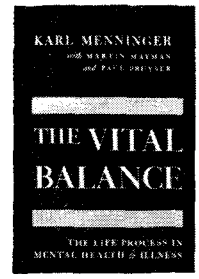

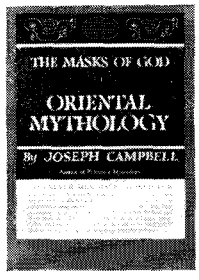

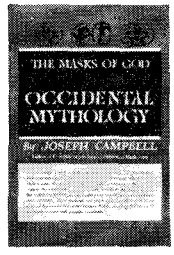

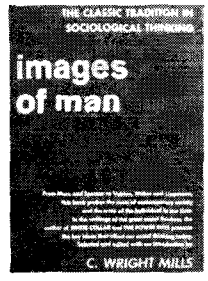

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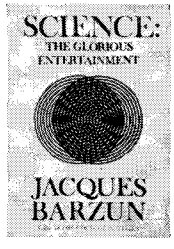

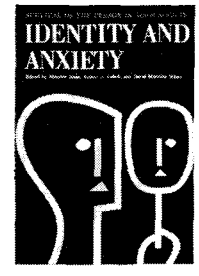

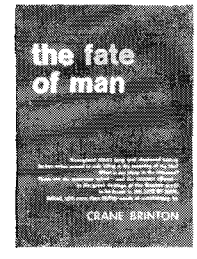

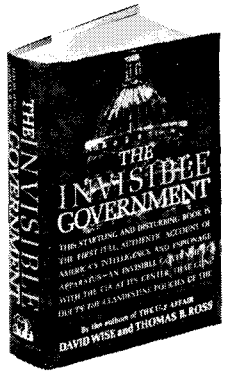

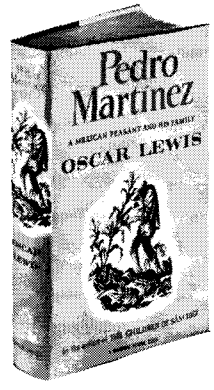

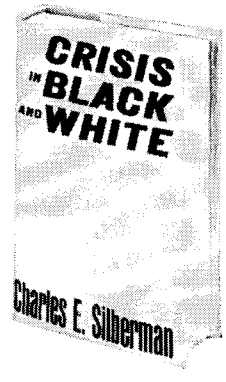

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Saturday Review
October 10, 1964

THE COMING STRUGGLE TO BREATHE

As industry and traffic proliferate, America's cities are fighting an increasingly difficult battle against pollution of the atmosphere.

By T. O. THACKREY

HUMAN BEINGS are utterly dependent on the envelope of air that covers the earth. Yet they apparently care so little about it that it is becoming increasingly toxic from the fumes of autos and buses, the factories that make our convenience products, the garbage we incinerate, even the food we cook over open fires in the name of healthful recreation and entertainment. The airplanes in which we fly so swiftly and comfortably are not only impairing our hearing but wrecking our nerves with engine blasts and sonic booms. The water we drink, bathe in, and play upon is not only befouled with our refuse but also bubbles from our faucets with the indigestible detergents we invented to lighten the burden of cleaning our dishes and laundry. The very earth on which we live and work and play is contaminated with our leavings.

Just as we have compounded the pollution of our environment by huddling closer together—for convenience's sake—we have become vaguely aware that the air, the water, and the land are less hospitable than when we were less crowded, and we have begun sporadically to seek corrective measures. Here, too, we seek instant cures.

Perhaps the most dangerous aspect of our collective fascination with the rash of laissez-faire, piecemeal, stopgap remedies thus far attempted is the comfortable assumption that we are well on our way to fresher air, purer water, and cleaner land because some communities evidently in more desperate plight than our own have made progress, and because we have begun to give national recognition to the fact that such problems do exist on a national scale.

The manufacturers of those permeating detergents—under pressure of threats and pleas from the Department of Health, Education and Welfare—have promised us digestible cleaning liquids as soon as the already manufactured batches have been sold out to us.

The State of California, at last painfully aware that its largest city was actually becoming uninhabitable because of polluted air, has persuaded the big three among motor car manufacturers to promise fume-consuming devices on most, though not all, of their models offered for sale in California—two years from now. Meanwhile, it has a state law requiring such devices on old cars after next January 1—but enforcement is moot.

Many cities have established departments that regularly measure the air we breathe to report on the degree of its toxicity, armed in some instances with the power to issue summonses against the more visible polluting agencies, such as factories and apartment houses whose chimneys belch forth visible soot. Thus it was possible for New York City to report that monthly sootfall in the city had been reduced from an average of 170 tons per square mile in the period of 1944 through 1946, to 60 tons per square currently. Whatever pleasure might have been derived from that statistic, it should have been at least disquieting to discover that in the same year carbon monoxide and nitrogen dioxide, spewed into the air from auto and bus exhausts—but not visible to the naked eye—had increased by 48 and 87.5 per cent respectively. Yet the Pollution Control Department budget of $908,000 was not increased in 1964, thereby failing again to attract federal aid under the Clean Air Act. The state has feebly followed California's lead in auto fume legislation. It has placed on the statute books a regulation concerning crankcase seals, with details yet to be worked out. Exhaust fume controls aren't even covered.

Air pollution in our cities—our largest cities only—costs a minimum of $100 million annually, and the daily average of pollutants ranges as high as 25,000 tons, according to Department of Health, Education and Welfare estimates. To combat this, few cities spend as much as ten cents per capita. Compared with Los Angeles's fifty-seven cents per capita on an air pollution control program, Boston, for example, spends less than two cents per capita.

TRUE, under the Clean Air Act signed last December by President Johnson, a committee from the Health, Education and Welfare Department and representatives from the automotive, exhaust control manufacturers and the fuel industries has begun to study what may be done to develop devices and fuels to abate exhaust-fume dangers. An initial report was due about the time this was being written.

Literature is also now available from the Health, Education and Welfare Department on improved types of garbage reduction plants, available to anyone who cares to write "Clean Water," Washington, D.C.

Meanwhile, California is struggling to find the means of enforcing its statutes requiring exhaust-fume controls on older cars after January 1, and hopefully awaiting the day a couple of years off

T. O. Thackrey, a former New York newspaper editor, has recently completed research on some fifty U.S. cities for a book on disposal of waste materials in the air.

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when manufacturers will build in such devices—for California buyers of new cars only—and New York has a crankcase control law on the books but not in the hands of an enforcement agency. No other state has gone as far as California, and few if any as far as New York.

For the most part, any effort to do something about controlling and abating the proliferating pollutants has remained in the control of municipalities. The problems have been viewed largely as local problems, subject to local solutions that could be provided by the inventiveness of free enterprise in cooperation with community authorities.

One of the more promising of these community-based solutions developed in Phoenix, Arizona. In 1962 Phoenix became the first U.S. city of any size to embark on a program envisioning not only the complete disposition of all its community-generated refuse, but the conversion of all refuse to a beneficial, healthful soil-conditioner—without incineration or pollution of the air, the water, or the land.

IN 1960 the city of Phoenix signed a twenty-year contract with the Arizona Biochemical Co.—a private enterprise—calling for the completion of the first of three biological waste reduction plants by the close of 1962, with a capacity of 300 tons of refuse every twenty-four hours, about half the total waste then being generated in Phoenix.

Two additional plants of the same size were to be subsequently built; eventually it was to take care of all the city's refuse, garbage, and waste.

In the beginning, the city agreed to pay for disposal at the rate of $1.25 per ton. But under a profit-sharing arrangement—since the company planned to salvage noncompostable waste for sale to dealers in rags, paper, iron, and metals, and planned to sell the end product as a superior compost for reinvigorating the land—this rate was to drop to $1.10 per ton by the latter part of 1963, with the hope that the end products might eventually prove so marketable that the city would not only be entirely pollution-free but would also be relieved of disposal expenses.

The 300-ton-per-day-plant began operation in the fall of 1962. The Arizona Biochemical Co. financial picture was put by various company officials at a figure of from $750,000, which evidently was chiefly if not exclusively for plant and equipment, to $1.3 million, of which a considerable amount, estimated at the time from $600,000 to $800,000, was provided by a public sale of shares.

National attention from various publications specializing in municipal affairs, and at least one magazine of general circulation (*Reader's Digest*), focused on the Phoenix program, and small wonder. Here was a privately financed, free-enterprise system, contracting with a municipality to keep the air free of pollution (except for motor fumes and smoke from other sources than city waste), the water free from contamination, and the land enriched rather than despoiled.

On its face, the prospect of profitability appeared good. I had just completed a calculation that the nation's disposition and conversion of waste materials — ranging from old rags, paper, rubber, glass, and metals to scrap iron, and their reconversion to basic fibers, pulp, metal, and iron—constituted a $9 billion business annually.

Sorting, salvage, and resale of such secondary, noncompostable materials were part of the Phoenix plan. The compost manufactured from the remaining waste was to be packaged and sold commercially. I found that superior compost, derived from a somewhat similar biological-digestive process on a much smaller scale in Norman, Oklahoma, had sold at $15 per ton. At 300 tons of raw material collected at $1.25 per ton per day, the collection figure would gross $375 per day, seven days a week, or $2,625.00 weekly. Allowing for a two-thirds reduction from bulk waste to compost, the 100 tons of compost daily at $15 would add $1,500 daily or $10,000 weekly to the gross, for a total of $12,625, not even counting the salvaged noncompostable waste. The annual gross of $656,500.00 alone should meet operating expense and depreciation on equipment and leave a profit. And this 300-ton-per-day plant was only one-third of the total project.

Since thousands of cities, towns, and communities were — and are — eagerly searching for just such a perfect solution, the beginning of the Phoenix operation in the fall of 1962 was observed with sharp interest.

Although the Phoenix experiment failed to turn out exactly as planned, it should be reported here that there was little, if any, fault to find with the general plan of operation, or with the plant and equipment, which did take in raw refuse and garbage and convert it into salable compost.

For the first of the three units that were to be built, Arizona Biochemical ordered two huge — 86 feet long by 10 feet in diameter — bio-stabilizers or drums from Copenhagen. To start the refuse on the way to digestion, a pit 70 feet long, 15 feet wide at the top, and 14 feet deep, with the top at the ground level, was dug. In it the largest natural-frequency, variable-rate vibrating feeder trough and belt were installed. This 33,100-pound trough was shipped in two sections from Aurora, Illinois, and welded together at the site. The trough is supported by 128 coil springs, and the energy generated by their contraction and expansion supplied most of the power required to keep refuse moving to the bio-digesting drums. In all, some sixteen conveyors and belt feeders were installed.

Refuse was collected by dump truck from the city.

The trucks dumped the unsorted material into the pit and onto the vibrating trough, which had a capacity of seventy tons and could feed the digesters at variable rates up to twenty tons per hour. On the way to the digesters, the material passed through a central sorting house, where tin cans and other metals were separated magnetically and the remainder sorted by hand. Material suitable for pressing into logs and briquettes was diverted by conveyors into a separate pressing plant. Glass, rubber, paper, and rags were picked out manually and segregated for resale. The remaining

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material was passed along into a giant hammer mill, where it was shredded before being finally fed into the digesting drums.

While the material was fed into the drums, they were slowly rotated, and measured amounts of air and water were added automatically to create an optimum environment for the rapid growth of aerobic bacteria, which do the actual digesting. The heat generated by the bacterial action is carefully controlled in all biological digesters—or should be—to encourage two end results:

1. The digestion of putrescible material that otherwise produces offensive odors and attracts flies and rodents.

2. The conversion of the remaining material to a compost in which the retained nitrogen should be at least one-twentieth of the amount of carbon retained.

The ratio of nitrogen to carbon is very important if a useful soil conditioner is to be produced, since compost with a smaller ratio of nitrogen to carbon acts as an earth despoiler rather than a feeder. Instead of being able to contribute nitrogen, it robs the earth of it—just the reverse of the effect desired.

From twenty-four to thirty hours are required to complete the conversion in the type of biologic stabilizers installed at Phoenix. In some disposal systems working on roughly the same principle, the organic material requires six to seven days, passing from one mixing and digesting hopper or storage bin to another.

From the beginning, the average intake of the Phoenix disposal and composting unit was at 250 tons per day. When I last surveyed it early in 1963, the system appeared to be working well, a market had been found for the sacked compost, material-handling methods were operating efficiently, and plans were under way to add the two units required to complete total disposal of city refuse.

By February of 1963 the unit that had opened the previous September had sold more than 8,000 tons of soil conditioner from the city's refuse. By September a profit-sharing arrangement with the city of Phoenix under a twenty-year contract was expected to drop the city's charge from $1.25 per ton to $1.10 per ton for hauling the refuse away.

Instead, after less than a year of operation, the company discontinued collecting Phoenix city refuse, citing losses of $8,000 to $9,000 monthly and refusal of the city to renegotiate the contract in order to provide for an increased rather than a decreased fee.

In the operating period there were other awkward developments.

Families living near the plant site—within the Phoenix City limits—filed damage suits against the company and the city, charging that the plant emitted

"vile and offensive odors" and that the twenty-four-hour-a-day operation caused the earth to tremble.

County health officers had more serious complaints.

Joseph Weinath, director of the bureau of environmental sanitation, cited the firm for polluting the very air it was supposed to keep clean: a fine spray of refuse particles escaped to saturate the atmosphere when the plant operated, he charged.

It also appeared that the complete disposal plant didn't really dispose of everything, but had a residue of unmanageable waste of its own, for which it received a permit to dump in the bed of the Salt River, which runs through Phoenix, though "runs" is actually an exaggeration, since the bed is dry most of the year and Phoenix depends on underground water and artificial lakes — reservoirs of seasonal floods — for its water supply. The county health department's complaint was that Arizona Biochemical had failed to cover its own dumped refuse daily.

The fire department charged that the operation was hazardous: three brush fires broke out in the refuse at the plant within the first few months of operation.

The plant managers found that plant operations required upwards of thirty men rather than the ten originally envisioned, that crews were difficult to train, and that the cost of manual sorting tended to run higher than the recoverable cost for the salvaged materials.

Early difficulties developed in maintaining the high quality of compost produced, and marketing costs were appreciably higher than had first been estimated at the original planning.

While the plant was trying to placate creditors and investors, seeking new financial backing, and revamping its operations to comply with public, county, and city complaints, the City of Phoenix turned to other means of refuse disposal, at least temporarily, by awarding a contract for 180,000 tons annually to the Superior Equipment Company, though not completely slamming the door on Arizona Biochemical for all time. The contract covered the area and the tonnage previously served by the Arizona Biochemical Co.

Faced with a growing population that now generates between 800 and 900 tons of garbage and refuse daily, the City Council returned to dumping the refuse in three land-fill sites within the city limits, on two grounds: the cost was lower than the Arizona Chemical's $1.25 per ton, and for a time, at least, the method, while admittedly less sanitary, was more dependable.

The three dump sites are abandoned gravel pits. They're filling up. Family garbage and refuse, approximately 500 tons daily on the average, is picked up without direct charge, though of course the fee to the trucking company is in the tax budget. Commercial firms pay a fee to the city for permission to dump their garbage and refuse, running to some 300 tons daily, in the same city land-fill sites.

"We were hoping the compost plant would succeed," James Stokely, the city's general superintendent of disposal, remarked. "The cost of land fill is rising and space is limited."

"Primitive methods of disposal—such as land fill—are comparable to the dump-

(*Continued on page 114*)

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ELEANOR ROOSEVELT: *A Lady for all Seasons*

By ADLAI STEVENSON

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT was a lady—a lady for all seasons. Like her husband, she left "a name to shine on the entablatures of truth—forever."

It is hard to condense what one can say about this remarkable, brave, warm, practical, and persistent woman who gave herself to her time as no one else in her generation. However, in remembering her on what would have been her eightieth birthday, what comes to mind first is the fact that in nearly four-score years she never ran out of things that needed doing, and she worked all her days for the realization of a human city embracing all mankind.

When she died on that gray November day in 1962, she was the most respected woman of this century. Some small measure of that respect was evidenced in the score of eulogies delivered in the General Assembly of the United Nations—the first and only time a private citizen was so honored. I recalled then that she gave her faith not only to those who shared the privilege of knowing her and of working by her side, but to countless men, women, and children in every part of the globe who loved her even as she loved them.

For to them she embodied the vision and the will to achieve a world in which all men walk in peace and dignity. And it was to this goal, a better life, that she gave her tireless energy, the strange strength of her extraordinary personality, shining ever with a radiance that displaced darkness, warmed the cold, beckoned to the lost, and kindled hope where none had ever flamed.

There is, I believe, a legend in the Talmud telling us that in any period of man's history the heavens themselves are held in place by the virtue, love, and shining integrity of thirty-six just men. They are completely unaware of this function. They go about their daily work, their humble chores – doctors, teachers, workers, farmers (never, alas, lawyers, so I understand), just ordinary devoted citizens – and meanwhile the roof tree of creation is supported by them alone.

There are times when nations or movements are similarly sustained in their purposes and being by the pervasive, unconscious influence of a few great men and women. Can we doubt that Eleanor Roosevelt had in some measure the keeping of the era's conscience in her special care? That her standards and integrity steadied our own? That her judgment persuaded the doubters and "too-soon despairers"? That her will stiffened the waverers and encouraged the strong?

I do not suggest some unworldly saint dwelling in remote regions of unsullied idealism. On the contrary, as we all know, Eleanor Roosevelt was a bonny fighter, at her best down in the arena, face to face with opponents and ideas she disapproved, and in ripe old age she took on tasks that might have daunted people half her age.

Whether it was Communist bosses in the United Nations where she was the inspired architect of the Declaration of Human Rights, whether it was shoddy politicians, whether it was exploiters of the poor or traducers of the faith of freedom no matter where—she sailed in, tall, courteous, good-tempered, implacable, and thwacked them with the dispassionate energy of a good mother chastising a bad boy.

She was a remarkable person, this great and gallant woman who was known as the First Lady of the World. She was strong but gentle, idealistic but practical, humble as well as proud. She thought of herself as an "ugly duckling," but she walked in beauty in the slums and the ghettos of the world, bringing with her the reminder of her beloved St. Francis, ". . . it is in the giving that we receive. . . ." And wherever she walked beauty was forever there.

The facts of her restless, fearless life are simple. She was the wife of a President, an author of books, the writer of a daily newspaper column; she was a diplomat, and she was also a gifted and most unusual politician. And because her dedication to the public good—to the world good—grew year by year until she had played a part in most of the great causes of her day, I have discovered that in some standard reference works it is her independent career of "U.S. diplomat and writer" that is listed first and her role as the "wife of F. D. Roosevelt," second.

I don't know if she would approve of this sequence, but I believe Franklin Roosevelt must have been thinking of her when he said, "The only limit to our realization of tomorrow will be our doubts of today."

Surely there was no limit to the tomorrow in Eleanor Roosevelt's life. There were no doubts. She moved all her days with strong and active faith, for to her, as she put it simply and wisely—as she did with all things, "life was meant to be lived and curiosity must be kept alive. One must never, for whatever reason, turn his back on life."

She never did, and we are the richer.

But to measure the impact of her life, or to tabulate the times she turned defeat into a shining victory, would be empty exercise. She was, above all a realist, and she would be the first to object. Her own role in history was not what interested her—only the work to be done and the need.

It was precisely her involvement, too, that gave her such tremendous influence.

Throughout the Depression, her patient journeys brought to the President and dramatized for the nation the misery and neglect of millions.

During the gray days of national

OCTOBER 11, 1964 will mark the eightieth anniversary of the birth of Eleanor Roosevelt. As a tribute to the late "First Lady of the World," 175,000 letter carriers will participate in a "Mailmen's March" on October 9 and 10, delivering to 25,000,000 American homes in all fifty states a message describing the work of the Eleanor Roosevelt Memorial Foundation and asking for public support of the foundation's programs.

Bob Hope is national chairman of this unprecedented, one-time project, which was made possible by the nation's mailmen volunteering their time through their union, the National Association of Letter Carriers.

This posthumous tribute is designed to raise funds to carry on Mrs. Roosevelt's work through the foundation's program on behalf of human rights, underprivileged children, cancer research, and world peace.

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peril she heartened the wounded and the weary.

When we emerged from the war, blinking and surprised, to the role of world leadership, there she was at the center of the effort, reminding her countrymen of their duties as citizens in the greater society of man.

And during the affluent Fifties, when misery ran for cover before the national complacency, she never ceased to remind us of the slums, disease, and deprivation that still make up the dark side of this shining American nation.

But perhaps her name a century from now will be remembered above all for her dauntless energy and courage in facing the facts of the social revolution now part of our national folklore.

She saw the fearful implications of racial inequality and social injustice all over the world when most of us were only dimly aware that something was stirring beneath the surface of the old social order. And she set out to do something about it while there was yet time. For she knew the urgency of subduing the prejudice that persists between one kind of men, simply because they are one kind of men, for another kind of men, simply because they are another kind.

These senseless prejudices that have been the root cause of all the most terrible wars—the wars of race, of religion, of nationalities – are now suddenly no longer merely senseless, merely dangerous, they are something far worse. They are, in the most literal sense, the possible destroyer of the world.

But Eleanor Roosevelt had faith that men's hearts could be changed because she had seen them change. Indeed, although she would have been the last to say so, she had seen men change because she changed them herself.

It is this faith, of course, that now is the rationale of the Eleanor Roosevelt Foundation established as a living memorial to her by an act of Congress. And because it bears her name, it believes that we have no choice but to do something about our troubles—about even the ancient, brutal, ignorant suspicions, jealousies, prejudices, and hatreds that will destroy us unless we do something about them.

The Eleanor Roosevelt Memorial Foundation takes its cue from Mrs. Roosevelt's own life and work, which tell us how to proceed. They tell us it is not by sweetness, not by eloquent words, not by good wishes that human beings can be saved from one another; it is by humanity itself, by enlarging the concept of humanity so that it both contains the ill will and liberates it.

They tell us that in our concern with human rights there must ever be respect, certainly, for law and order, and equally a constantly renewed effort to see that our laws are such as free men can respect.

—Leo Rosenthal (Pix).

Eleanor Roosevelt—"dauntless energy and courage."

So, though she has left us—our counselor, our friend, our conscience—there can be no doubt where she would be directing our efforts today.

She would bid us add to the equality we now guarantee by law the extra dimension of opportunity without which even important rights can seem so much emptiness.

She would counsel us that we have done no more than set the framework within which the real struggle must still be fought out.

She would tell us to look at our great cities and ask ourselves whether, in the midst of overwhelming affluence, we can afford such misery, such squalor, such hopelessness.

She would tell us to labor on in the vineyards of the world, to succor the needy, to underpin the rule of law, to check aggression, and, with remorseless purpose, to seek peace among nations.

She would ask us to engage ourselves profoundly in the war on poverty at home and abroad.

She would urge us to build the great society not only for America, but for all God's children, so that all people everywhere are henceforth considered equal in dignity, equal in responsibility, equal in self-respect.

She did her share, more than any of us can do, to turn magnificent promises into even more magnificent facts—facts we must now and ever defend against those in our society who would like to escape history, to evade the fiery trial, to turn back the clock. Eleanor Roosevelt never would and never did.

She had the courage to battle everlastingly for something better and the prescience to "see a world in a grain of sand, and a Heaven in a wild flower." Happily for us, she could share her dream of a better tomorrow with all of us. That was, of course, the key to her greatness, the very reason of her life.

And we will fulfil the rich legacy she has left us only to the extent we make real her dream and press forward even as she in the patient, unspectacular, lonely search for the interests that unite the nations and toward the ultimate victory of reason, racial harmony, and justice in a world ruled by law.

And what finer remembrance could there be for Eleanor Roosevelt?

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Beyond Make-Believe

The struggle for relevance dominates the second annual *SR*-U.S. National Student Association magazine contest

By SHERMAN B. CHICKERING

THE WARS of the U.S. student are well known. Except for the civil rights movement they don't amount to much. Or so it seems. There is the struggle for jobs and grad school placement, the quest for campus recognition, and the unending battle for academic survival within the I.Q.-oriented academy. These are some of the well-known wars.

Then there is the little-known struggle for relevance.

Sometimes the modern college student feels irrelevant to U.S. society. He feels disengaged. While social analysts have difficulty explaining why, documentation of this feeling of irrelevance is not hard to come by. As sociologist Reuel Denny puts it, "a poem, a painting, or a piece of scientific work by a young person can tell us more about his generation than an article entitled 'What Youth Wants' can." Read sympathetically, the one poem, or one short story, by a student writer can tell a good deal about what is important to the college generation, and how he copes with being irrelevant.

There are thousands of silent wars and hundreds of minor faiths on campus. These come to the surface on the pages of student literary magazines. Basically, the struggle for relevance seems to require not only a minor faith and a temporary enemy to do battle with but also that provisional solutions be worked out on paper. Thus to a certain extent the student literary magazine becomes less a stage for the performance of characters than a platform for the acting out of identities.

Mediocre student writing, including much of what appears in student literary magazines, does not get far beyond the therapeutic role-playing level. This writing is generally characterized either by instant rapture or strident cynicism. Both moods can be attributed to the struggle for relevance that has stopped halfway, emphasis having been placed on the struggle rather than on the relevance. The writer is using the poem or short story form to place himself in a situation of engagement, a situation which he either embraces desperately or despises himself publicly for having taken seriously. The stories and poems produced either deal directly with the topics of cruelty, violence, and psychological aberration, or are examples of "sexistentialism."

The subject matter is frequently the same in the better pieces. The promising and accomplished student writers, however, manage to deal with storm and stress within the limitations imposed upon commitment by contemporary society and human nature itself. These writers express themselves most often in a voice or through a character which finds individual relevance in a single, intense, human encounter set in the spiritually charged backwaters and byways of modern life. That these writers, and their generation, search for these special encounters is amply suggested by the word "bit," which is a mainstay of student argot. Borrowed from the world of jazz and beats, "bit" means a moment of intense, but structured, self-expression that ends up being a genuine slice (bit) of life.

The better student writers are able to transform "bits" into artistic wholes by understanding them for the fragments they are. One such, Jeremy Taylor, defends his preoccupation with the young-man-on-motorcycle bit as follows: "The man on the motorcycle is symbolic of subconscious modern longings. The cyclist is always on the move, going generally anywhere—or nowhere; he is riding a machine which, in a way, is carrying him off; he is alone, or with a girl hanging on tightly behind, out of earshot; and, in riding a motorcycle, he is 'putting something on the line.' " Taylor is revealing, with his analysis, the romantic eye tempered by critical reflection and a certain amount of irony, which is characteristic of much of the best student writing.

The second annual student literary magazine contest, sponsored by *SR* and the U.S. National Student Association, turned up some remarkable examples of student writing. As is to be expected, the winners do not skirt the struggle for relevance. The winning story, poem, and essay do not belabor the issue, however. Each prize story, including some of the pieces in the winning magazine, dwells on the gap between aspiration and human possibility. In so doing, each is exploring some of the ways an individual can, and cannot, relate to his modern situation.

The winning story, "Monkey People," appeared in the Spring 1946 issue of *Harvest*, the literary magazine at the University of Houston. The author, Douglas Uzzell, twenty-six, received his M.A. in English literature earlier this year. "Monkey People" chronicles the woes of a Venezuelan family that moved into a small Texas town. The family is christened "The Monkey People" soon after moving in because of the pet monkey that lives with them. Gradually, efforts at communication between the Venezuelans and the neighbors—and vice-versa—break down, leaving only the monkey and the tricks it does for the neighbors to bridge the gap. That, too, ceases when three local urchins throttle the animal. The long-suffering Monkey People then hang the body of the monkey out over their front door as an act of defiance. Backyard international relations have failed. Uzzell sets up the conclusion expertly by treating the local opposition sympathetically and by not delivering up the scent of the inevitable until near the end. The writing is, as Uzzell suggests, "formal and sedate" because he is, for the first time in his short writing career, dealing with a social problem. He thus differs from the vast majority of young writers, who are essentially antiformalist, by choosing to subordinate individual style to the telling of a story.

Professor Julian Kaye of the Brooklyn College English department selected "Monkey People" from among eighty-six entries. Dr. Kaye chose to give honorable mention to Barbara Welter for "Is There Anybody There? Said the Traveler," which appeared in Columbia University's *Quarto*, and to M. J. Moffat for "Stone Soup," which appeared in the Foothill College (California) *Foreground*.

THE prize poem is "Airplane," by Mark McCloskey. The poem was published last fall in Ohio University's *Sphere* magazine. McCloskey, twenty-six, received his M.A. in English from Ohio University this year and is now working as promotion director for the Ohio University Press. Contest judge William Wagoner, a poet and member of the English department at the University of Washington, selected the poem "chiefly because it was a complete poem, a dramatic unity, and not just an

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exciting fragment or combination of fragments; because its imagery was original but not overstrained, a coherent part of his subject matter but not overly mechanized; because both tone and rhythm were handled with mature, unobtrusive skill and were made to work directly for the emotional climate of the poem." McCloskey's artistic purpose was to get at the polarity between man's desire for redemption and his fear of departing from reality.

Mr. Wagoner chose the following poems from among 106 others for honorable mention: "Fight," by Colinette Fenander in the Portland State College *Review*; "Flora: An Ode," by Edgar Paiewonsky-Conde in the Washington Square College (New York City) *Review*.

The best nonfiction entry in the contest was "Ahasuerus and Christ, A Bitter Marriage," by Holland Taylor. Miss Taylor, twenty, is a drama major at Bennington College, class of 1965. Her essay appeared in *Silo*, the renowned literary magazine at Bennington College that won the competition last year for the best magazine. Miss Taylor uses two poems, one by George Herbert, the other by Howard Nemerov, to define the relationship of Christ to the biblical Wandering Jew, Ahasuerus. She first elucidates the irony of Christ's God-man situation as developed by Herbert's poem. She then compares this irony with that of Ahasuerus as depicted by Nemerov. The paradox of Ahasuerus's position is that he becomes Christlike in denouncing Christ, and so keeps Christ's presence in the world alive by his very opposition to sin and redemption.

Professor Seymour Gross and his colleagues in the Notre Dame English Department selected Miss Taylor's essay because the young author exhibited "a finely poised mind which, even when confronted with the most complex of paradoxical implications, refused to be stampeded into intellectual exasperation or oversimplification." Of fifty-six entries, honorable mention went to "Young Men with Horns," by William Schafer, from the University of Minnesota's *Ivory Tower*.

The winning magazine is the winter 1964 edition of *Pen*, the student literary magazine at the University of Utah. *Pen* is distinguished for having a quiet but cohesive identity of its own. The magazine is a whole whose parts are united graphically and are, while varied, clearly the choice of a single persuasive editor. Unlike last year's winner, which contained work in several art forms, *Pen* contains only work in poetry, prose, and the graphic arts.

The layout is tastefully understated. A delicately drawn script "face" is used consistently for headings and sets off the type. A page and some introductions are "reversed out" to complement the five pages of art work. Pastel, charcoal, pen and ink, and engraving are the four art mediums represented, the brilliant pastel centerspread being the work of the magazine's reticent art director, E. Anthony Smith (his name does not appear in the magazine). Mr. Smith's cover design is a collage based on Civil War documents and on fragments bearing the name of the magazine. The prose features two psychological dramas in short story form. One conveys the helplessness of a girl who finds herself attempting to save a deranged neighbor; the other depicts a girl trying to shake off both the need for post-operation pain-killers and the need for her erstwhile lover. A satire in the tradition of Voltaire rounds out the prose offerings; utilizing a Lewis Carroll setting, the author takes a potshot at the university board of regents for having removed a modern art show in the student union because the display included some provocative nudes. The poetry includes a sensitive, highly structured elegy on the passing of the late President by the magazine's editor, David Wetzel.

Wetzel explains the magazine's vitality in two ways. First, the magazine's staff is composed of students majoring in many different disciplines, each of whom engages in all the various aspects of putting out the publication. Secondly, the university, as a "commuter campus," is caught in the cross-currents of rigorous Mormonism on the one hand and the fragmentations of urbanized living on the other. The cross-currents result in a special sensitivity to the place of the individual in his environment.

Professor Leiscester Bradner and the English Department at Brown University selected *Pen*, and so enabled the magazine to receive the $250 first place award over 132 other entries. Honorable mention went to *The Lawrentian* at St Lawrence University (New York), and to *The Exile* at Denison University (Ohio).

Seemingly there is no common theme or thrust to the work of these winning writers and editors. Yet a close look reveals a pervasive concern for a particularly modern predicament: that of the individual trying to understand his own hopes and fears in order to relate somehow to a vastly objective and increasingly impersonal society. The concern is surely not new; it has been around since Freud. The point is that the better student writer has been able to place the concern in an objective perspective and has been able to find the "bits" that reveal where he, or a created character, stands in relation to a seemingly irrelevant society.

Airplane

By Mark McCloskey

(This is the winning poem in the contest sponsored annually by SR and the U.S. National Student Association.)

An airplane, banking up the river north
at night above the city, balances
those who make a point of ground,
a little frightened by the way the lights move up
in the wind-buck of the landing's fall.

It's the quiet that disturbs them most
—the bump of motors dozing off the wind,
the scatter of the city's lights
without a creak. It seems a moment then
that they are dead, collapsing toward the stars.

Then they float across the ground. This is
the river, taking on and putting off its gamble,
making reasons on its banks, lifting and
falling as it should. Those who leave the bird
forget the sight it gave them of the fragile land.

So they are down and make their way alone
to find the doubtless they are sure is there
lock the doors and throw the lights around
then go to bed. In the dark, out the window
they see the lights the other way

than on the plane before they close their eyes.
Here conjecture doesn't happen to the dreams
they have of flight: their kind of bird
has not been seen before, and lifts them
to a land of mirrors no one ever claimed.

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More Talks with the Russians—Part II

Germany and the MLF

AMERICANS and Russians involved in conferences or negotiations—whether on the official or unofficial level—are in substantial agreement at least on one point. This has to do with the need for each country to have the most precise knowledge and understanding of those areas of ultimate sensitivity affecting the security of the other. A precarious equilibrium is all that is now keeping alive several hundred million Americans and Russians, not to mention three billion human beings outside both countries who most certainly would be affected by any miscalculation and the consequent chain reaction of nuclear horror.

The most obvious instance of an inadequate assessment by one side of the other's eruption threshold is, of course, Cuba. The Soviet Union grossly miscalculated the American response to the presence of missile sites on Cuban soil. The result was the most intense crisis since the end of the Second World War.

In talking to Soviet representatives today, there can be no doubt about what constitutes the Soviet Union's point of ultimate sensitivity: Germany. At the Leningrad Conference recently, the one subject that was most on the minds and tongues of the Soviet delegation had to do with Germany; in particular, a Germany with access to nuclear triggers through NATO. More formally, the subject goes by the name Multilateral Force—a plan still in the discussion stage for putting atomic muscle into the NATO military machine.

On all other subjects discussed at the Leningrad conference table—Vietnam, Laos, the Near East, Central Europe, Africa in general or the Congo in particular—the Soviet delegates showed flexibility and, in two or three areas, seemed willing to concede important ground. But on the subject of Germany there was almost a chemical reaction or, in the favorite phrase of Soviet students of behaviorism, a conditioned reflex.

A BLENDING of the Soviet opinions expressed on this subject would take approximately the following form:

"If you understand nothing else about us, try to understand this: By this time we think we know Germany. We have learned, as you say, the hard way. Twice we have learned what happens when Germany gets weapons. At first, everyone is reassured in the sweetest words that a powerful Germany represents no danger to anyone. But the theory always seems to break down—no matter how genteel and intelligent some of the government leaders may be. And somehow the moderates have a way of being replaced by militarists or madmen or both. We know. We have twenty or thirty million dead to show for it in two wars. Go out on the streets here in Leningrad and talk to people. Try to find someone who didn't lose someone close to him. Try to find someone past the age of twenty who doesn't remember the starvation and the cold after Leningrad was cut off and besieged in the last war.

"Forget what government leaders say. Just listen to the people. You think our leaders can tell the Soviet people to do anything and that the Soviet people will blindly follow? Do you know what would happen if the Soviet leaders told our people that they approved of a plan to give German militarists a chance to put their hands on nuclear weapons? There would be an outcry the like of which you never heard.

"But what puzzles us most is how you Americans deceive yourselves into believing you are not putting yourselves in the same jeopardy we would be in. Do you think Germany is content to accept her defeat in the Second World War? Do you suppose that her militarists aren't waiting for the day when they can smash back at her old enemies? Not just us but the capitalist West, the United States especially.

"All right, you may think that Germany is different today and that there is no longer a problem. For our part, we hope you are right. We hope Germany is completely reformed. We will be congenial and cooperative in everything that Germany does that is different from the old militaristic ways. But at the same time we know enough not to take everything for granted. New faces with old ideas can come back to power. And you will be making a great mistake if you think we will stand by idly while German militarist fingers are given a chance to get close to nuclear triggers, however the reality may be disguised in the form of NATO or anything else.

"Finally, we don't understand you when on one hand you talk about the great danger represented by the spread of nuclear weapons and on the other hand propose to create a situation in which a number of nations, Germany most prominently among them, could under certain circumstances have access to nuclear explosives."

THE response of the Americans was equally vigorous. In general, it ran along the following lines:

It was inaccurate and indeed absurd to assert that the United States was eager to make atomic force available to Germany. The Americans agreed it was essential to do everything possible to prevent the dissemination of nuclear weapons—whether to Germany or anyone else. But recognition of this fact couldn't stop Germany or any highly industrialized nation from making these weapons by itself. Under the Multilateral Force, Germany would forego the manufacture of such weapons. The authority over these weapons would rest in the hands of a supreme command. Germany, of course, as part of the supreme command, would be involved in major decision-making. But there was every intention to retain the ultimate

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decision-making where it is now; namely, in the White House.

As for Germany in general, the Americans said it was important not to allow ourselves to be so dominated by past history that we are unable to put new facts to work. Whether Germany becomes a major threat depends perhaps even more on factors outside Germany than inside Germany. If there is no progress toward a basic, durable settlement of the major problems between the United States and the Soviet Union; if better machinery is not devised for maintaining peace; if nations have no security except that which they think is available to them through raw force—then the inevitable disintegration will set the stage for the return of German militarism on a scale frightening to contemplate.

Our main job, therefore, the Americans continued, was to get on with the essential business of peacemaking, taking whatever steps are open to both countries, however modest these steps might appear to be in total perspective.

THE Soviet response to this line of reasoning was that while they could agree with much of what we said about the need for a general political settlement, they felt the Americans were overoptimistic and, not to be too unkind about it, perhaps naïve concerning Germany's willingness to contribute to the basic conditions of stability in Europe. One of the Soviet delegates had recently returned from Bonn where he had had frank conversations with Chancellor Erhard. In response to a direct question about Germany's territorial aims, Chancellor Erhard said that Germany recognized none of the geographical changes that had come about as the result of Germany's defeat in the Second World War. The implications of this to the Soviet delegates were staggering, for it meant that Germany wanted to return to its 1938 borders. It meant, too, that those whom the Americans regarded as moderates were proposing to return to the geographical Germany of Adolf Hitler. This territory involved large chunks of Poland, Czechoslovakia, and the Soviet Union. How would this contribute to European or world stability, the Soviet delegate wanted to know.

As for the argument that Germany could probably manufacture nuclear weapons by herself anyway, one of the Soviet delegates, a retired general, said that such capability could not be quickly pursued or highly developed without outside help. Problems of nuclear testing and complicated manufacture reduced substantially the danger represented by Germany as an independent nuclear force. With the kind of nuclear weapons available to NATO, however, an entirely different situation was created.

What the Russians basically feared, they said, was not German access to NATO nuclear weaponry *per se* so much as Germany's ability to commit the United States through irresponsible German initiative. Here, too, the Americans attempted to make the point that the Soviet delegates were confining themselves to a rather narrow band represented by the potential uses of German military power instead of taking into account all the surrounding factors that had a dominant bearing on whether Germany would be a source of stability or upheaval in Europe.

The important issue here is not whether the Soviet representatives—or the American representatives, for that matter—are responsive to logic, to the lessons of history, and to new facts. What *is* important and controlling is that there is nothing that we or anyone else can do to convince the Soviet people that a militarily powerful Germany does not represent a blazing threat to their existence. To repeat, this is their point of ultimate sensitivity, their final dividing line. We should continue, of course, to do everything we can to relieve them of the burden of such fallacies as may be involved in their position. At the same time, however, we would be making a critical mistake if we did not recognize the seriousness of any miscalculation on this matter. In today's world, the governing facts are not always tidy and logical, but they are the facts that spell the difference between life and death. —N. C.

The Epigone

By Horace E. Hamilton

I PAINTED a portrait of my father
In his sixtieth year, with enough of
His essence to be stored in the attic
In a dignity of dust. Then when he died
Twelve years later, they carried it down
To my room, a memorial of sorts, startling
At first, but fitting enough, and seemly

The brow and cheekbones are fine
And the jaw is Pa's, no other's.
The eyes tend to be shaped like almonds,
And focused on worse trouble than mine.

Since I broke my spine this winter, I lie
With time aplenty, seeing his strong head
At morning, and just before going to bed.
For amateur work, the painting's not bad
Save for the glare from a too bluish eye.
So I try to think of him quipping instead,
Or amused merely, before laying his look at rest.

This Chinese reverence of parents
Could lead to a worship of forebears.
The Chinese as a whole are backward,
But not known to resort to psychiatrists.

A filial enough fellow might do well
To follow the good precepts of a sire
By gazing gravely at his likeness till
The heats of his own blood were still.

Avant-garde friends will label my foible—
Should the allusions in books be found—
"The search for the spiritual father." End quote.
Well . . . this picture needs chiaroscuro . . . but
I've managed to catch the old hater in him
Down that solid line of jaw. And I admire
Those risibilities in the sockets of each eye.

More people before breaking their backs
Might contemplate a neglected pater.
No heritage is lost, it's forgotten
Or laid aside, while the egos never tire
But cry aloud—"See here am I, only I!"

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Ranger VII Report

THE MOON ARTICLE in the September 5 issue is a display of poor judgment on a scale I have not seen before. Since it is presented with repeated references to an interview I agreed to give Mr. Lear, I dispatched the following telegram to Mr. Norman Cousins immediately upon having read the issue on September 3:

> THE MOON ARTICLE BY JOHN LEAR SEPTEMBER 5 ISSUE IS AN INSIDIOUS MIXTURE OF REASONABLY CORRECT QUOTATIONS, HIS OWN GROSS EXTRAPOLATIONS, UNFAIR ALLEGATIONS AND PERSONAL PEEVES WRITTEN UNDER A TUCSON INSTEAD OF NEW YORK DATELINE APPARENTLY TO INVOLVE MY PERSON. THE ARTICLE IMPLIES NONEXISTING DARK FORCES, IS GROSSLY UNJUST TO JPL, WHO BRILLIANTLY PERFORMED IN RANGER VII, AND MISLEADS THE U.S. PUBLIC. MR. LEAR HAS GROSSLY ABUSED MY HOSPITALITY EXTENDED AFTER INSISTENT PRESSURE DESPITE MY HEAVY TIME SCHEDULE. I DEMAND OPPORTUNITY IN ONE OF FIRST COMING ISSUES TO STATE IN A SIGNED, UNCENSORED ARTICLE MY OWN VIEWS ON THESE PROBLEMS AND REQUEST IMMEDIATE PUBLICATION OF THIS TELEGRAM.

Mr. Cousins replied as follows:

> GRATEFUL TO YOU FOR FORTHRIGHT STATEMENT. PLEASE SEND LETTER REPLY.

This leaves me no choice but to forego a statement of my own views on these complex problems and limit myself to 1) indicating the circumstances of the interview; 2) comment on one example of the gross misunderstandings and loose charges of which the Lear article is replete.

1) Shortly after the Ranger VII news conference at Jet Propulsion Laboratory on July 31, I received a call from Mr. Lear in which he stated that he was doing a major article on the space program and would like to request some help from me, particularly on the Ranger VII results. I told him that I was working on a very tight schedule because it had been decided that the first results of the Ranger program would be presented at the meeting of the International Astronomical Union at Hamburg, Germany, about September 1 and that this presentation would be preceded by a press conference in Washington about August 28. At this time we would attempt to present the results of the A camera in the form of an atlas.

Mr. Lear commented that his magazine was catering to a discriminating public and that I could be of real help to him in supplying scientific information in the area where the U.S. public needed to be informed. Because of the interesting editorial comments Norman Cousins had written in *Saturday Review*, my resistance was weakened and I agreed tentatively to see him on August 12. In the ensuing hectic days, the visit was set for August 14 and 15 with the understanding that I would have to be absent at JPL all day August 14, but that my staff would arrange a program for him, including a visit to the Catalina Station.

I was back in the office on Saturday, August 15, and saw Mr. Lear intermittently from about 10:30 A.M. to late afternoon. This included a luncheon at my home. During this interview, he requested to have some additional A frames released to him which he would incorporate in his article, the reason being his long lead time, with the article not appearing until after the Washington and Hamburg meetings. This I declined on the grounds that the pressure for premature releases was great and that there could be no exceptions. I gave Mr. Lear a couple of earth-based lunar photographs taken long before.

Mr. Lear's questions pertained primarily to the last A frame that had been released on July 31 and of which he had a copy. I reviewed its significance with him in the light of earth-based photographs and discussed much of what an astronomer would discuss under such circumstances. The only distinct recollections I have of being concerned were a) Mr. Lear's difficulty of comprehending anything but the most elementary scientific concepts and b) his interest in the broader political aspects of the space program, and his stated difficulty of getting all the information he wanted from NASA. These items left me with some worry, but I dismissed them as natural for a newspaper man. I did wonder what were Mr. Lear's qualifications as a science editor; but his reactions as a newspaper man seemed rather normal.

After the interview, I took Mr. Lear to his Tucson hotel and did not see him again. I had quite forgotten about this episode until I saw the horrible article in the September 5 issue upon my return from Europe during the late evening of September 2.

2) In the exhilarating hours after the Ranger VII impact, I coined the term "instant science" in a jocular fashion to imply the need for scientists who had just received a mass of exciting new data to come up with some reasonable comment in a short while for a first news broadcast. The use of this term was nothing more than a light remark fitting the occasion. I casually quoted it to Mr. Lear who, without my knowledge, adopted it and wove it into a sinister pattern of government-supported science, thereby completely missing the meaning of the term since obviously it has no relevance to what . . . has been called "projectitis."

One implication of Mr. Lear's article seems to be that I have given him information to the effect that scientists are under pressure to make statements that are favorable to the continuance of large government projects. This is complete fantasy. I have never myself been under pressure from anyone in the formulation of my own recommendations and would obviously resist such pressure had it been applied.

The lesson I have learned from this display of editorial license is this: that even a reputable magazine can spring a trap and that the only safe release is a signed statement that cannot be distorted or adapted, as can a verbal interview, to serve the personal ends of the interviewer.

GERARD P. KUIPER, Director,
Lunar and Planetary Laboratory,
University of Arizona.
Tucson, Ariz.

SR's SCIENCE EDITOR is, as Professor Kuiper says, a man of finite intelligence who must depend on specialists in the several scienti-

(*Continued on page* 109)

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"If I were you, Caesar, I would certainly give a few details."

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Broadway's Dairy Air

TO WRITE a hit musical about a 1905 Jewish community that patiently suffers pogroms and Russian persecution is a formidable task. True, *West Side Story* managed to find humor, lyrical passion, and dramatizable conflict in the violent gang warfare of city youth. But the Sholom Aleichem tales from which *Fiddler on the Roof* has been taken are predominantly gentle and their central figure, Tevye the dairyman, is comic rather than heroic.

Joseph Stein and his collaborators have, however, arrived at a remarkably effective mixture that thoroughly entertains without ever losing a sense of connection with the more painful realities that underlie its humor, its beauty, and its ritual celebrations.

For the humor there is the fortunate wedding of the talents of Zero Mostel and Sholom Aleichem. Mr. Mostel finds a degree of exaggeration that is hilarious without ever quite breaking out into pure clownsmanship. He walks the light fantastic as if tiptoeing through the mine fields of daily danger and despair. He argues with himself, letting his right hand make convoluted stabs of overemphatic declaration while his left hand reluctantly weighs the alternatives with unreasonable reasonableness. When faced with the incredible sight of his daughter associating with a Gentile boy, his eyeballs dart crazily about like a moving electric sign gone out of control. And when conversing with God his tone will switch with comic suddenness from friendly wheedling to angry rebuke as the preposterousness of his situation occurs to him. He begins sweetly, "As the good book says . . . ," and abruptly stops to demand angrily, "But why should *I* tell *you* what the good book says?"

While one would hate to see *Fiddler on the Roof* without Mr. Mostel, it is by no means a one-man show. The funniest sequence is the one in which Tevye invents a dreamed visitation from the other world to persuade his bulldozer of a wife to let their daughter break her engagement to a well-off butcher and marry instead an impoverished tailor. We watch an enactment of this nightmare in which every time the wife mentions the butcher's name, the spirit of her dead mother rises five feet into the air with her arms flailing out wildly, apparently in several directions at once. And the audience is doubly amused as it watches how carefully Mr. Mostel performs the deception and pretends to be frightened of his supernatural hoax. At one point he tries to run from the dream, but because he is standing on the hem of his own nightgown can only shuffle in tiny impeded steps, his head shaking in mock terror. Clearly director Jerome Robbins, costume designer Patricia Zipprodt, and Maria Karnilova, who plays the dairyman's wife, Golde, all deserve a good share of the credit.

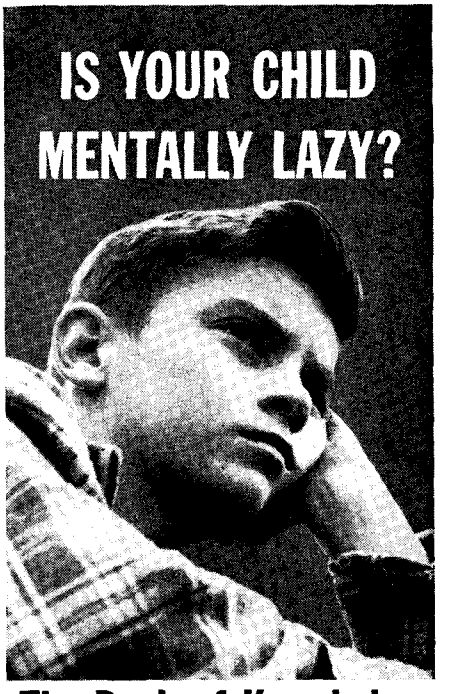
Mr. Mostel's most touching moment comes in the middle of the marvelous song "If I Were a Rich Man," when he lapses into an awareness of his unjustly hopeless position and sings, "I'd have the time I lack to sit in the synagogue and pray, and maybe have a seat by the Eastern Wall; and I'd discuss the holy books with the learned men several hours every day. That would be the sweetest thing of all." Lyricist Sheldon Harnick and composer Jerry Bock have here, as throughout the evening, created words and music so natural to the people who sing them that we are not conscious of a "number" being performed. Yet if one listens carefully there are lovely melodies and lyrics. To take one example, Mr. Harnick's phrase "Besides having everything, I know what everything's for" is superior lyric writing.

Boris Aronson and Jean Rosenthal have set and lighted the proceedings to give them a richly imaginative sense of fairy tale. One of the loveliest moments in the evening comes when we see a montage of flickering candles as families all over the village observe the Sabbath.

Finally, there is Jerome Robbins's incredibly energized choreography, which pervades not just the dances but every second of every performance. Most spectacular is a wedding dance in which the celebrants throw themselves into such frenzied but disciplined maneuvers that they seem to be letting loose all the emotion they have suppressed in their acceptance of third-class citizenship.

What *Fiddler on the Roof* has not quite accomplished is the miracle of having the sobering events of its second act lead to a thrilling conclusion. Instead it chooses to trail off into an ending that nominally completes the invented frame of the symbolic fiddler on the roof who, in trying to scratch out a simple and sensible tune without breaking his neck, represents the people in this precarious community. But a more positive salute to the future of the emigrating Jews might have seemed too contrived, and the gentler, life-rich creation of this bygone village is sufficiently entertaining to make this a lovelier and funnier musical than any we had last season.

—HENRY HEWES.



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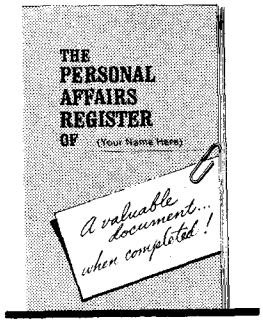

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TV AND RADIO

The New Look in Villains

THE ABC Television Network has sent fifteen new entertainment programs into the ratings race this season. Of four unveiled on a recent Monday night, three were in the domestic situation-comedy genre and one was science fiction-action-adventure. The entertainment quotients of all four seem average, but at least their diversion potential promises less unpleasant personal mayhem of the kind that has marked this network's offerings in past seasons.

The Bing Crosby Show finds the domesticated crooner breaking into song occasionally in a conventional, middle-class consumer's nest with two young "stupid but I like 'em" daughters, a pretty wife, and a buddy who came to dinner and stayed. In *Wendy and Me* George Burns plays a landlord who narrates the weekly destinies of an airline pilot and his lovable, literal spouse. It's essentially the old Burns and Allen act, except that without the inimitable Gracie the lines just don't make it. George is offstage with his cigar and jokes, and in the action slightly—but it's only a straight man's role. *No Time for Sergeants* is a retread of the originally funny novel, play, and film about a prodigious hillbilly in the Air Force, rubbed down to comic-strip level.

Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea is out of Jules Verne by Walt Disney with "fail-safe" in its genes. *Seaview*, a nuclear-powered submarine, ranges the waters of the earth in 1973, under special assignment by the U.S., pursuing scientific "research" and fighting "the evil forces of destruction" at such places as the North Pole and (in a future episode) "at a prehistoric land that time forgot."

The first episode raised a special problem that warrants the attention of television viewers. *Seaview*'s maiden mission was to detonate two atomic explosions at the North Pole at the exact times when cataclysmic earthquakes would bring shocks and tidal waves to the American coasts and the Atlantic shores of Europe. The nuclear blasts—if successfully exploded at the right second—might "negative" and dissipate harmlessly the impacts of the tremors. An enemy power, unnamed but "familiar to all of us," sought to negative the *Seaview's* negative; the quakes, if allowed to occur, would bring disorder and panic to "our" cities, thus furthering "their" objectives. *Seaview's* good sailors and scientists outwitted "them," destroyed the enemy's pursuing submarine and bomber drone, and accomplished their heroic mission.

The episode left us, nevertheless, with fears of disastrous domestic social damage. "The enemy," in any contemporary military fiction context, must be either a supranational organization (*à la* Dr. No) or a vaguely identified nation "familiar to us all." In recent years the enemy has been Slavic in appearance. The Sino-Soviet split, however, has created some confusion in the minds of producers as well as audiences. *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea* reflects the changing ideological currents. We saw the enemy in his high-level, military headquarters, manipulating his international web of espionage and counteraction; he was neither Slavic nor Oriental—but somewhat in between. There were beards, swarthy skins, and long cigarette holders, but the distinctive aspect was the tall, broad-shouldered frame topped by a large-domed head, completely bald. The enemy looked disarmingly like Mr. Clean.

This is alarming. Think of the subversive effect of these subtle impressions, spread over an entire television season, on the image of the real Mr. Clean, that friendly, bald-headed giant who materializes in kitchens, bathrooms, and little girls' playrooms dispensing his salutary magic. Housewives and children, seeing the false Mr. Clean struggling to destroy *Seaview*, will come to regard the real Mr. Clean with suspicion. The troubled sponsor will be forced to change his product image. He may even be tempted to sponsor a competing television series in which "the enemy" is an international ring of neo-knights in armor. This counterattack will subtly undermine the favorable image of the dashing, medieval horseman who rides for the cleaner Ajax; he, too, will disappear from television. The whole thing may actually be "their" plot to drag democracy down into the dirt. "They" have hypnotized or brainwashed the producers of *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea*, who are acting as human robots, unconscious of their deed.

Patriots, however, are not defenseless. Their letters will awake the producers to "our" best interests. Let them find some other dark, malevolent symbol to personify the enemy; let them lay off Mr. Clean and Ajax. The electrifying charge of the one and the genial wizardry of the other are essential to our survival in television's sea of diversion.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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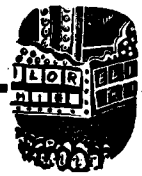

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Second Thoughts

ONE OF the high points of the second New York Film Festival, just held at Lincoln Center, came at the end of the showing of *Nothing But a Man*, when an audience of more than 2,000 burst into the kind of applause that usually greets a keynote address at a political convention. Not that there was anything more than vaguely political about the film; it was a simple, honest, vastly touching account of two young Negroes trying to make a life for themselves in the South. It was well acted, well written, well directed. But the audience seemed aware that no film distributor had as yet taken the picture on for release, that it had represented dedicated effort by gifted young people, and that, for all its human, absorbing qualities, it could not have been produced through the usual film industry channels. Here, then, was a concrete reason for having a film festival: a film such as *Nothing But a Man* could be selected, shown, and receive its due recognition.

On another evening, a harrowing new film called *King and Country* was shown. It was the work, largely, of Joseph Losey, the American-born director who has transplanted himself to England and there seems to get better and better. Last year he showed *The Servant* at the New York festival, where the send-off it received influenced its commercial prospects later. (It is still running at the same cinema in New York.) *King and Country* is a better movie, perhaps the most accomplished of all those shown at the festival, but it is not an easy one to take. It is a grimly powerful account of a trial of a young deserter in World War I. More than the story of a court-martial held behind the lines, it depicted the brutalization and debasement of men by war and showed, too, that any wartime court-martial system, though it seemingly abides by civilian rules of law, makes for an evil farce. The judges are not judges; they are Army officers concerned with discipline. Tom Courtenay played the victim of the system, Dirk Bogarde his defender, and their performing, along with the hauntingly atmospheric direction of Losey, made the film superb. Hardly a "commercial" movie, though, and one more demonstration of the value of a festival.

The showings held at Lincoln Center do without prizes, catered parties, and publicity handouts. And, since they represent selections from major film festivals held all over the world, they are bound to provide higher over-all quality than Cannes or Venice. Thus, in its second year, New York's festival has proved itself to be the best, the most dignified, the most important one—which is not at all to say that it offers a continuously heady display of motion picture art. A visitor to New York could have stayed away from Philharmonic Hall and found just as good and better films by merely going to the movies: he could have seen, for instance, *The Luck of Ginger Coffee, Topkapi, Seduced and Abandoned, The Girl with Green Eyes, The Servant, Mary Poppins,* and probably half a dozen other movies of quality, some never shown in festivals at all. On the other hand, at Philharmonic Hall he might have been unfortunate enough to attend the showing of *Lilith, To Love, The Brig,* and *A Woman Is a Woman,* all failures to some degree. By waiting a week he could have seen *Fail-Safe* for two dollars instead of three. In other words, the festival can make you wonder.

It can make you wonder, for instance, why *The Luck of Ginger Coffee* didn't get into the festival. Why was the unreleased *The Pawnbroker* not chosen? Why has Hollywood, which has several of its biggest names on the sponsoring list, largely eschewed the New York festival, even though its biggest bugaboo at foreign festivals, the insane prize-giving, has been eliminated? Why do Richard Roud and Amos Vogel, the festival programers, continue to dignify the singularly untalented efforts of Jonas Mekas and Alfred Leslie, who both manage to make the so-called avant-garde look sicker and more spurious? Why does Jean-Luc Godard, the snob-oriented and snob-supported young French director, get *two* festival places, one of them a distinctly inferior effort of three years ago?

The answers, of course, have to do with the manifold problems faced by Mr. Roud and Mr. Vogel. First of all, they can't get every film they might want—or so they tell us—and they have told us that Antonioni's *Red Desert* was not available in time. Mr. Roud simply didn't like *The Pawnbroker*. But did he like *A Woman Is a Woman,* or *To Love,* or Alfred Leslie's forty-minute exercise in boredom, *The Last Clean Shirt*? If he did, and he probably did, he was putting his own taste and standards of judgment on the line, and I'm inclined to think he was right to do so. Which is to say that a festival has no purpose at

(*Continued on page* 110)

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The Handwriting on the Screen

By ROBERT GESSNER

THE SECOND season of the Lincoln Center Film Festival reminded New Yorkers once again of what most urban Americans realize, namely, that the more imaginative and intelligent film is most likely to come from abroad. Why should this be? America does not lack talent, facilities, or money. Nonetheless, in art houses across the country the predominance of overseas artistry is obvious to the naked eye.

Bluntly put, time appears to be running against an artistically healthy future for the American motion picture as it is now being conceived, created, and distributed. This is a bitter prospect for a country where the camera was invented, where the craft and art first flourished. More than national pride is involved. Though the pen has been hailed over the sword, cinema is far mightier than any ballpoint. Nothing less than our cultural prestige is involved.

Students in high schools and colleges discuss the works of Fellini and Bergman with far greater enthusiasm than the novels of Hemingway or the plays of Shakespeare. Only one American director, Stanley Kubrick (*Paths of Glory, Lolita, Dr. Strangelove*), has captured an enthusiastic following among youth; he is the first to do so since Orson Welles flashed across the sky with *Citizen Kane* in 1941.

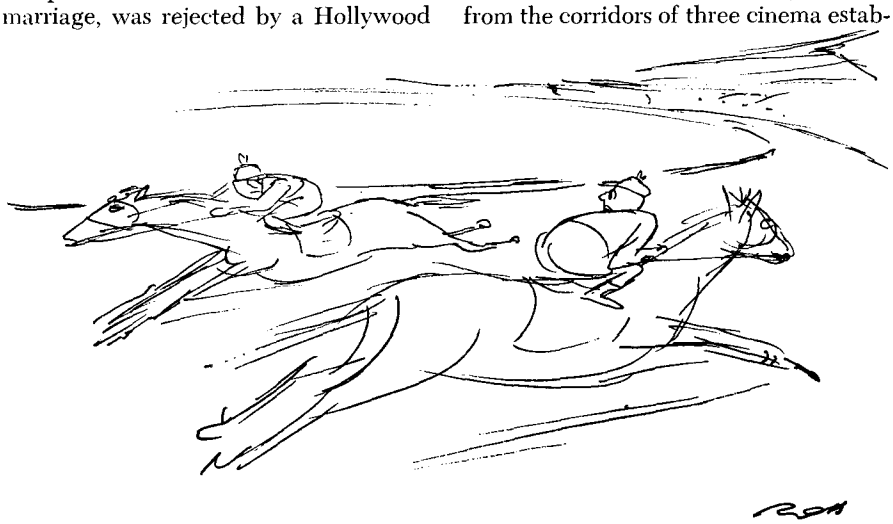
Even Hollywood's loftiest laurel for a producer, the Irving Thalberg Award, was given this year to Sam Spiegel, who makes his super-features abroad, using foreign studios and technicians. Another reflection: *One Potato, Two Potato*, an independent film about a white-colored marriage, was rejected by a Hollywood review committee as being too crudely produced to represent the U.S. at Cannes. Nevertheless, it won a special citation there and is now doing exceptionally well at the boxoffice.

Why have foreign films won so dominant a role? What is Europe's secret?

First of all, Europeans make pictures for different reasons than we do. They aim to make money on the premise that cinema is a director's medium, whereas Hollywood considers movies primarily a producer's enterprise, even when the director is his own producer. The treatment of character—the uniquely realistic versus the gimmick twist—illustrates the difference in approach; it is the difference between a short story and a comic strip—a question of depth and detail.

THIS fundamental difference in attitude toward film-making can be traced to the humanistic tradition in European culture, especially to the prestige and influence exerted by cinema academies that train and place young talent in the studios of their countries. In contrast, American university film-study programs, some older than European curricula, are inadequate and ignored by Hollywood and Washington. Americans can't get comparable training here and, once trained, can't get internships in studios or be admitted to unions. The European superiority was recently proven, indirectly, by the Ford Foundation in granting $10,000 to each of the twelve young Americans selected from 177 nominees. Of the twelve, only one had studied cinema at an American university, whereas a large proportion had studied abroad.

In contrast, the French New Wave, which excited world audiences, unrolled from the corridors of three cinema establishments: the IDHEC, whose prize pupils have been Alain Resnais (*Hiroshima Mon Amour, Marienbad, Muriel*) and Robert Enrico (*La Belle Vie, Incident at Owl Creek Bridge*); the Ecole Technique, where studied Louis Malle (*The Lovers, The Fire Within*) and Jacques Demy (*Lola, Umbrellas from Cherbourg*); and most influentially the publication, *Cahiers du Cinema*, which spawned Claude Chabrol (*The Cousins, The Third Love*), Jean-Luc (*Breathless, My Life to Live*), and François Truffaut (*400 Blows, Shoot the Piano Player, Jules and Jim, The Soft Skin*). All these directors, in addition to their training and their viewing of films at the Cinémathèque Française, were benefited by a system of state-sponsorship for shorts and features.



The Centro Sperimentale di Cinematografia in Rome places a quota of its diploma students as apprentices in Italian studios. The Centro, located adjacent to Ciné Citta, has the most elaborate and expensive studios of any film academy in the world.

The pattern of state support began in Moscow in 1920 at the GIK where Eisenstein studied and later taught, as did Pudovkin. Today GIK is the largest film academy in the world with 750 selected full-time students, 1,200 part-time, and a technical staff of 450. Contemporary Soviet cinema is based on GIK graduates. The liveliest of all European academies is the Polish, whose graduates have won more international prizes than other academy graduates. Roman Polanski's *Knife in the Water* was a hit at Lincoln Center last year. For three weeks I lived with Polish cinema students and faculty as a Ford Foundation lecturer and can conclude that the standards for admission and for graduation are higher than any film program in the U.S. and Europe.

Other European countries are expanding their programs: the British via BBC, the French plan a cinema city, the West Germans plan an academy in Berlin, the Belgians have launched an extensive institute. America, painful to say, approximates the level of East Germany, Egypt, Greece, Spain, and Taiwan!

The challenge is on a scale to demand a full national commitment, involving the cooperation of the National Arts Foundation, motion picture producers, TV networks, industrial sponsorship, advertising agencies, unions and guilds, educational institutes, and foundations.

The American Council on Education-Lincoln Center Conference has just held a meeting to discuss ways and means of "strengthening the study of motion pictures as a contemporary art." This should mark a beginning. What will be this country's answer to our oncoming generations, surfeited with TV, when they ask why we neglected cinema?

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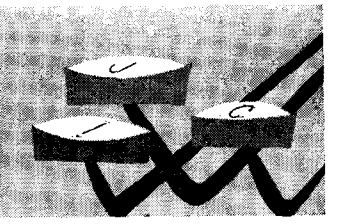
Manner of Speaking



Taurus Revisited, or Was That Bull Irish? I seem to have let the bull (sometimes known as the Irish bull) out of the pasture in my column for August 8. Since then the incoming mail has been running heavily to bulls of all ages and sexes, and whimsy has achieved such scholarship that I believe the last word can now be spoken even if the discussion has to continue beyond it in order to get it said. Among my better-informed searchers is Bob Varga of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, who writes as follows:

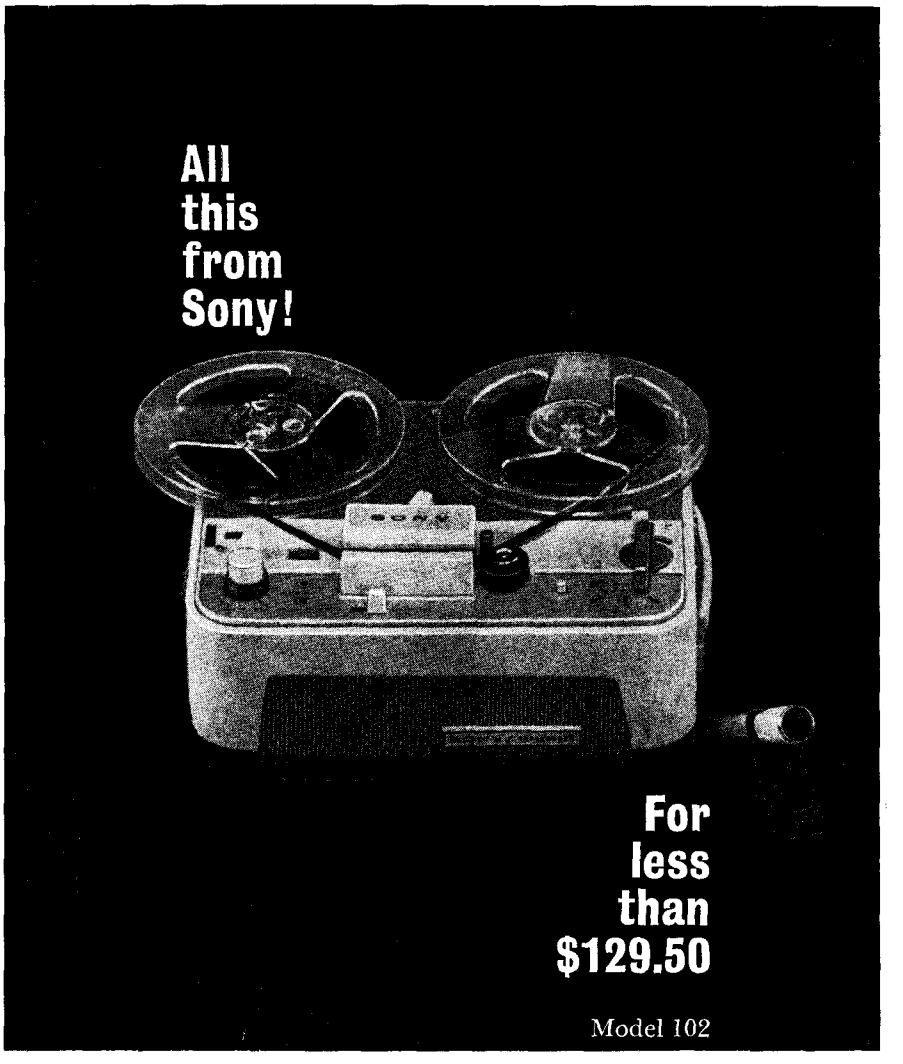
> Dr. Mr. C:
>
> Since I have given up writing to you, this will be a short letter. I can no longer ignore the bull, Irish or otherwise (and with a big B only in your column). I take exception to your sticking the Irish with this figure of speech. By what authority?
>
> *WNI III* does allow "Irish," as does *WNC VII*. But *WNW* and the F&W's *Standard International* absolve the Irish and put the whole matter under "bull." The *ACD* simply ignores the beast.
>
> With such contradictory evidence, is it fair to stick it on the Irish? True, W. R. Benét defined "bull" as "a blunder or inadvertent contradiction of terms for which the Irish are proverbial." But Mr. Benét did not offer a single proverb in support of his contention.
>
> Shipley, in his *Dictionary of Word Origins*, observes: "The word *bull*, jest, nonsense—for a time associated with the Irish, and vulgarly linked as though from the animal—is also of quite early use." Shipley makes it obvious that the Irish and the bull no longer walk hand in hand.
>
> Partridge (*Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English*), who also fights the battle under "b," observes that Irish was not added until *ca.* 1850.

Thank you Mr. Varga. The next time you do not write to me I shall look forward to more of the same, some of which I already have from Andrew C. Webster of North Tarrytown, New York, who extends the bibliography and cites against Partridge's claim a reference to "Irish bull" dated 1802:

> Your column stirred my memory and sent me back to an essay by Sydney Smith, "Edgeworth on Bulls"—a witty review of *Essay on Irish Bulls*, by Richard Lovell Edgeworth and Maria Edgeworth, London, 1802.
>
> In Smith's essay appears the definition you quoted from Webster: "an apparent congruity and real incongruity of ideas suddenly discovered." Webster deleted the last two words.
>
> Smith adds: "And if this account of bulls be just, they are (as might have been supposed) the very reverse of wit; for as wit discovers real relations that are not apparent, bulls admit apparent relations that are not real."

Thank *you*, Mr. Webster, and especially for the balances of that eighteenth-century style. There is the sort of prose that shines even when it gets dull. To Smith's definition let me add Coleridge's as quoted by Martin Gross of New York City: "A mental juxtaposition of incongruous ideas, with a sensation, but without the sense, of connection." And from Kingsley's *Geoffrey Hamlin*: "A ludicrous inconsistency unnoticed by its perpetrator."

So much for the morphology and taxonomy of the beast. If Mr. Varga will permit me, I mean to cling to the Irish of it along with the Edgeworth's, if only to keep the beast firmly identified. Meanwhile I have assembled a handsome collection of random specimens



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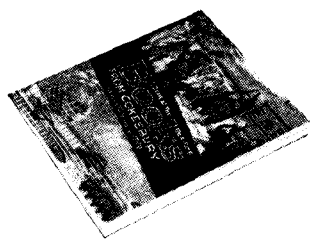

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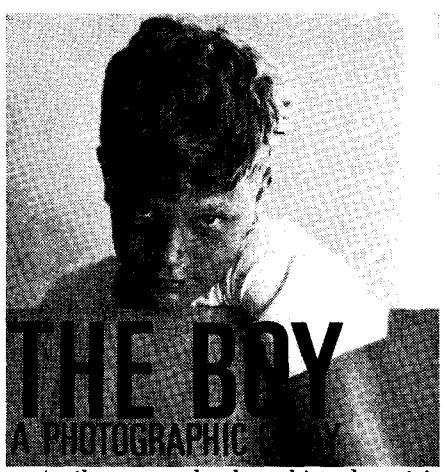

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carefully chosen from the incoming mail, and let me begin it with a special grouping offered by John Klempner of San Francisco, who is obviously an old hand:

It is curious to observe the various substitutes for paper before its invention.
—Disraeli, *Curiosities of Literature.*

Why, Mr. Speaker, honorable members never come down to this House without expecting to find their mangled remains lying on the table.
—John Dillon in Parliament, 1882.

It is the duty of every man to give his last guinea in order to save his fortune.
—Sir Boyle Roche, M.P.

Do you think the Sergeant at Arms can, like a bird, be in two places at once? —*Ibid.*

There is no intelligent man or child who has not felt the truth of this argument thundering through his mind for centuries. —*Ibid.*

One other that has caught the bull by the horns runs, "The luckiest thing that could happen to a man would be not to be born at all. But of course we know this occurs just about once in a million cases." A handsome specimen, but can I entirely credit the reader who tells me this quotation is from Freud? In any case, the following are not specifically attributed:

It must be remembered that bones and joints are only flesh and blood.—Trudy Drucker, Newark, N.J.

If people didn't eat, grocers would starve.—Sven Peterson, Rockville, Md.

If the world came to an end, the *Journal* wouldn't even put out an extra. —*Ibid.*

Why that's the most unheard of thing I ever heard of!—Jack M. Foster, Burbank, Calif.

If one cooperates, everybody should. —Mr. and Mrs. Ira Weaver, Lapeer, Mich.

I believe there are unidentified flying objects, but I don't know what they are.—Margaret Sperry, Butler, Mo.

Deep down she's really very shallow. —Mrs. G. E. Heath, Providence, R.I.

And to put a tail on the bull, one that may be an impure specimen but which is self-evidently close enough, and with my thanks to James Rees of Greensboro, North Carolina, for entering it in the proper context:

Extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice. Moderation in the pursuit of justice is no virtue.—Anonymous (or if not now, soon).
—John Ciardi

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Paleface in the Cheyenne Camp

IN HIS third novel, *Little Big Man* (Dial, $5.95), Thomas Berger strikes out in a new direction. Reviewing his second book, *Rinehart in Love* (*SR*, April 14, 1962), I described Berger as a novelist of the absurd, fascinated by the strange and ludicrous happenings of which life is full. *Rinehart in Love* and its predecessor, *Crazy in Berlin*, are novels of the present day, but *Little Big Man* turns back to one of the myth-engendering periods in our history—the era of the conquest of the West during and after the Civil War. While there is plenty of absurdity in the book, Berger seems to be chiefly interested in discovering the truth behind the legends.

He introduces the story by way of Ralph Fielding Snell, a dilettantish student of the West, who tells how he met Jack Crabb when the latter claimed to be 111, and persuaded him to dictate his memoirs to a tape recorder. Snell also provides a brief epilogue. This is a way of setting the stage, but I am not sure it is necessary. Crabb is a character in his own right, standing firmly on the mass of research Berger has obviously done. Berger knows a lot about the West, and he has created Jack Crabb to express his conception of the struggle between frontiersmen and Indians that reached its climax with Custer's defeat at the Battle of the Little Big Horn.

Crabb begins his story in 1852, when he was ten and traveling westward with his father, an itinerant preacher and would-be prospector, and other members of the family. Because the older Crabb was unwise enough to give whiskey to a party of Indians, he and most of his traveling companions were wiped out, and Jack and his sister Caroline were taken prisoner—or so they thought. The Amazonian Caroline soon took off, the Indians being delighted to have her go; but Jack spent his formative years with a tribe of Cheyenne, headed by Old Lodge Skins, who became Jack's protector and tutor.

Jack's account of his Cheyenne upbringing is amusing and pointed. The more time he spent with the Indians, the easier he found it to accept their ways and to apologize for them. The Cheyenne, he found, called themselves "the Human Beings," with a kind of exclusiveness of which history has many examples. Jack could see their point of view. "You may have noticed," he remarks, "that Old Lodge Skins started out as a buffoon in this narrative. Let me say that was true only around white men. Among the Cheyenne he was a sort of genius." As he grows older and shows his mettle, Jack is given a Cheyenne name, but in his own mind he knows that he is white, and eventually he leaves the Cheyenne.

This sets a pattern for much that follows. Jack returns more than once to the Indians, but always goes back to the white men. He opens his narrative by saying, "I am a white man and never forgot it, but I was brought up by the Cheyenne Indians from the age of ten." Knowing both races intimately, he recognizes and candidly comments on the faults of each. Among the whites who seem to him not to add luster to their race are Wild Bill Hickok, Wyatt Earp, and Calamity Jane.

Jack's great enemy is General George Armstrong Custer, whom he blames for the death of his wife and child. "I seen General Custer as responsible for my loss. And I didn't know how or where I would do it, but I decided to kill that son of a bitch." Jack clings to this purpose through several years, during which he is engaged in various occupations—

helping to build the Union Pacific, helping to exterminate the buffalo, gambling to support a supposed niece. When, however, he meets Custer again, he has lost his homicidal lust, and is content to observe him. He sees Custer as arrogant, fanatical, and extravagantly vain, and describes his behavior at the Battle of the Little Big Horn, of which he (Jack Crabb) claims to be the only survivor. Despite this victory for the Indians, Jack realizes that they are doomed, and their fate is symbolized by the death of Old Lodge Skins, who has been Jack's teacher and substitute father.

This is a remarkable thing that Berger has done. I suspect that, like his Ralph Fielding Snell, who probably resembles him in no other way, he has taken pleasure in finding out as much as he

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46 The Erasers, by Alain Robbe-Grillet

47 Drive, He Said, by Jeremy Larner

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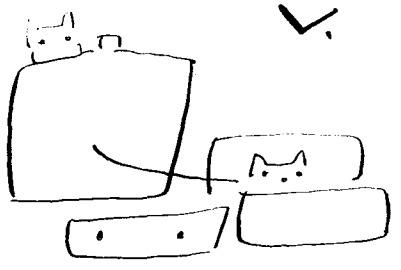
can about the conquest of the prairies, and he has created a figure that is suited to the time and place. Jack is not romanticized: he not only drinks, gambles, and chases women, he is mean at times, cowardly at times, dishonest at times. On the other hand, he is not a badman of the sort to be seen on television. He is a fairly ordinary fellow placed in circumstances of an extraordinary kind, bright enough and brave enough and lucky enough to survive.

Berger takes this man and carries him through a series of adventures that might have happened on the frontier at that time. I suspect that many of the incidents are based on materials found in memoirs and other documents, but it is clear that Berger is an inventive author. One of the amusing episodes is the story of Jack's supposed niece, whom he takes out of a whorehouse and makes into a lady of fashion. In order to carry out this project, he cheats at poker and



works with a first-class bunco artist. Whenever anything exciting is happening, Jack is likely to be on the spot.

The style Berger has fashioned for Jack seems right. He puts in Jack's mouth a free and easy vernacular, not paying much attention to grammar but, on the other hand, free from the extravagances into which dialect may fall. Jack simply says what he means, but often he says it with a sardonic twist. Here, for example, is a summary passage from near the end:

> But back to Custer, for whom Wild Bill had scouted on the Kansas campaign a year before the Washita. He knowed him well, and liked him and vice versa, and had a harmless crush on his wife and let her believe much exaggeration concerning himself, which Custer also believed, and everyone was friends, as big, pretty, handsome, and powerful people always are. For everything goes their way, until some wretched, crosseyed, broken-nosed bum shoots them in the back as Jack McCall did to Hickok in Deadwood in '76.

Berger is not the first to try to write a novel about the West that is free from the clichés that have been building up for nearly a century, but he has done the job well. He has got away from the old legends by creating a new legend.

—GRANVILLE HICKS.

Appraising a Position of Power

The President as World Leader, *by Sidney Warren (Lippincott. 480 pp. $6.95), assesses the manner in which our Chief Executives from Theodore Roosevelt to JFK have discharged their responsibilities in foreign affairs and delineates the qualities needed in that burdensome role. Frank Altschul is chairman of the Committee on International Policy of the National Planning Association.*

By FRANK ALTSCHUL

IN THIS timely and rewarding volume Sidney Warren traces the way in which the Presidency has over the years assumed a growing responsibility for the assertion of leadership on a global scale. In the setting of a well-documented account of the contemporary background against which our Presidents from Theodore Roosevelt to John Fitzgerald Kennedy were each called upon to play his allotted role, the author assesses with rare objectivity the manner in which some discharged while others evaded this responsibility.

During the period covered there were years of crisis, and years of relative calm inviting a "return to normalcy." But on the whole it was a time during which a limited and somewhat provincial national outlook was giving way to the insistent demands of a wide-ranging internationalism. And as the issues to be faced grew in complexity, there developed a tendency on the part of the executive to seek and, when the opposition of Congress could be overcome or circumvented, to grasp an ever increasing initiative. Notable progress in this direction was achieved by Woodrow Wilson in spite of the rebuff administered toward the end of his term in office by a Senate majority led by Henry Cabot Lodge. And after what Professor Warren characterizes as the "hiatus of leadership" under Harding and Coolidge, and the undistinguished regime of Herbert Hoover, whom the author labels the "victim of crises," the march was vigorously resumed.

The era of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, in which Presidential leadership again emerged energetically, is the subject of a fascinating section of Professor Warren's book. Domestic problems in the aftermath of the panic of 1929 were the immediate preoccupation. Soon the focus changed, as, with the rise of Nazism and Fascism in Europe and of their Asiatic counterpart in Japan, we edged ever closer to the inevitable involvement in the struggle for the survival of human freedom and decency—an involvement which even today a politically sensitized Republican luminary contends we could and should have avoided, as if the victory of tyranny that seemed otherwise inescapable could have left us unscathed.

How Pearl Harbor finally crystallized national determination, how President Roosevelt mobilized the full resources of the United States—moral, material, and human—is graphically described. Many facets of the diplomatic and military history of the war years are submitted to scrutiny, together with the considerations that determined vital decisions. And then we are told how, as the war was drawing to a victorious close, a failing President came to realize that his high hopes of transforming the wartime coalition into a peacetime cooperation with the Soviet Union under the aegis of the United Nations was to be shattered on the rocks of Communist deceit and intransigence—a realization that clouded the last days of Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

IN Professor Warren's words, "Roosevelt's proclivities, together with the international situation, restored the office of President to a pivotal position from which it would never again retreat. Moreover, by his consummate and vigorous exercise of leadership, he added substantially and irrevocably to its dimensions."

Such was the nature of the Presidency when a griefstricken nation witnessed the transfer of authority to Harry S. Truman. In those days of sorrow people wondered how this little man from Missouri, inexperienced in foreign affairs, could be expected to measure up to the task to which he had fallen heir. How well he in fact did measure up is told in a convincing manner. Relying on such wise and courageous guides to policy as George Marshall and Dean Acheson, the President initiated aid to Greece and Turkey in a document that set forth what came to be known as the Truman Doctrine; he followed this with the world-renowned Marshall Plan, and later with the formation of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. Though they by no means stand alone, these imaginative measures, skillfully carried

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through Congress over vigorous opposition, fully justify Professor Warren's reference to "Truman's extraordinary achievements as a world leader during the critical period in which he held office."

THE administration of Dwight D. Eisenhower furnished a marked contrast to that of his predecessor. It was a period of inertia in domestic affairs; in foreign affairs, under John Foster Dulles, it was a time for the exercise of what Professor Warren describes as "Policy by Slogans." Much space is devoted to the vacillation of the President and his Secretary of State in the face of Senator McCarthy's vituperation. And the conduct of foreign policy, so largely left to the judgment of the Secretary, is subjected to searching analysis. Every President, as Professor Warren so frequently indicates, inevitably places the stamp of his own personality on the Presidency. Eisenhower is described as "by inclination a moderate who distrusted and discounted power, who sought to cherish old values and heal old wounds, and whose leadership was characterized by restraint in both domestic and foreign affairs." With this charitable interpretation, Professor Warren closes a highly critical examination of the Eisenhower regime.

In turning to the unfinished achievement of John Fitzgerald Kennedy, the author dwells upon that "mysterious quality" called his "style." Summing up, he contends that in three short years President Kennedy contrived to elevate "the Presidency to the highest eminence it had ever reached. . . . The strength and the limitations, the tremendous prestige and potential of the Presidential office, but above all, the immutable factor of world leadership, were brought into sharp focus during his tragically brief tenure."

As we approach another Presidential election, it would be well to bear this appraisal in mind, together with the admonitions with which Professor Warren concludes his study: "Americans should look for leadership that will be wise, humanitarian, courageous. They should seek a President with the capacity to perceive the direction of the times and capable of guiding the nation in that direction; a man forthright in enunciating principles and ends, able to diagnose contemporary maladies and offer possible means for their solution, and, above all, capable of illuminating the profound issues that confront the nation."

The Race Was to the Racists

Congressman from Mississippi, *by Frank F. Smith (Pantheon. 338 pp. $5.95), tells how the Southern representative, unable to "bridge the gap between Mississippi and reality," tried to offset this handicap with other forms of legislative service. Edwin Yoder is an editorial writer for the Greensboro (N.C.) Daily News.*

By EDWIN M. YODER, JR.

A DECADE and a half of stunning change has swept over the world since V. O. Key and Alexander Heard, in their monumental *Southern Politics,* identified race as the alpha and omega of Mississippi politics. A revolution in the colonial world and a not unrelated revolution in the legal status of Negroes here at home have come if not gone; but despite that dual revolution, no one need be reminded that for Mississippi race is still alpha and omega, or that this gifted but unhappy society remains tragically bent on its own counter-revolution.

The real result of that counter-revolution, of which former Representative Frank Smith is in a sense a victim, is perhaps too grim for the operating junta in Jackson to face. For, as William Faulkner long ago saw, its yield is not only the thraldom of the Negro to an inflexible social system, but the enslavement of all Mississippians, white and black alike, to the totems and taboos of racism. The masters are themselves overmastered; this fact pervades Mississippi society by all evidence from the jury chamber to the pulpit, and, as several homegrown critics have noted, it is of the essence of the closed society.

To such a received generalization there are, of course, constant exceptions. Certainly Frank Smith's *Congressman from Mississippi* testifies that the Mississippi counter-revolution is far from mastering every high and honorable spirit in that state. Now in exile, like so many talented Mississippians, Frank Smith is a member of the TVA governing board in Knoxville, Tennessee. Until two years ago he represented in Congress the Mississippi Delta—that fertile cotton-growing crescent whose capital, Greenville, has an old record of hospitality to Mississippians who love intellectual and political independence no less than they love their state.

In a congressional delegation scrutinized by the Citizens Council vigilantes for minute deviations in racial doctrine, independence must be a relative condition; but such as it was, Frank Smith had it abundantly. Alas, the Mississippi monomania demands not only silent acquiescence but, for politicians who value their power, loud tribute. Since Frank Smith refused to appease the craving of the 100 per centers for applause—or to agree that Mississippi's counter-revolution is the coming thing in social doctrines—it is little wonder that he is now Mr. Smith of the TVA.

Frank Smith's twelve-year sojourn in the U.S. House of Representatives was, by his own description, a "failure to bridge the gap between Mississippi and reality." To be sure, it was more. Almost all Southern congressmen, to survive on the home flank, must practice a form of posturing on the race issue that is well likened to oriental *ketman.* But, unlike certain colleagues who make a virtue—or even a delight—of necessity, Mr. Smith was ashamed of this enforced negativism on issues of human rights and determined to offset it with other forms of legislative service. He made himself an authority on natural resources policy and headed President Kennedy's national advisory committee in that field. He placed the housewife in considerable if unadvertised debt with his legislative leadership in the field of fabric labeling. The taxpayer may thank him, in large part, for opening the American defense procurement market on better terms to foreign manufacturers of heavy machinery.

Of course, in this book Mr. Smith has much to say about Mississippi's sense of race, and with more reason than most. When he was eight his father, while on duty as a deputy sheriff in Leflore County, died at the hands of a Negro prison escapee, pleading that his assailant not be lynched. Thus Frank Smith's intimacy with race is grounded in bitter memory. But just as racist rituals did not dominate his congressional career, they do not conceal or mar, in this clearly written autobiography, a refreshing appreciation of the federal legislative process. Frank Smith is more than a regional congressman; he was and is an articulate defender of the legislative branch whose critics, with some reason, regard it as "sapless," corrupt, or worse.

Neither prig nor spoilsman, Mr. Smith makes the legislative process sound as it should—a workable arm of coordinate government. When he lost his seat troubled Mississippi lost a responsible representative, and the country lost a legislator who understands and husbands the dignity of popular legislative government. Such losses cannot be afforded in our time.

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Players in a Political Horror Show

Nazi Propaganda, *by Z. A. B. Zeman (Oxford University Press. 226 pp. $7), recaptures the atmosphere of incredible events and contributes some credible explanations of what made them possible. Joachim Remak's latest book, "The Gentle Critic: Theodor Fontane and German Politics," deals with Bismarck's Reich.*

By JOACHIM REMAK

FROM a purely technical viewpoint, Nazi propaganda commands a great deal of respect. In the way of consistent ideology the Nazis had pitifully little to offer; Lenin, for instance, when compared with Hitler as a political philosopher, emerges not only as a paragon of kindness but as a giant of modern thought. But if intellectually the Nazis traveled light, they also traveled far. For they did excel in the noise they made; they were masters of the arts of propaganda. It was the show they put on, the speeches Hitler made, which as much as anything gained them power and let them keep it. And the brilliance of the performance did something else: it persuaded a large number of people (some of whom, scholars included, remain convinced to this day) that Hitler was in fact offering – the term itself should have served as warning–a new "world view," a new philosophy of life.

In the small library of books on the Third Reich that we now have there is hardly a volume on Nazi propaganda. We have had a biography or two of Dr. Goebbels in which we were told that he had a beautiful voice, an observation that provided only a limited clue. But the lack of such a volume has now been remedied, and splendidly, with the appearance of Z. A. B. Zeman's study, *Nazi Propaganda.*

Mr. Zeman, who teaches history at St. Andrew's University in Scotland, has published two books before this. One was a most useful collection of diplomatic documents on Germany and the Communist Revolution in Russia, the other a very good book indeed on the dissolution of the Habsburg monarchy. But this is his best book so far. It is complete, and yet told with an admirable economy of words. It is alive, and yet has a fairness and objectivity that form a happy contrast to its subject. Not long ago, John Kenneth Galbraith complained in these pages that most academic books were not very useful for the simple reason that they were not very intelligent. True enough, but if we had only half a dozen books a year as intelligent as Mr. Zeman's, we would not need to concern ourselves too much over the sort of academic production Ambassador Galbraith had in mind.

—*From the book.*

Churchill as a sniper, 1941 —the camera could lie.

THE story is all here: from Goebbels speaking at an early Nazi meeting after a particularly bloody brawl, with the stretcher cases lined up behind him on the speaker's platform, to the growth of the Nazi *Völkische Beobachter* from a butcher's weekly trade journal into Germany's largest daily; from the preoccupation with flags and uniforms, designed to provide color in a drab decade, to the perfection of techniques for intimidation and violence; from the constant reiteration of a few simple themes–anti-Semitism, the anti-Bolshevik crusade (the latter proved more effective than the former, although Dr. Goebbels might have been amazed by the long survival abroad of his third theme, the identification of Germany with Nazism)–to the Führer's own speeches. Nowhere is there a more graphic account of Hitler the orator than this one:

> Hitler's power as a speaker lay mainly in the *rapport* he established between himself and his audience. The opening moves of every speech he made were hesitant. The attitude of his body was stiff, he was feeling his way like a blind man; his voice was muted and monotonous. After a few minutes, this apparent unwillingness to communicate gave way to a steadier, louder flow of sentences; the speaker's muscles visibly relaxed, and he was soon to begin using his right arm in gestures that resembled blows aimed at an invisible nail. Then the flow increased into a torrent; the punch-line was delivered in a loud, sometimes hoarse, high-pitched voice; the end was abrupt. A new paragraph, another train of thought, was then introduced in a softer voice, though not in the same halting manner as the opening of the speech; the clockwork was again seen by the spellbound audience to unwind itself, the *crescendo* was once more achieved, and wiped out by a wide sweep of the right arm.

That, to cite Ranke's much quoted dictum, was "the way it actually was." Hitler's speeches might not thrill the intellectuals, and they certainly read rather badly. And in the film clippings shown on television today, Hitler tends to look funny rather than formidable. But the camera *can* lie: at the time, and under the circumstances, the effect was not Chaplinesque at all; it was precisely right for the audiences brought there by phobias and frustrations of various description.

NOT that Nazi propaganda did not have its limits. Its foreign efforts were only moderately successful, and even at home it could, when the end came, no longer bridge the gap between illusion and reality. Hitler himself was far better with the spoken than with the written word, and even when speaking he shone only under special circumstances. He needed a live audience; he had to feel at one with the crowd that faced him. In a broadcasting studio, Mr. Zeman notes, much of the magic was gone–microphones did not applaud. To people fond of historical "if" propositions, this makes for some intriguing speculation: since the camera is even colder than the microphone, perhaps Hitler would have been impossible in the television age. (It makes for a nice paradox, too, since parallels between Nazi propaganda and television advertising abound: the inflation of minor ideas into major campaigns, the substitution of appearance for essence, the life dedicated to telling one side of the story only.)

But enough of digressions and speculations. Let the reader turn to Mr. Zeman's book instead. It is the definitive work on Nazi propaganda, shrewd, literate, informed. It also, to an extent that few other books on Hitler's Reich have succeeded in doing, recaptures the atmosphere of the period, and offers some credible explanations of how the incredible could happen.

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Zone of Quiet Desperation

Journey Through the Land of Eloquent Silence: East Germany Revisited, *by Joseph Wechsberg (Little, Brown. 146 pp. $3.95), finds the Communist zone "essentially a human rather than a political problem." Henry C. Wolfe, author of "The German Octopus," recently returned from a visit to Germany and Austria.*

By HENRY C. WOLFE

PERHAPS the most moving and significant pages of Joseph Wechsberg's East German survey deal with Weimar. Goethe's venerable city, steeped in memories of the Olympian himself and, to a lesser degree, of Schiller, Bach, and the doomed Weimar Republic, is not far from the woods surrounding the poet's beloved oak tree. Here Goethe wrote "*Uber allen Wipfeln ist Ruh.*" The Nazis cut the oak down to clear a site for Buchenwald. "In German lands it is a short way from Olympus to Hell, from Goethe to Goebbels."

German-speaking Joseph Wechsberg, versatile American writer and contributor to *The New Yorker*, is the ideal interpreter of the closed country between the Hartz mountains and the Oder. Provided with a government "guide"—whose expenses he had to pay in West German marks—he noted improvement in the Soviet Zone's industry, education, employment, housing, social benefits, and even the supply of consumer goods. The all-dominating "Plan" was working.

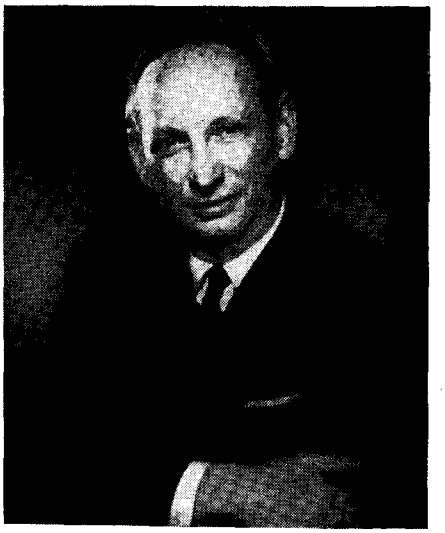
But Mr. Wechsberg looked behind official production figures and construction blueprints to gauge the temper of Herr Ulbricht's fellow citizens. He "learned the meaning of sudden pauses, unfinished sentences, eloquent silences." From "the furtive look in people's eyes and the leaden, monotonous sound of their voices," it was evident that most East Germans felt abandoned in an emotional vacuum.

To be sure, except along the Berlin Wall, the old Stalin-type terror is quiescent. There remains, however, fear of informers—"the same people," as one citizen explained, "who did it under Hitler." A Party member complained of the pervasive uncertainty: "Yesterday's dogma may become today's anathema." Economic security has not eliminated emotional insecurity.

According to the author, there are three main groups in East Germany: (1) the hard-core 10 or 15 per cent who run the Zone; (2) a decreasing minority who are "100 per cent West"; (3) the overwhelming majority, staunch anti-Communists who hate and distrust the regime yet have lost their faith in the West.

On every level, apparently, educational opportunities have been widened. And in one area, the author believes, the Zone shows up better than West Germany. The young are taught the frightful history of Nazism. "Education brings the awful truth to the kids as early as kindergarten."

With the Zone sealed off, the government allows the people more liberties. In the old East German cultural tradition, drama and music flourish. Some anti-regime humor is tolerated in the cabarets. The author saw "smart-looking girls" wearing tight skirts and Brigitte Bardot or Jackie Kennedy hair styles; their escorts sported "Italian-style suits, with very short jackets and very slim pants."



—*Fabian Bachrach.*

Joseph Wechsberg—he looked behind the production figures.

When asked his opinion of a typical new industrial city, Mr. Wechsberg called it "modern, practical, well laid out and as soulless as a new refrigerator. An Orwellian nightmare in 1964 instead of 1984." In short, he found East Germany essentially a human rather than a political problem. Wasn't it said long ago that man cannot live by bread alone?

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

"A MATTER OF DEDICATION"

An author is often moved to inscribe a dedicatory message on the front flyleaf of his work, and Elizabeth Mills of Springfield, Missouri, asks that you match up the works below with the persons so honored in Column Two. Answers on page 45.

1. *The Waste Land* (Eliot)	( )	The Right Honorable Mr. Pitt
2. *The Prince and the Pauper* (Clemens)	( )	Gilbert Keith Chesterton
3. *The Sketch Book* (Irving)	( )	Susy and Clara (described as "those good-mannered and agreeable children")
4. The second edition of *Jane Eyre* (Bronte)	( )	Franklin Pierce Adams
5. *Tristram Shandy* (Sterne)	( )	Ezra Pound
6. *Elmer Gantry* (Lewis)	( )	Mr. Thackeray (whom the author asks to "accept the tribute of a total stranger")
7. *Moby-Dick* (Melville)	( )	Caitlin
8. *Collected Poems of Dylan Thomas*	( )	Sir Walter Scott, Bart.
9. *Not So Deep As a Well* (Parker)	( )	Nathaniel Hawthorne
10. *Trent's Last Case* (Bentley)	( )	H. L. Mencken

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Spotlight on the Stage Critic

The Life of the Drama, *by Eric Bentley (Atheneum. 371 pp. $5.95), and* ***The Theatre of Revolt,*** *by Robert Brustein (Atlantic-Little, Brown. 435 pp. $7.50), reassess dramatic theory from Aristotle to Nietzsche and playwrights from Ibsen to Genet. Norris Houghton is professor of drama at Vassar College.*

By NORRIS HOUGHTON

AMERICAN dramatic criticism is in the doldrums these days, we are frequently told. People with long memories and wide reading range sigh with disconcerting regularity over our inability to put forward contemporary champions with the thrust and jab of Bernard Shaw or James Huneker, of H. L. Mencken or George Jean Nathan, or even of such more recent practitioners of the art as Stark Young. And it is true that much that passes for dramatic and theatrical criticism today is the work of widely exposed but not very erudite journalists who have all they can do to keep up with their job of reporting opening nights on and off Broadway.

Happily, American dramatic criticism is not as badly off as this sounds. Two books recently published within days of each other bear witness to this, for both are works of high order: *The Life of The Drama,* by Eric Bentley, and *The Theatre of Revolt,* by Robert Brustein. Coincidentally, both Mr. Bentley and Mr. Brustein have held theatrical press passes—and for the same publication, *The New Republic*; both have combined the role of reporter with that of scholar, and both are presently professors of dramatic literature at Columbia University. Furthermore, both are talking in their respective new books about many of the same men and movements. Some comparisons are therefore inevitable.

Professor Bentley's *The Life of the Drama* is the broader of the two. It ranges from Aristotle to Zarathustra. The first half, which he has called "Aspects of a Play," is what amounts to another updating of the *Poetics.* It is essentially a treatise on playwriting: plot, character, dialogue, thought, spectacle (called by Bentley "enactment")—the familiar "Aristotelian synthesis," reworked and interlarded with provocative ideas. Good contemporary books on the elements of playmaking are few. This section could well be pondered by dramatists, both neophyte and experienced, although they will not find it a "how-to-do-it" manual, any more than the original *Poetics* was.

CLEARLY Mr. Bentley considers thought the most significant ingredient of drama: "A play is an intellectual thing," he asserts. "Great drama has been a 'drama of ideas from the very first." In this rewriting of Aristotle, therefore, the emphasis shifts from the Greek's primacy of plot to a more modern attitude toward the intellectual burden of the drama. One expects such to be Professor Bentley's position, for his close association with three of the major proponents of "intellectual drama," Shaw, Pirandello, and Brecht—as interpreter, translator, or both—is well known. Perhaps it is for this reason that what Bentley has to say about plot and character is unexpectedly interesting. "Great narrative," he remarks, "is not the opposite of cheap narrative; it is soap opera *plus.*" Again, "Character, even in literature, is only an idea—a man's idea of himself, an author's idea of a man." Particularly useful in this day of Stanislavski "method" acting is his defense of "type" characters, as opposed to "individual" characterization.

In the second part of *The Life of the Drama,* called "Different Kinds of Plays," the author takes up the cudgels in behalf of other seldom-championed causes: the merits of melodrama, for example, and of tragicomedy. Oddly, what he has to say about the major forms, tragedy and comedy, is less interesting. Indeed, his pages devoted to the latter and to farce are heavy going; he seems not in tune with the comic spirit, and when he talks about laughter, he appears to do so with a scowl.

"Melodrama," suggests Professor Bentley, "is the Naturalism of the dream life." And that brings us to Freud. The publishers announce that in this new book "Eric Bentley gives an account of the psycho-dynamics of dramatic art." What precisely this means I do not know; but it is true that both in his study of the various "aspects" of the drama and of its different genres, he brings modern psychology to bear: sometimes examining the psychological reaction of the spectator, sometimes the motivation of the artist. Often this provides new insights into old matter, as when he points out that from Aristotle's "pity" and "fear" modern man has moved a step on to "awe" and "compassion." Occasionally it seems to labor the obvious and is only a bore.

If, then, *The Life of the Drama* strikes this reviewer as uneven, *The Theatre of Revolt,* on the other hand, is consistently and constantly engrossing. Mr. Brustein's approach may not be as original as he thinks it to be: a study of content as substitute for a study of style (realism, naturalism, symbolism, expressionism, etc.). Nevertheless, in drawing his conclusion that what brings modern drama into focus (or at least the work of the eight major playwrights he discusses) is a commonly shared spirit of revolt—rebellion against the household gods, against society more broadly viewed, finally against not only God Himself but against existence—he is regularly provocative, persuasive, and eminently readable.

His octet of heroes are Ibsen, Strindberg, Chekhov, Shaw, Brecht, Pirandello, O'Neill, and Genet (with some special study of the theories of Antonin Artaud to introduce Genet). By contending that these modern masters expressed their revolt in one or more of three fashions, messianic, social, existential (not to be confused with existentialist), he is able to find room for them all. For while Ibsen, Strindberg, and Shaw were acknowledged rebels to all the world, Brecht a rebel in a sharply political as well as esthetic sense, Genet in socio-moralistic terms, it is harder to establish the revolt of Chekhov, Pirandello, or the O'Neill of *The Iceman Cometh* and afterwards, which in Professor Brustein's view is all of him worth considering. It soon, then, becomes clear that revolt has to be somewhat redefined to apply to each author.

What emerges from these pages is the conviction that the modern theater of revolt is, in fact, a theater of Romantics. Certainly the messianic rebels are

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1105

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1105 will be found in the next issue.

NSR XCOQA FRNP KRNNRO RB-

ROT AVT NSRY XCOPR VFVZY ZY

NSR RBRYZYF.

SLKKVOA

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1104

Every man has a rainy corner of his life whence comes foul weather which follows him. —RICHTER.

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"unashamedly Romantic"; and the existential rebels represent to Brustein "Romanticism turned in on itself and beginning to rot." The existential rebel "is a Neo-Romantic raging against existence, ashamed of being human, revolted by the body itself." To be sure, the social rebels borrowed the appurtenances of realism, but the spirit that informs them is that of the Romantic also. Even Ibsen becomes in Mr. Brustein's book a convincing Romantic in his devotion to the individual against the accepted social order; so, by the same token, does Chekhov, with his belief in "the most absolute freedom—freedom from despotism and lies."

Mr. Brustein writes affectionately of Chekhov, and with special insight on Brecht, the later O'Neill, Artaud, and Genet. The book would be valuable if it contained nothing more than his studies of *The Threepenny Opera, In the Jungle of Cities, The Iceman Cometh* and *A Long Day's Journey into Night, The Balcony* and *The Blacks.*

Eric Bentley's book is, as I have said, the broader; but *The Theatre of Revolt* probes greater depths. His first book requires that Brustein be recognized as one of our abler interpreters of the drama. He is opinionated without being arrogant, solid without being turgid, intellectual without being obscure. It is gratifying to welcome such a newcomer to the ranks of the drama critics.

Travels with Charlie and Friends

***My Autobiography,** by Charles Chaplin (Simon & Schuster. 512 pp. $6.95), mingles philosophical musings with a story of a rise from abysmal poverty to the pinnacle of fame. Arthur Knight reviews films for SR.*

By ARTHUR KNIGHT

PERHAPS it is an error to expect that every work by a genius be a work of genius, particularly if the genius in question has earned his reputation in another field. Nevertheless, the long-awaited autobiography of Charlie Chaplin, the screen's greatest comedian and humanist, comes as a decided letdown. His book is crammed with anecdote, but his stories in print lack the delicacy and nimble flair of his gags on the screen. Chaplin's artistry as actor and director was supreme, but his interest in that aspect of his life, at least as revealed in this autobiography, can most charitably be described as desultory. And Chaplin achieved a certain notoriety both for his unconventional politics and for his romances; in writing of these, however, he is chary, elliptical, and unbecomingly self-defensive.

And yet, almost despite himself, Chaplin has produced a book that is fascinatingly revealing. At a time when the "as told to" form of autobiography has become not merely the vogue but practically *de rigeur*, he has insisted on writing it himself, alone and unaided. As a result, everything—even the omissions and deliberate obfuscation—acquires an extra significance. There is the incessant name-dropping, as if he were still unsure of his own importance. "Lunch the next day could not have been gayer," he reports at one point. "Our guests were the Artur Rubinsteins and Adolph Green. . . ." It was on this occasion that he received the cable barring his re-entry into the U.S. He seems literally obsessed by death, putting the period to virtually every incident and anecdote with some variation of "Two years later he died of a heart attack," or "Six months later Nijinsky went insane." His many encounters with the notables of the world—George Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, Winston Churchill, Mahatma Gandhi—serve invariably to record less what they said to him than what he told them.

Clearly, that is also one purpose of this book—to go on talking about the ideas and philosophies accumulated over a long and frequently stormy life. As in *The Great Dictator* and *Limelight* (perhaps the most intensely autobiographical film ever made), such passages often seem strangely out of place. While writing of his triumphant tour of Europe in 1931 with the opening of *City Lights*, for example, he suddenly branches off into a little tirade against patriotism that begins, "I am no patriot—not for moral or intellectual reasons alone, but because I have no feeling for it. How can one tolerate patriotism when six million Jews were murdered in its name? Some might say that was in Germany; nevertheless, those murderous cells lie dormant in every nation. . ." In the midst of recounting an earlier European trip that was no less crowded with celebrities and celebrations, he observes: "I found poverty neither attractive nor edifying. It taught me nothing but a distortion of values, an overrating of the virtues and graces of the rich and so-called better classes."

—*From the book.*

Charles Chaplin in *The Kid*: "I found poverty neither attractive nor edifying."

It would be difficult to take issue with either of these remarks—or, for that matter, with dozens more of these bits of philosophy and homily scattered throughout the book—if they did not lie like predigested clumps amidst the famous names and fashionable places that are equally dear to Chaplin's heart, and, just possibly, even more so. What emerges with blinding clarity is the fact that Chaplin, despite fame, riches, and a quick intellect, feels constantly the need to prove himself, to equate himself with the famous names. Indeed, whatever warmth and vitality the book has lie in its opening pages, when he is recounting the vicissitudes of his childhood and his climb to recognition. Once he has arrived, it becomes little more than a catalogue of people and *pensées*. And, sadly, it never seems to occur to him that the people he has met were, in all probability, no less impressed at having met the great Charlie Chaplin.

But those early pages! They tell a story as rich in visual impressions and grotesque characters as any invented by Dickens. Chaplin's genius was forged on an anvil of adversity that he recalls with a frightening intensity. He writes of a childhood spent on the verge of starvation, wandering the streets or incarcerated in a scabrous workhouse; of visiting his mother in an insane asylum after he and his older brother, Sydney, had begun to find their way in the London variety houses. Malnutrition had affected her mind. During the course of his visit, the poor woman said, "If only you had given me a cup of tea that afternoon, I would have been all right." According to Chaplin, "for days I was haunted by her remark." According to Chaplin's book, that memory, as much as any, colored his entire life.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 5, 10, 2, 9, 1, 4, 8, 3, 7, 6.

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To Each His Own Universe

***The Erasers,** by Alain Robbe-Grillet, translated from the French by Richard Howard (Grove. 256 pp. $4.95), the author's first novel, made critics aware that something new was going on in French fiction. Leon S. Roudiez teaches contemporary French literature at Columbia.*

By LEON S. ROUDIEZ

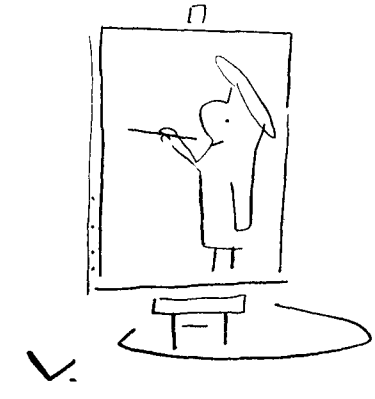
WHEN the original French version of *The Erasers* came out about eleven years ago, it was received with considerable critical interest. Eventually this engrossing first novel by a then unknown agricultural engineer proved to be not so much the harbinger of a new concept of fiction as the flash that illuminated a process of change already long in progress. Hasty critics, however, confused the awareness of the thing with the thing itself; they proclaimed the birth of a new literary school.

Less than five years later the Paris intelligentsia were all talking about the *nouveau roman* (as the "school" had been dubbed) and its assumed leader, Alain Robbe-Grillet; a respectable Paris review even brought out a special issue on that topic. "Disciples" had also been discovered; believe it or not, they included Nathalie Sarraute, Marguerite Duras, Claude Simon, and Samuel Beckett. Depending on their temperament, they must have been either amused or annoyed at this young man's success, for they had been publishing their own novels for quite a while without his help—but also without really stirring up the critics: Sarraute since 1939, Duras since 1942, Simon since 1945, and Beckett, in French, since 1947. Journalists were happy to have something different to write about; publishers were happy with their sales charts; and authors, after all, are human, too. But these authors are also first-rate novelists, and the lumping together of their varied talents, along with that of a younger and even more promising writer, Michel Butor, under one indiscriminate banner made them increasingly uneasy. Inevitably, the meaning of their works had to be distorted if critics were to have it agree with the supposed "theory" of the group. Eventually even Robbe-Grillet, who had been happiest of all with the critics' discovery, would spend a large amount of time repeating, like a new J. Alfred Prufrock, "That is not it at all, /That is not what I meant at all."

These various writers have exploited the domain of fiction along lines suggested not only by Proust and Gide, but also by lesser-known writers like Huysmans, Dujardin, and Valery Larbaud. In varying degrees they have been affected by Surrealism and Existentialism, and also by Joyce, Kafka, Faulkner, and other non-French authors. Perhaps even more important, they have been aware of the great changes that have been wrought in our knowledge and consciousness of the world.

Telling the plot of *The Erasers* gives little indication, at first, of any such awareness on Robbe-Grillet's part: its basic features are familiar to all readers of mystery novels. A crime has been committed somewhere in the provinces; as the act appears to have important political ramifications, a detective is sent out from Paris to assist the obviously outclassed local police, and the customary search for a culprit is on. A slightly new twist is added as the reader is given more vital information than the fumbling detective, and it is the local police official who finally solves the mystery—too late, however, to prevent the detective from committing an ultimate blunder. Such an ironic yarn might have been used by any number of writers and spun for the mere fun of it. In the case of Robbe-Grillet, however, even though he insists that literature should not attempt to prove anything, the manner in which the puzzle is resolved reveals his concern with what might be termed the humanistic fallacy.

Philosophers and scientists may well have shown that the universe is not concerned with us, but human sensibility has a tendency to lag behind factual knowledge and man still likes to fancy himself a lord of creation, judging or classifying everything according to its function with relation to himself. Most of his myths, symbols, and metaphors are anthropomorphic and serve to perpetuate the illusion. The idea that everything is planned somehow, that all events are guided by a purpose relatable to man, is part of the same complex.



Robbe-Grillet believes all that to be nonsense. *The Erasers* constitutes a subtle, urbane illustration of the absurdity of humanism. All the major characters in the book are mythomaniacs of one sort or another, and, when it comes to solving the problem, all of them are wrong—except, of course, the local police official, who keeps his feet firmly on the ground and sees things as they are. The story is presented as a series of "takes" given to us "objectively" (that is, without interference or explanation from the author). The reader sees in turn what each of the major characters sees, as each one's subjectivity transforms reality and filters it through his consciousness. Each one is the lord of a false universe he has constructed for himself. The reader, too, is expected to succumb to the fallacy: cleverly inserted throughout the novel he will find a large number of more or less transparent allusions to a well-known myth. When he has found them and added them up, it will perhaps be easier for him to get at the significance of the book. And perhaps not; but I shall say no more, lest I rob myth-chasing of its fun.

THE subsequent novels of Robbe-Grillet, while giving readers a smaller chance to exercise their sleuthing activities, are esthetically more accomplished. In them humanism becomes metaphorically assimilated to a disease; subjective in the extreme, they concentrate on a single character's pathological distortions of reality as he rearranges objects and events within his range of perception according to the dictates of an overpowering obsession—jealousy, for instance. They are cathartic novels as opposed to, among others, the revelatory novels of Nathalie Sarraute, who is concerned with depicting a hitherto neglected aspect of reality. Both Sarraute and Robbe-Grillet write books that are necessarily limited in scope, especially when compared to those of Michel Butor, whose depth and complexity are occasionally overwhelming. They stand in relation to him somewhat as Gide and Mauriac did in relation to Proust. Like that of their famous predecessors, their contribution to the art of fiction in France and elsewhere promises to be a lasting one. Robbe-Grillet's own four novels already represent a noteworthy achievement, and I hope that his more recent incursions into the world of the cinema will not estrange him permanently from the realm of the novel.

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Sane on the Outside

Drive, He Said, *by Jeremy Larner (Delacorte. 190 pp. Hardbound, $3.95. Paperback, $1.55), a prize-winning first novel, is "a Bildungs roman of the absurd." David Boroff is an associate professor of English at New York University.*

By DAVID BOROFF

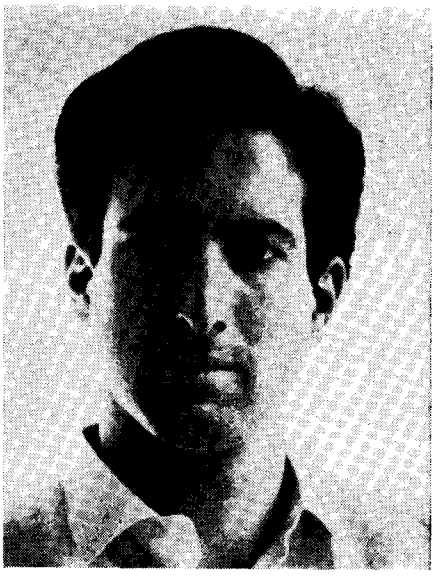
THIS first novel by Jeremy Larner won the Delta Prize for fiction earlier this year. The judges were Mary McCarthy, Leslie Fiedler, and Walter Van Tilburg Clark, an imposing array of critical intelligence. The author is only twenty-seven and has made sporadic appearances in magazines as a critic and journalist. (His article in a recent issue of *Dissent* on the schools of New York excited a good deal of admiring comment.)

Having acknowledged the author's credentials, I am obliged to report that *Drive, He Said* is only intermittently effective. It might be characterized as a kind of civilian *Catch-22*, a philosophic farce that reduces to a shambles most of the ikons of our culture. It has something of the same structural capriciousness of Joseph Heller's novel, but it is if anything even wilder, more rebellious, less circumscribed by literary convention. In a not fully realized fashion, the technique is new-wave cinematic—jerky, jagged, unrhythmic. And the language is that of the post-liberated generation: obscenities are used gratuitously rather than dramatically.

But no matter what its artistic failures, the book provides a topographic map of the youthful psyche. (No recent novel has succeeded in making one reader past thirty-five feel so drearily antediluvian.) What it says is that sex is good and power is bad; the young are innocent, while anyone who has made his peace with society is fatally tinged with corruption. And society itself is a funny-house full of dazzling technological stunts and stunted people.

A *Bildungsroman* of the absurd, *Drive, He Said* deals with ingenuous Hector Bloom, "half-hick, half-Jew, left-handed neurotic basketball player from the green hills of California." At college on an athletic scholarship, Bloom becomes involved with Gabriel Reuben, an outlaw student who experiments in all the usual forms of dissidence—"pot," sex, and a kind of hipster socialism. Each is in love with a faculty wife and tries to persuade her to run off. Matrimony is treated with scant courtesy in this novel ("Marriage is what makes men get jobs"), and women are portrayed as prudently bitchy.

The story moves from beatnik get-together to basketball scrimmage, from a mad, seriocomic automobile chase to a millionaire's party. It culminates in a peace meeting that results in the death of a pacifist leader. Though there is horror enough—Gabriel Reuben kills the girl he loves and commits suicide—seriousness constantly collapses into absurdity. But this is the very intent of the novel. "Perhaps our hero had become deranged, or had been so all along," Larner writes. "That can happen these days when each man inside himself swears he is sane but from the outside who can tell?"



—*Alan Grossman.*

Jeremy Larner—"a topographic map of the youthful psyche."

At his best, the author is outrageously inventive. There is a movie star who is an underground revolutionary; a munitions manufacturer who is all sweet liberalism with the blood money he won "in the crap game of annihilation"; a basketball coach, Fighting Jack Bullion, who likes to get behind a player and shout "Wake up!" And there are comic touches throughout—the big party where the punch is spiked with LSD, the girl who turns up with her "Bennington portable potter's wheel," and the drive-in that is showing *I Was a Teenage Pederast*.

Perhaps the best writing is about basketball. Larner is bitter about what he calls "white boss basketball" ("deadly, brutal, and never satisfied") in contrast with the easy-going, joyous Negro style of playing; but he achieves a genuine lyricism, as well as a precise notation of technique, when he describes the game.

Drive, He Said is the product of a gifted, not yet fully emerged writer who is perhaps unduly enchanted with the cult of youth and the easy postures of rebellion. Or it may well be—melancholy thought—that a new kind of novel is in the making for which most of one's previous experience as a reader renders one curiously unfit.

Check List

Continued from page 20

Personal History

DAY'S AT THE MORN. By Samuel Chotzinoff. Harper & Row. $4.95.

KENNEDY WITHOUT TEARS: The Man Beneath the Myth. By Tom Wicker. Morrow. $2.50.

THE LONELY SEA AND THE SKY. By Francis Chichester. Coward-McCann. $6.95.

A MEASURE OF INDEPENDENCE. By John R. Tunis. Atheneum. $5.

THE QUALITY OF COURAGE. By Mickey Mantle. Doubleday. $3.95.

THE REMINISCENCES AND RECOLLECTIONS OF CAPTAIN GRONOW: Being Anecdotes of the Camp, Court, Clubs and Society 1810-1860. Abridged and with an introduction by John Raymond. Viking. $7.95.

TREAT THEM HUMAN. By William Hirsch. Crown. $4.95.

Poetry

FOR THE UNION DEAD. By Robert Lowell. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $3.95.

A SEIZURE OF LIMERICKS. By Conrad Aiken. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $2.50.

Psychology

THE DANGEROUS SEX. By H. R. Hays. Putnam. $5.95.

Religion, Philosophy

THE DOUGLASS SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS 1965. By Earl L. Douglass with Gordon L. Roberts. Macmillan. $3.25.

FROM THE APOSTLES' FAITH TO THE APOSTLES' CREED. By O. Sydney Barr. Oxford Univ. Press. $6.

THE FUTURE OF MAN. By Pierre Teilhard de Chardin. Harper & Row. $5.

THE HEART OF MAN: Its Genius for Good and Evil. By Erich Fromm. Harper & Row. $3.95.

NEWMAN'S APOLOGIA: A Classic Reconsidered. Edited by Vincent Ferrer Blehl, S.J., and Francis X. Connolly. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.50.

UNITY IN FREEDOM: Reflections on the Human Family. By Augustin Cardinal Bea. Harper & Row. $5.

WIT AND WISDOM OF GOOD POPE JOHN. Collected by Henri Fesquet. Kenedy. $3.95.

Theater, Film

BEGINNINGS OF THE BIOGRAPH. By Gordon Hendricks. Beginnings of the American Film, GPO 2552, NYC. $4.75.

THE CONVERSION OF BUSTER DRUMWRIGHT. By Jesse Hill Ford. Vanderbilt Univ. Press. $3.50.

Travel

FIJI: Islands of the Dawn. By Leonard Wibberley. Ives Washburn. $4.50.

TOKYO. By William Klein. Crown. $10.

—Compiled by RUTH BROWN.

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Would you like to send an Avis button to your son at college?

Or to the man who installed your dishwasher? Or to the laundry that doesn't replace the buttons on your shirts?

It might wake up somebody you know. The way it did us.

The button jacked us up. It reminded us we were only No. 2 in rent a cars. With a lot more to do than just hand you a car like a lively new Ford.

We had to try harder to keep you coming back.

All of us.

The girls at the counters, the men who fill up the gas tanks, the mechanics, the president back at the office. We're still only No. 2. But we're inching up.

Pick up a button at any Avis counter.

If the slogan doesn't work, turn it over.

Try the pin.

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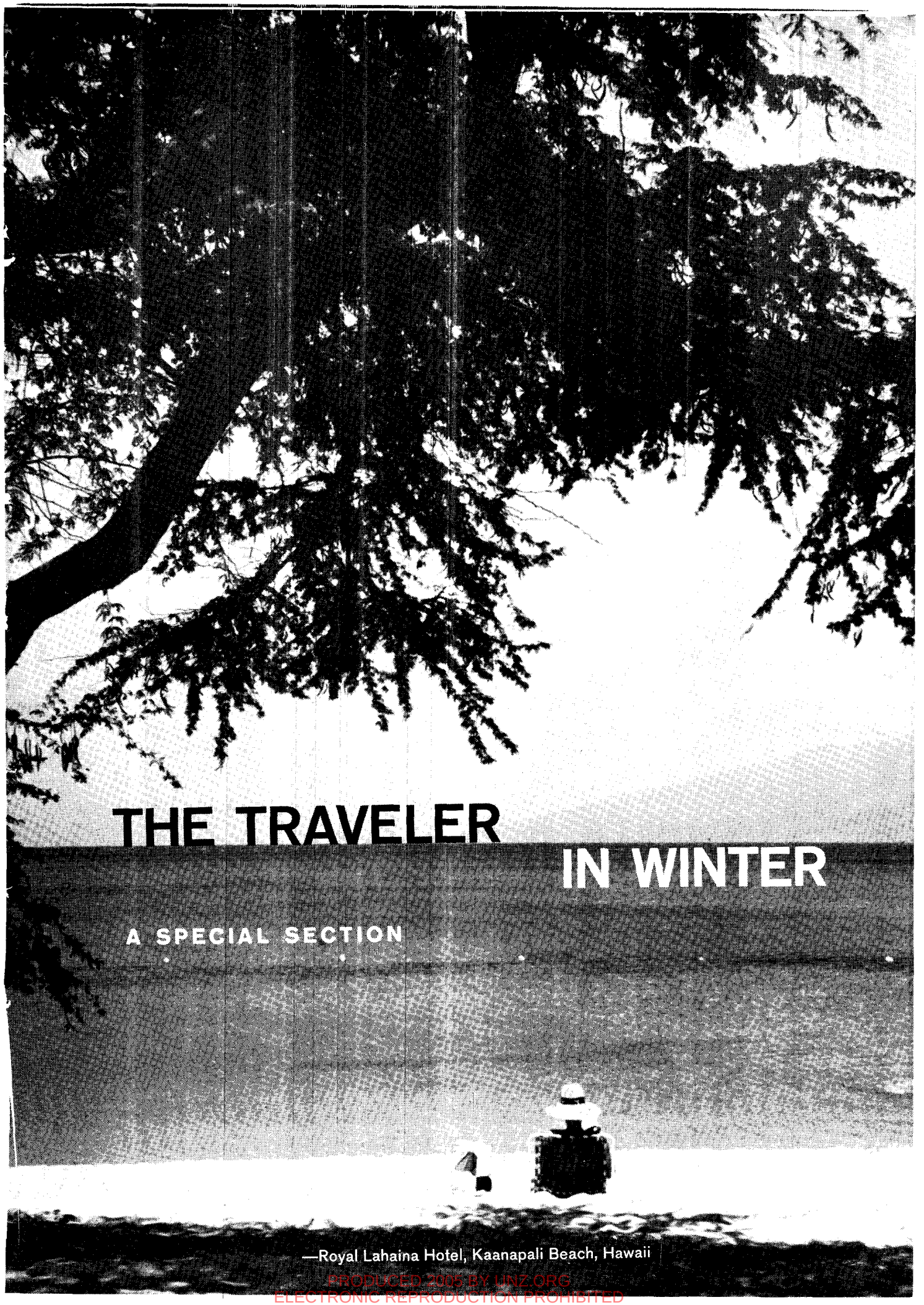

—Royal Lahaina Hotel, Kaanapali Beach, Hawaii

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Norfolk pines at Napili, West Maui, Hawaii—The cares seemed to drop away.

CONFESSIONS OF A HAWAII FANCIER

By HORACE SUTTON

IT'S BEEN a year or more since we came to live by the side of the sea. Before that we were river people, if that can be said about those who live along the East River. The East River is not romantic like the Wabash, and nobody makes up songs about it the way they do about the Seine. It just charges along the east fringe of Manhattan, carrying garbage, cooling small boys in July, and providing an avenue for tugs, sightseeing boats, barges full of bricks, and freighters that look outlandish when you are standing in the street down near the river and the masts go by seven stories high.

In the old Hawaiian beachhouse that we now inhabit we can, on early mornings, watch the sun come up like a Nedick's sign out of Molokai across the channel and hear the *Lurline* rumble its basso profundo as it slips past the reef on its inbound run from San Francisco. On some days the carriers up from Pearl sit on the horizon line and wait for their planes to come back like fleas to a mastiff. Once a year stout paddlers send their outrigger canoes churning across the blue in a race that begins on another island and ends at Waikiki.

When the moon is full it comes out of the sea like a disc so bright it jars the eye, so large it is almost grotesque, so fast you could no more stop it than slow the Seventh Avenue express. In a nonce it has hung itself in the Pacific sky, glinting on the palms and casting a silver-plated patina across the sea. It is nights like these that bring out the *pi-pi* fishermen who come to the beach that borders the edge of our lawn carrying nets and long sticks. They string their nets in a horizontal line and tie ti leaves to the top. The leaves float on the surface and cast a shadow that looks like a menacing monster fish. Then the fishermen beat the water with sticks, stampeding schools of smaller fish into the trap.

On nights that are dark, other fishermen with wildly flaming torches strapped to their backs and special rubber-soled anklets on their feet prowl the coral beds, gigging for octopus, squid, and squilla. Far above them, the huge jets rumble in and out on their endless ferry between Hawaii and the mainland coast of the United States—the real world, as my wife prefers to call it.

And yet, there are nights like these, with all the exotica at one's doorstep, or at least at the edge of one's lawn, when the phonograph spins some remembered show tune from Broadway, and I think then I ought to be in Sardi's talking to Leonard Lyons. I go to bed with a slight case of disorientation, but when I awake and the sun is cracking through the palms and the Chinese doves are gargling, and some far-off mynah is wooing the morning with a wolf whistle, the mood is mostly gone. And by the time I've breakfasted on fist-sized papayas, Portuguese sausage, eggs, and poha jam, I am almost oriented again. I miss the New York papers, but when I swing the car along the coast road and all the Pacific suddenly unfolds in the windshield I remember that mad journey each day getting from the apartment on 79th Street to the office down on 45th. Back in the real world I had a terrace on the twentieth floor where I tried to grow flowers, watched the freighters on the river, and occasionally leaned over the railing to see whether the delicatessen across the street was still open. But the terrace became especially worthwhile on weekday mornings when I could apply field glasses to the traffic pattern between my house and my office and prepare a routing that would carry me to work with the minimum of time, frayed nerves, and frazzled temper.

The delicatessens are rather scarce in these parts, but the markets are an unfailing splendor. For while I can pick among the California fruits and vegetables, or have a choice of Washington or New Zealand apples, there is also a sparkling selection of fresh-water chestnuts, crisp lotus root, long stalks of *gobo* for making sukiyaki, Chinese watercress and small bib lettuce from the damp Manoa Valley, fresh bamboo shoots, and big white *daikon*, a Japanese radish that is shredded to provide a filling for sashimi, a raw fish as popular at local

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—*H. S.*

cocktail parties as an olive wrapped in bacon in Manhattan. The chop suey mix comes already cut in cellophane bags and there are other sacks of Chinese snow peas lying in green, refrigerated splendor. Over 1,000 Oriental items line the grocery shelves alongside the Gerber's baby food, the peanut butter, and the oatmeal. Campbell's soup parades in magnificent red and white array looking like Cornwallis's army, but there is also instant *saimin,* the island's favorite snack, a soup crowded with noodles, bits of onions, and shavings of meat. Dried octopus, dried seaweed, and dried cuttlefish are among the delectables just across the counter from saltines, the Oreo sandwiches, and the tunafish. The kids chomp on cracked seeds that have a variety of flavors such as sweet and sour plum, but they also buy Wrigley's Spearmint and chewing wax shaped like a thumb with some unidentifiable sweet syrup inside.

There is little difference between the seasons here, except that it may rain a bit more in winter, and at night, if you sit far out at the edge of our lawn, you put on a sweater after dark. In summer it turns hot and there are times, then, when you think all of Sardi's has suddenly been transplanted to your own lanai, a word that does equally for porch, verandah, patio, or terrace. When the summer was at its height this year Eugene Burdick came in from New Zealand for a month carrying a whole lamb which he roasted on the Fourth of July. Mollie Parnis, the designer, came in from New York carrying a bristling array of political weaponry which she unleashed at a dinner party given by Kirk Douglas. Otto Preminger came in with a movie company, brought along a number of didactic forecasts on who would be on the party tickets, and was wrong on all counts. John Wayne came in from Hollywood and drawled through Waikiki on his way to purchase a big hat. Kirk Douglas came in from Beverly Hills and took a house on Diamond Head Road, and that nettled André Kostelanetz, who came in from the "Promenades" in New York by way of Oklahoma and California, because he had rented that house for years. Charles Schultz came in from Sevastopol, California, rented a spread of rooms at Hilton's unchic Hawaiian Village, went to the beach by day and to the minor league ball games at night. Alice Bigart of CBS and Homer Bigart of the *New York Times* came in from the Republican Convention at San Francisco and took up chambers at Hilton's ultra-chic Kahala Hilton. Bob Considine and Millie descended at the new Ilikai, largest condominium in the world, bringing fascinating stories about Cuba. Bob Trumbull, who runs the *New York Times*'s Tokyo Bureau, stopped to take his home leave in Hawaii, bringing his wife and his new book, *The Scrutable*

Surfing off Waikiki—Overhead, jets bound for the real world.

—*Henle (Monkmeyer).*

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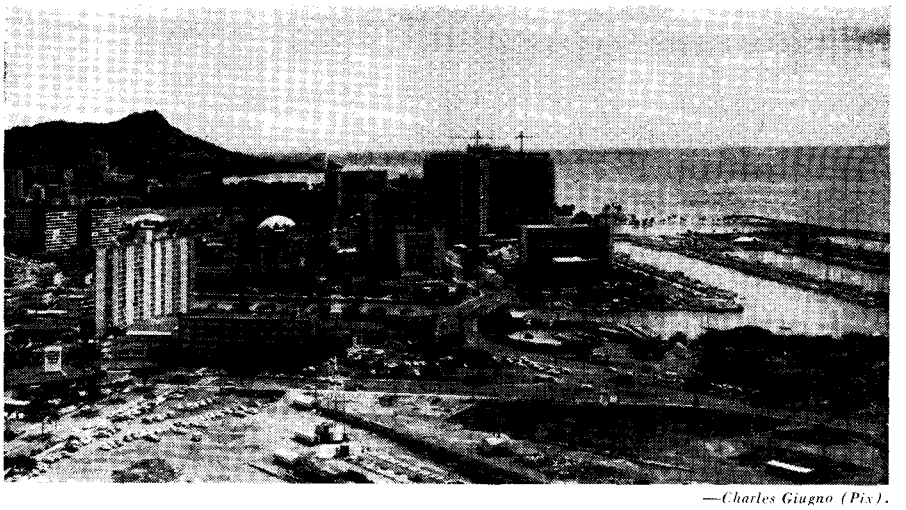
—David Strickler (Monkmeyer)

The beach at Waikiki—But where do you go for vacation?



—Charles Giugno (Pix).

Honolulu, with Diamond Head at left—Orchids from the dry cleaner.

—HVB.

Torch fishing in Hawaii—Octopus, squid, and a sense of disorientation.

East. Bill Hearst and his wife came in from wherever it was they were, but I never saw them. And Earl Blackwell, the society reporter who runs Celebrity Service, established headquarters in the Kahala Hilton and announced that Honolulu was capital *i*, capital *n*.

It amuses visitors to know that people who live in Hawaii frequently take their vacations on other islands in the chain, sometimes on the other side of the same island where they normally live. After *this* summer we fled to Maui, which is only a half-hour flight from Honolulu if you get off at Kahului. We rented a car and drove through Wailuku, and then around West Maui toward Lahaina. When we were ten minutes on the road we were sailing under a canopy of trees with miles of sugar cane on the left side and an occasional rash of brilliant bougainvillea occasionally tumbling in a purple cascade out of the vines on the right. And then the cares seemed to drop away, just as they do on sunny afternoons when you take off from Kennedy Airport and head out along the Long Island shore on your way to Europe and you know there aren't going to be any telephones for a while and the deadlines, though still present, will seem remote.

The beach at Kaanapali, in West Maui, is split by a great outcropping of lava called Black Rock, the sand strip running off on either side for miles and miles. Five years ago we broiled steaks on this beach with three or four friends and a couple of ukes in the background to create the proper mood. There was nothing on that beach then except for our small party of celebrants, and when we came to swim there the next day there was an incredible loneliness about the place, even a wastefulness perhaps, for the bathers on all these miles of sand could hardly have numbered ten.

Now there is a Sheraton-Maui Hotel nestling against the wall of volcanic rock. Its lobby is on top of the rock and so is its main dining room and its bar. Tour buses wind up to the top and leave their passengers, who register in the hilltop lobby and take the elevator down to their rooms. Every afternoon the management celebrates the setting of the sun by sending a flame-bearing Hawaiian along the rocks to light the torches planted along the way. At the end of the rocks, borrowing a little bit from Kauai's Coco Palms, and a lot from Acapulco, the torch lighter surveys the water below and then plunges in. As everyone knows at the Sheraton-Maui, it is time for dinner.

Next door to Sheraton, a group from Phoenix is hurrying to finish its new hotel, to be called the Kaanapali. And next door to that the Janss Corporation, a California company that built Westwood Village and developed much of the San Fernando Valley, has leased 120 acres of Kaanapali beachfront on which they plan a giant complex of ten hotels, golf course, marina, shopping center, and specialty restaurants. The hotels will be scattered along a mile of beachfront, and the complex is already being touted as the world's largest tourist resort. Janss, which is also moving into Aspen, Colorado, will start its Hawaii project with a 200-room hotel for the Hilton Corporation. It is scheduled for completion early in 1967.

Kaanapali's first hotel, the Royal Lahaina, which lies on the far side of Black Rock, is the most elegant on the strip and probably will keep the title. It is less a formal high-rise hotel than a collection of cottages between the golf course and

(*Continued on page* 92)

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SOUTH AMERICA: *Travel's Sleeping Beauty*

By TEODORO MOSCOSO

ON HIS return from the famous voyage of the *Beagle*, Charles Darwin relates, his father turned to his sisters and exclaimed, "Why, the shape of his head is quite altered." His skeptic father was no believer in phrenology. He was observing the effect on Charles of five years of intensive travel and research, much of it around the coast and the coastal islands of South America.

Writing of the trip forty years afterward, Darwin was still unsure of what was most memorable: "The glories of the vegetation of the Tropics rise before my mind at the present time more vividly than anything else; though the sense of sublimity, which the great deserts of Patagonia and the forest-clad mountains of Tierra del Fuego excited in me, has left an indelible impression on my mind. The sight of a naked savage in his native land is an event which can never be forgotten. . . . Nor must I pass over the discovery of the singular relations of the animals and plants inhabiting the several islands of the Galápagos Archipelago, and of all of them to the inhabitants of South America."

But this eloquence was mostly for fellow scientists. Even a century later, few tourists are moved to search out the wealth of natural wonders to be found in South America. Nor have the minds of many North Americans yet been opened to the cultural riches of their neighbors to the South. The South America they imagine is a stereotype—a continent stamped by Spain with a uniform, undifferentiated Latinity. Latin and Spanish it is indeed, but few realize that German, British, Italian, and North American influences are also being absorbed; that the official language of half the population is Portuguese; that there are millions who speak neither Spanish nor Portuguese. The "naked savage in his native land" still dominates the heart of the continent and the Andean Indian its spine. In the Guianas, tribes of Negroes live in such isolation that anthropologists search there for folkways long forgotten by contemporary Africans. English, Dutch, and French are official but "taki-taki" is the *lingua franca*.

Even the great capital cities of the ten republics and the three Guianas are distinctive in personality and appearance. In tidewater Buenos Aires, the second largest metropolis of the hemisphere, people are tall, brisk, and European. Up in 13,000-foot La Paz, the highest capital city in the world, the seemingly phlegmatic, colorfully dressed Indian is predominant. The modern skyscrapers, superhighways, and bustle of Caracas seem a world away from the dignified colonial architecture of Surinam's Paramaribo, where the center of the city is a vast, quiet parade ground and most of the registered vehicles are bicycles.

Opera and ballet, coffee shops, and the superb hotel service of South America's capitals is reminiscent of Europe—but the Andes, the jungle, the pampas, and the tropics are indelibly South American. They hold the bulk of the world's untapped timber resources, undiscovered minerals, undeveloped river systems, and underutilized farmland. Yet with all its scenic grandeur and cultural diversity, South America still remains the great unknown of the travel age. Even the experts underestimate the potential wealth of its human and natural resources.

As we all know, modern tourism is a postwar phenomenon. Precipitous advances in technology and productivity have brought not only the physical means for rapid and relatively low-cost intercontinental travel but also higher incomes to millions of people for whom even low-cost travel could otherwise have been only a daydream. By 1948 overseas travel had about regained its

Mural at university in Quito, Ecuador—Amid scenic grandeur, cultural diversity.

—Camera Press (Pix).

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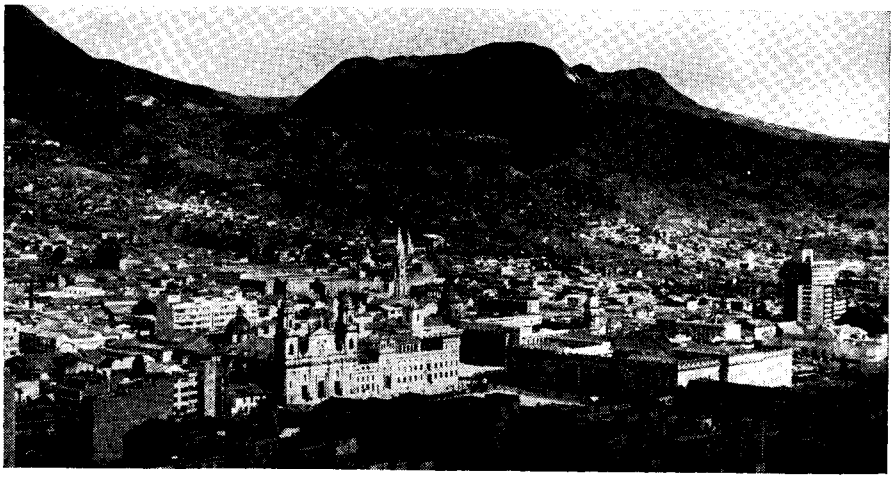
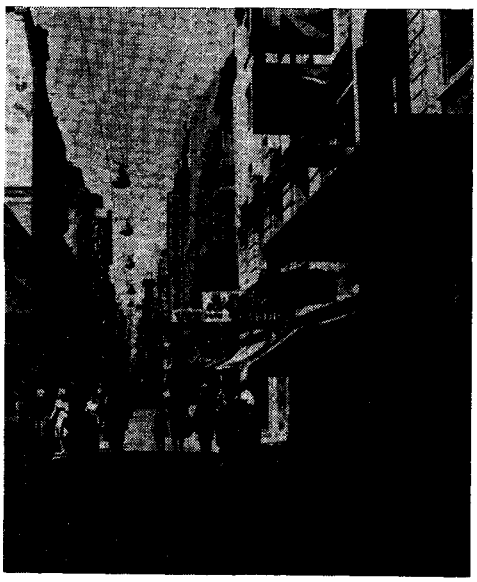


—Camera Press (Pix).

Bogotá—Colombia's capital, 8,570 feet above sea level, sparkles with newness.



—Claude Jacoby (Pix).

Shoppers in Buenos Aires—An atmosphere all its own.

—Camera Press (Pix).

Peruvian Indian—Amid the new, the old ways linger on.

—Camera Press (Pix).

Bolivian potato-seller—Is South America the next frontier in travel?

prewar level and nearly a half-million U.S. residents made trips abroad. Since then, the number of U.S. overseas travelers has quadrupled and their expenditures have increased fivefold.

How little of this outpouring of visitors and dollars has reached the ports and airports of South America is shown by the chart on page 89. In 1948 a little over 10 per cent of overseas spending was in South American countries. For seven years thereafter, South American tourism was completely stagnant and by 1955 its share of the total had dropped to less than 4 per cent. Since then there have been substantial increases, but the number of U.S. visitors to South America and their expenditures are still only about 5 per cent of the rapidly rising overseas total.

Today South American visitors to the United States outnumber and outspend their U.S. counterparts. With so many of the republics beset with critical balance-of-payments problems, it is no mere ironic twist that South America is the only major overseas area with an unfavorable U.S. balance in its travel account.

Tourism was one of my principal responsibilities as Administrator of Economic Development in Puerto Rico. The commitment to build the Caribe Hilton Hotel, also the firstborn of Hilton Hotels International, exhausted the capital of our fledgling Industrial Development Company. To many people, both in and out of government, the risk seemed excessive—nor did they hesitate to say so publicly. It was rumored to have been designed for ready conversion to a hospital, and I must admit that I tried to justify the project more by our need for modern accommodations for prospective industrial investors than by any high hopes of setting a cornerstone for the development of tourism itself.

The first 300 rooms of the Caribe Hilton opened late in 1949. It was a showpiece for our aspirations. Occupancy was high but we still had to wait eight years for our next major hotel, which also required some government financing. Tourism was a slow starter, but once well underway it began to accelerate rapidly. It took twelve years after the opening of the Caribe Hilton to add 1,900 first-class hotel rooms, but 2,300 more were added in the next two years.

Four years ago Puerto Rico passed all of South America, not merely in number of U.S. visitors (whose stay in the Caribbean is typically a short one), but in total U.S. visitor expenditures. Total visitor expenditures this year will pass $100 million. Hilton International now has twenty-nine links in its chain outside the United States. There are three in Puerto Rico, with a fourth under

(*Continued on page* 88)

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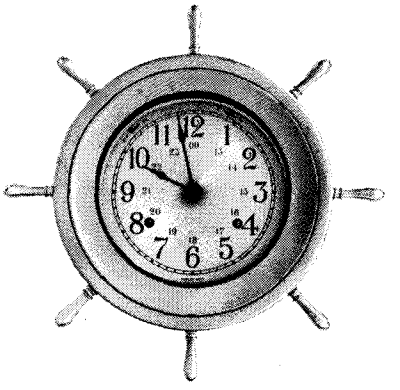
How to surprise your wife with a vacation in the Orient

Tell her you've always thought she'd look beautiful in a cheongsam. And you'd like to take her to a little shop where she can buy one. The shop is in Hong Kong... and the cheongsam is that devastating slit-skirted dress women wear in the Orient.

This is the sort of tidbit you find in the Pacific Explorer's Kit you get from us. It has all the facts you need to confound your family and astound your friends with your vast knowledge of the Pacific. More of that in a moment.

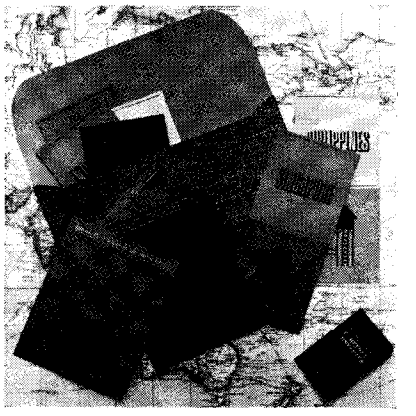
Before you spring the surprise, you'll want to know the cost. Less than you think. For example: round-trip fares to Hong Kong start at $900 from the west coast of the U.S. or Vancouver, and you get to visit Japan, Taiwan, Macau, the Philippines, Guam and Hawaii along the way at no extra cost. Add $231 more, and you can return by way of Southeast Asia, Australia, New Zealand and the enchanted isles of the South Seas. Naturally, the final figure depends on your itinerary. Our indispensable kit can help you decide.



Now, about time. You can cruise leisurely around the entire Orient. Or—something few people realize—you can see a large part of the Pacific area in two or three weeks. Here again, our Explorer's Kit will tell you how much time you need to see what you want to see.

In fact, the kit has everything you'll need to get ready, get set and go. A Trip Planner to help you plot your intinerary and a Rand McNally map to pinpoint it for you; a Currency Converter that makes American dollars and sense out of mysterious foreign money; a booklet describing the major attractions in all the Pacific countries, and specific booklets detailing the charms of each. The only thing you could need in addition is the help of your travel agent—the wise man who knows the ins-and-outs of the Pacific.

Isn't it worth $1.00 to give your wife the surprise of your married life? Mail it with the coupon below for your Pacific Explorer's Kit.



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Jamaica's Old Boy With the New Ideas

—Jamaica Tourist Board.

John Pringle—The natives are friendly.

By CLEVELAND AMORY

JOHN PRINGLE is a large, round bear of a man who is equally quick with a smile and a simile. "What I really am, Old Boy," he says, "is an Old Boy. But I think young, don't you know. Why don't you just call me the Grand Old Man of the Pepsi generation?"

In his time John has done everything from selling haberdashery on Fifth Avenue ("I overcharged shamelessly") to putting through some of the biggest land deals in Caribbean real estate history ("I love to land," he says gently, "the landed gentry—where, of course, they land best.").

But make no mistake about it, John is umpteenth generation by birth and utterly Jamaican at heart. It was he who started Round Hill, just as it was his mother, the late Carmen Pringle, who started Sunset Lodge—where, it is generally agreed today, the Jamaican boom began.

John is also a difficult man to keep down. He opened Round Hill with no advance booking and not a single guest in the house. All day long the resort waited breathlessly for its first customer. Then, late in the afternoon, one appeared—a lone lady in a long black Cadillac.

Eagerly John greeted her and personally escorted her to her room. Then, while she dressed for dinner, he quickly rushed back to his dining patio and "dressed" it—a job that involved pressing into service as "dinner guests" his captain, his secretary, "Stocky," most of his staff, as well as his wife, Canadian model Liz Benn, and his three-year-old daughter Shawn.

All went swimmingly. The lady couldn't have enjoyed her dinner more and thought her fellow diners "most attractive." Then, following an after-dinner drink, she retired to her room.

Some time later came a telephone call to John's cottage. "Mr. Pringle," the lady said, "there's a bug in my room."

If there is one thing the entire island of Jamaica prides itself upon, it is that there are practically no bugs. In a minute Pringle was dressed and had hied himself to the lady's room armed with an exterminator. The bug turned out to be nothing but a moth, and a small shot of the spray dispatched it. Once more Pringle returned to his room and undressed.

This time, when the phone rang again, he was fast asleep. And this time the lady was in a high state of agitation. "Mr. Pringle," she exclaimed, "there's a *bat* in my room!"

Once again Pringle dressed on the double, and once more, with his exterminator, dispatched the offending animal. Afterward, for the third time, he retired, and this time he actually got several hours of sleep.

But, toward morning, came the third and final call. And this time the lady was close to hysterics. "Mr. Pringle," she gasped, "there's a *man* in my room!"

It later turned out to be the night watchman on his appointed rounds. But no matter—Pringle's Jamaican-British *sang-froid* was gone. "Lady," he said, "I'm an exterminator, not a murderer."

The next morning, before breakfast, the lady was gone. But John, before the staff had a chance to get discouraged, promptly issued a call for all hands. And, as he made his morning rounds, the waiters, gardeners, and entire staff were given so many instructions that no one had a chance to think of such mundane matters as guests. "And," said John, stopping on one particularly bare and forbidding location, "here I want flowers. I want flowers *everywhere*. I want a *riot* of color. I want—" he majestically waved his arms "—I want *bougainvillea as far as the eye can see*."

Bougainvillea - as - far - as - the - eye - can - see has become a kind of John Pringle trademark, and, a decade later, with Round Hill an international success, Pringle was tapped by the Jamaican government to take over as head of Jamaican tourism for the Jamaica Tourist Board.

This winter is just John's second in office, but already, under his unorthodox but capable hands, there has been, in Jamaican tourism, a remarkable change for the better—one which, on cornering Mr. Pringle in a large suite at New York's Waldorf Towers, we found him none too backward about coming forward about. "We know now, Old Boy," he told us, "after one year of spectacular success, if I may say so myself—which I have never hesitated to do—that we've found the right formula."

In a word—to which John rarely confines himself—the tourist business in Jamaica reached its peak in 1960, when the island attracted the grand total of 246,000 visitors, and tourism thus became a vital part of what John calls the island's "fiscal fabric"—third only behind sugar and bauxite. But then Castro took over in Cuba and Duvalier took over in Haiti and Jamaica was left, as Pringle describes it, as "a kind of outfield oasis" in a troubled Caribbean. When Pringle took over in 1962, tourism already showed an 8 per cent decline, and there was every indication that the decline would grow larger.

"Some Jamaicans love to blame Cuba," Pringle told us, "but it wasn't only Cuba. We should have been able to stand on our own. Nassau did. Puerto Rico did. And Jamaica, with its beauty and variety, certainly should have been able to. But Cuba was used as a smokescreen to cover up deficiencies that had nothing to do with Cuba or Haiti or anything else.

"Our postwar boom itself was the root cause," Pringle continued. "The government failed to control the development

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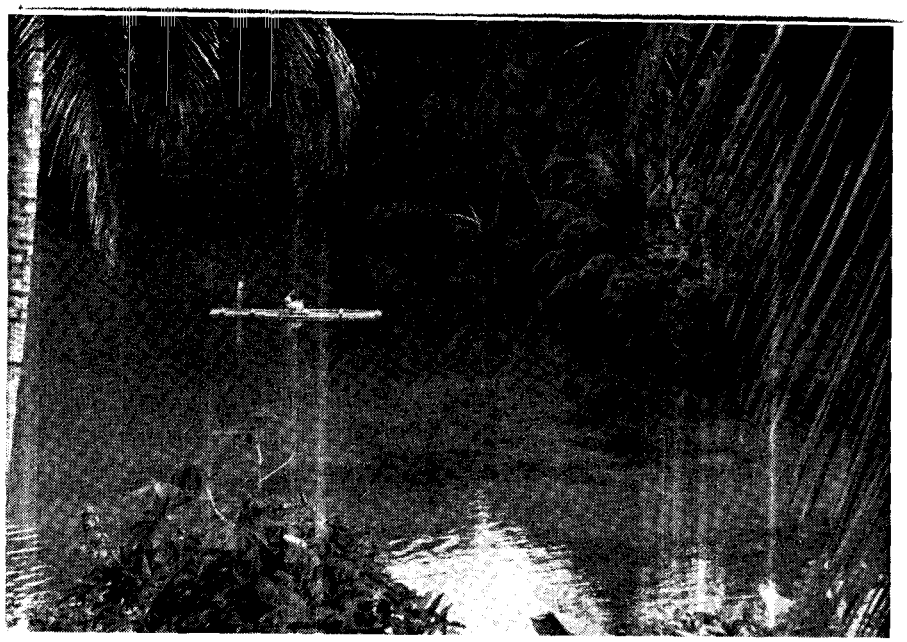
of the tourist industry, and all sorts of speculators and fly-by-night wheeler-dealers descended on our island with all sorts of get-rich-quick promotions. They built bad developments unsuited to our island. People came down here to be in a foreign country and instead found themselves right smack in the middle of an overbuilt, overpriced, bad carbon copy of Miami Beach. One hotel went bankrupt three times. Nothing is more discouraging, you know, than staying at a hotel that's going down for the third time."

Among these wheeler-dealers were, literally, wheeler-dealers—in other words, gamblers. From the beginning, when many of his fellow Jamaicans were wavering, Pringle stood firmly against the green felt jungle—even when the wheels and tables were literally on the Jamaican docks, awaiting only the go-ahead signal. "I don't care how anybody else handles it," he says, "it's unsuitable for our island. Once you've got gamblers you've got gangsters—and that's that. Oh, I know they say they would just want such-and-such a cut. But then one day they find they want just a little bigger cut, and when you don't want to give it to them, one night they call and say, 'You got a wife and daughter, haven't you?' "

Pringle's first job was not to sell tourism to the Americans and the British and the Canadians who came to the island, but to sell it to his fellow Jamaicans. "I promised them we weren't going to be sold down the river," he says, "that we weren't going to be exhibited like a sideshow. I promised them we wouldn't—and we haven't. But we also had to understand what tourism, properly handled, could mean. We had to understand that, if we could attract, say in a few years, 500,000 tourists a year to Jamaica—and that's what Nassau and Puerto Rico are doing—and that if the average tourist spends on our island, per visit, $200—and that's what our figures show—why that, for our 1,800,000 population, is well over $55 per Jamaican pocket per year."

Curiously, selling Jamaican tourism to Jamaicans also took care of the first problem in selling it to the tourists. "We had, first of all," Pringle says, "to lick that 'unfriendly native' stigma. I don't even like that word 'native.' And as for the 'natives' being 'unfriendly,' let me tell you something, Old Boy. They're a damn sight less 'unfriendly' than the 'natives' in New York!"

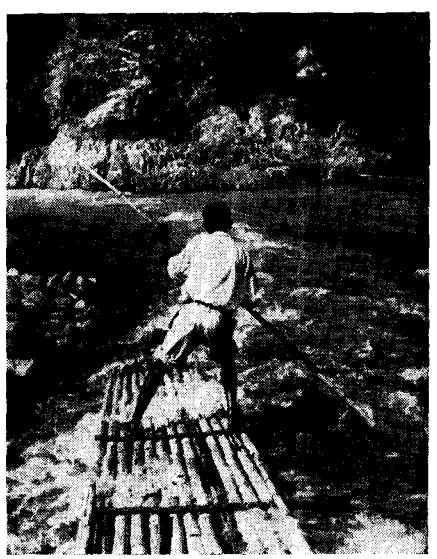
Pringle admits he began right at the beginning—with a campaign to call the tourists not "tourists" but "guests." Then, "until we knew where we were," as he puts it, all new hotel building was stopped. Next Pringle and his boys went after the overchargers. Rates at existing hotels were slashed 20 per cent in



—Jamaica Tourist Board.

Jamaica's Blue Lagoon—Everything but sideshows.

—Jamaica Tourist Board.



—Jamaica Tourist Board.

Ipswich Caves and Rio Grande—"I promised them we weren't going to be sold down the river."

Beach on Jamaica—They call the tourists "guests."

—Pictorial Parade.

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Inside facts you should know about Holland

(and why you should make Holland your first stop when you vacation in Europe)

You'll know you made the right decision just as soon as you step aboard your KLM jet or Holland-America flagship. "Dutch-quality service" is the way experienced world travelers refer to service that is *especially* courteous and thorough.

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Few peoples receive visitors as warmly as the Dutch. Three out of four Hollanders speak English and all Hollanders like Americans.

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You'll never have to scrimp in Holland. Food, lodgings and transportation are so inexpensive, it's almost as if your budgeting has already been done for you. Stay overnight in a charming Dutch inn or castle for as little as $5, including a breakfast the next morning of fresh breads, sliced meats, a tray of cheeses, coffee, tea, milk or a big steaming pot of creamy Dutch cocoa. Or stay at the plushest suite in the most elegant Amsterdam hotel for about $16.

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Amsterdam Airport offers a bigger, better selection of duty-free gifts than any other airport shop on the Continent. You may ship home as many $10 gifts as you wish duty-free. Prices are clearly marked and refreshingly reasonable.

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Holland is a compact country so you can see more of what you want to see in a shorter length of time. Dutch highways are excellent. Rent a 4-passenger sedan for as little as $2.75 a day—or *buy* a car at Amsterdam Airport and save 25% or more on the suggested European retail price.

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Look at a map of Europe. Wherever you want to go, Holland is the perfect jumping-off spot. Go by rail or bus. From Amsterdam, it's just a few hours to Paris at 2¢ per mile. London's a quick hop across the Channel and all of Europe is right next door.

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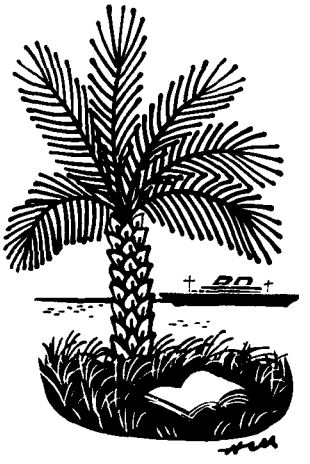
some cases (this winter you can stay in a guest house in Jamaica with full American plan—three meals—for $6.50 a day). And equally severe was the rooting-out of fake souvenir-sellers and shopping phonies. On top of this, every single tourist complaint of any sort was personally investigated through his office.

But far more important than this, Pringle believes—and what he describes as the "nuts and bolts" of his program—was, as he puts it, "to put an end, for once and for all, to selling Jamaica as a manicured English suburb." Pringle feels his island is far more than this. "I'll tell you what it is, Old Boy," he declared, his whole face warming to the task, "it's an exciting, fascinating, vital, *foreign* country—a foreign country with a foreign flavor and a foreign face. It's just the sort of face that my competitors would give their eye teeth to have, and we're not about to go on hiding it. We're not an unreasonable facsimile of Palm Beach. We're not some scrubbed pink-painted pot of pleasure—I like that, Old Boy, don't forget to put that in—we're something different. We're not dealing any more with that simple, unsophisticated, postwar traveler who liked anything and everything. Today's traveling public is bored to death with that 'Ye Olde Teahouse' look, with watercress sandwiches served with paperweights so they won't blow away. What we're selling in Jamaica is the guts of the goat, curried with red-hot sauce—yes, I like that, too, put that in."

"Remember, Old Boy," Pringle concludes, "we're five different resort areas on one island. We're part Riviera, part Devonshire countryside, part Scottish highlands, part Pennsylvania, and part pure African veldt."

The African reference reminded us of the question of Jamaican independence and its effect on tourism. But Pringle promptly dismissed our query as making very little difference to tourism – and what little there was, he felt, was all to the good. "Actually," he told us, "we've been independent in everything but foreign affairs ever since the war."



A liberal politically ("Private enterprise can do wonders but government is the only thing that can properly develop the platform on which private enterprise can safely march"), Pringle is also no believer in endless luxury "clubs." "If I've proved one thing at Round Hill," he told us, "I proved you don't have to be 'exclusive' to be—well, frankly, 'exclusive.'" Pringle's philosophy in this line is primarily European. "American resorts," he feels, "tend to be far too typical—too typically business, typically Eastern, typically Middle Western, typically Café Society, typically something. Round Hill was never typically anything, and today there is not, on our whole island, one single resort that's restricted. And we've got everything from a sixteenth-century plantation to a twentieth-century Playboy Club."

Pringle had always felt strongly about these matters, but last winter he had a particularly shattering first-hand experience. This occurred when he was asked, at Jamaica's beautiful Tryall plantation development, to address a distinguished group of American bankers—including leading representatives from such houses as Lehman Bros., Bache, Kuhn, Loeb, etc. Pringle launched into his speech singing the praises of Tryall's beauty, its superb golf course, and other advantages and ended by pointing out that the whole thing was available on a membership basis. "And I know you gentlemen will be pleased to learn," he concluded, "that Tryall, for members, permits no Jews."

There was a stunned silence when Pringle sat down, and immediately he knew that he must have said something wrong. But he could not understand what it might have been. He turned to the man next to him. "What's the matter?" he asked. "Matter?" repeated the man. "Why, how could you have said something like that—to those people?" "Said what?" asked John. "What!" exclaimed his companion. "What you said. That there were no Jews!"

It was now Pringle's turn to exclaim. "Jews!" he said. "I didn't say anything about Jews. I said *dues*."

It was true, of course. Pringle had said "dues"—but his English accent had done him in. "I only thank God," Pringle recalls, "that there was a party after that speech. I kept running up to people and telling them what I'd really said. I don't think I missed anybody. Then, just at the end, I saw a large group come in. I remember rushing over to them right at the door. 'I understand there's been some mistake,' I blurted. 'You know, it's my accent. I can't help it. I always say 'Jews' for 'dues.'"

"I found out," he concludes quietly, "you just can't win. You see, Old Boy, *they* hadn't been to the talk."

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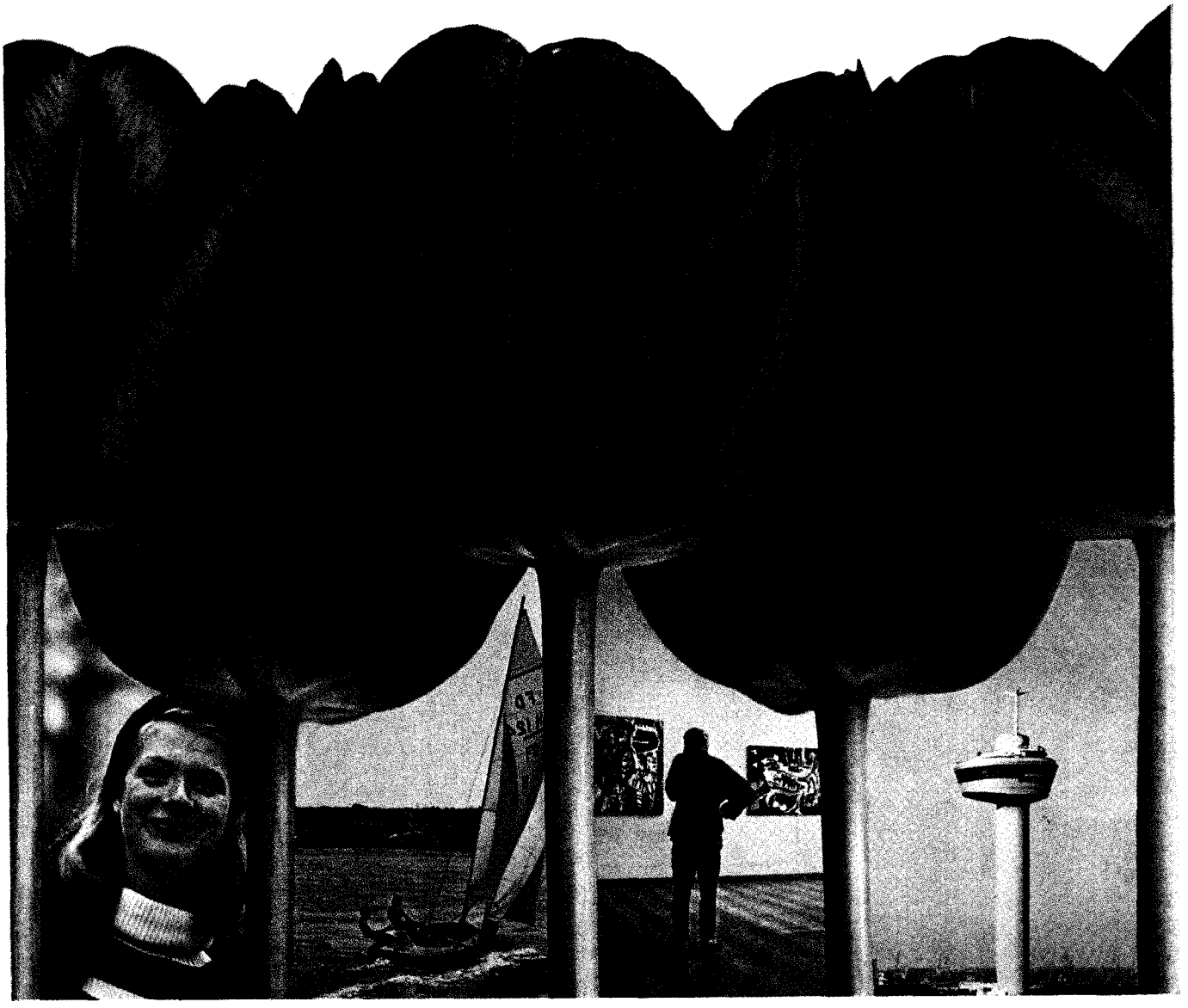
After you've seen Holland's tulips...



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You can travel the old route of Santiago,

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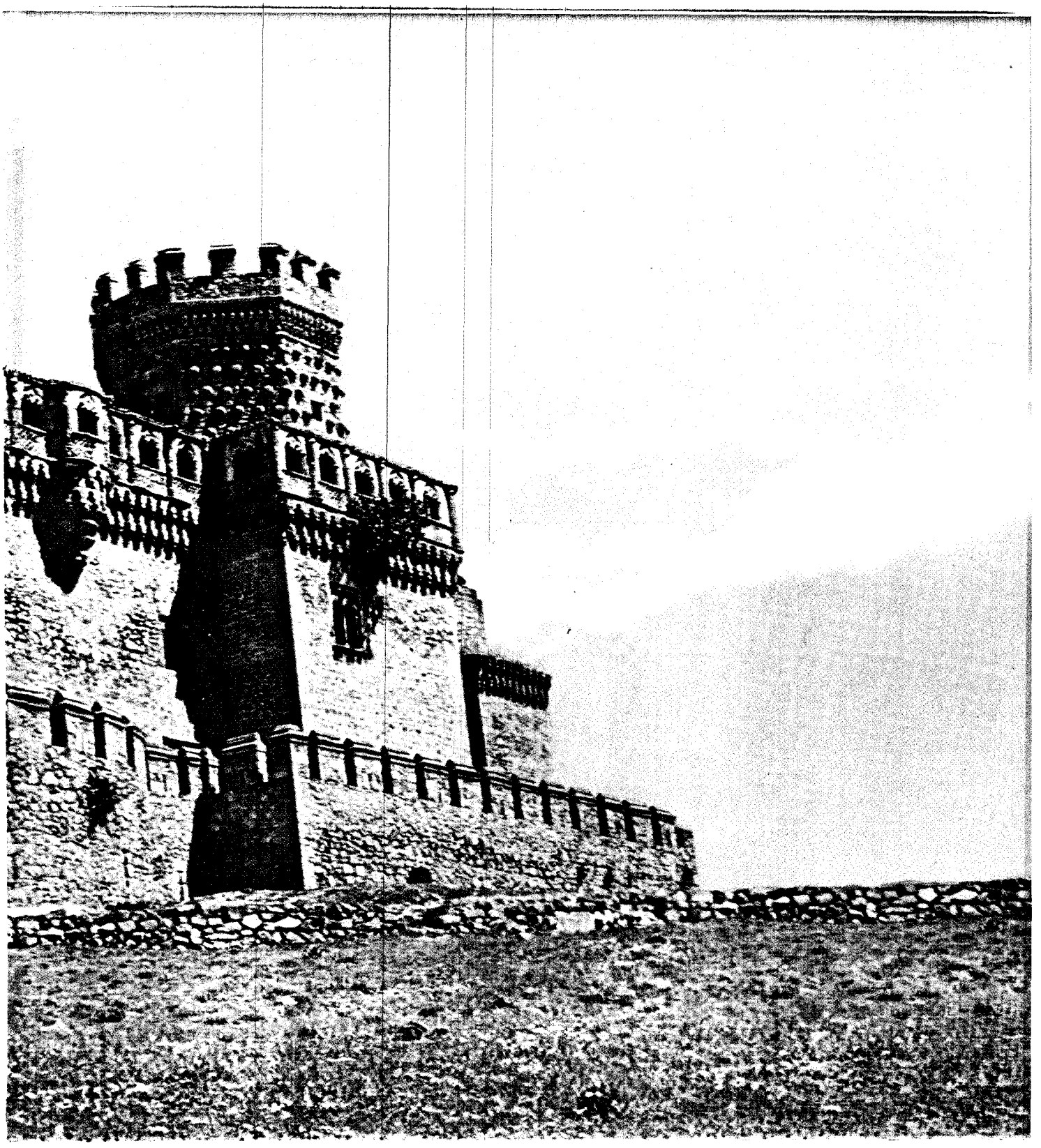

and as superb vista after superb vista opens before you, transport yourself back a century or two. But you will welcome the reminders of today—the new and delightful accommodations along your road.

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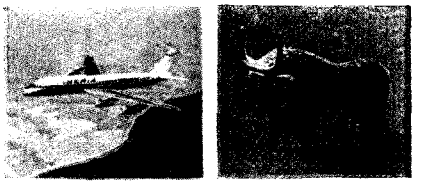

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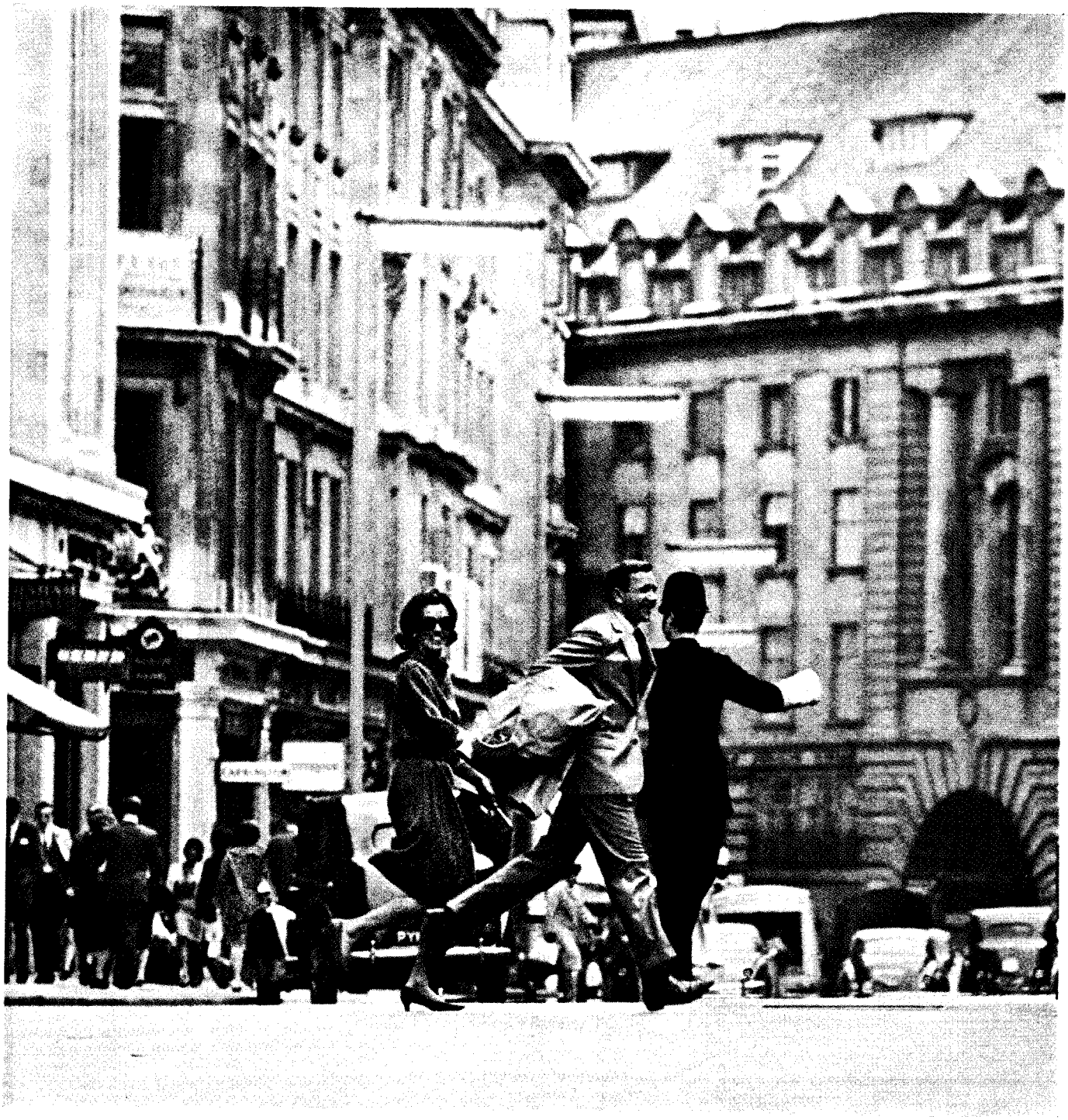

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LESSONS IN GOING NATIVE

By MILDRED AND MILTON LEWIS

AS WE were leaving Acapulco, we got into conversation in the airport bus with a deeply tanned American who was making a quick business trip to the States. He was a semi-retired lawyer and indicated he had been a local resident for some years. We asked him why he had picked this particular spot on earth . . . or was it business?

"Oh, no," he replied promptly. "I could live anywhere I wanted—but *this* is what I want. Acapulco has the best climate in the world, and I know, because I've done a lot of traveling. Here I can make a date for a picnic three months in advance—and *know* we'll have that picnic out-of-doors and in sunshine. You can't do that anywhere else, believe me!"

As a resort city, Acapulco has still another very special appeal: complete informality. Here the new arrivals are easy to spot; they're the ones who come down to dinner in city clothes—jackets and ties for the men, glossy "cocktail" dresses and high heels for the ladies. But the second night they're wiser and a lot more comfortable. The ties, jackets, girdles, stockings, etc., stay in the hotel room. Even in the plush spots, an open-neck, short-sleeved sports shirt is perfectly acceptable male attire, while the ladies adopt the current uniform: a cotton shift plus flat thong sandals.

The only trouble with this outfit is that it won't do for Mexico City or any other place in the country. Acapulco is unique—like the taste of a persimmon. But the other fruits of Mexico are not to be missed, literally and figuratively.

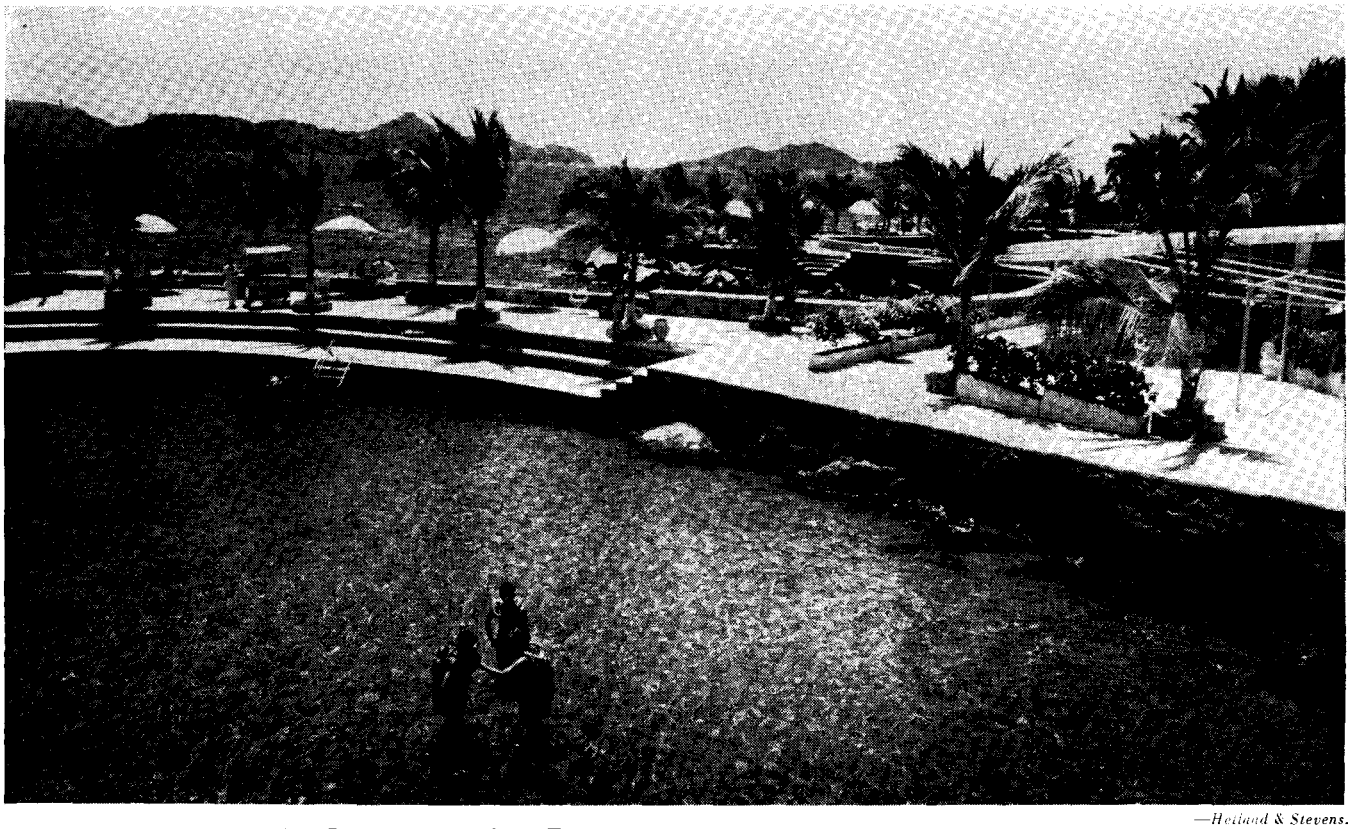
This country has enormous variety, plus perfect weather—and you can't beat that combination. What's your pleasure—archeological diggings? Fun in the sun? A shopping binge? Life among the primitives? A sophisticated city? Hurly-burly and live it up? A sleepy town and to bed at 9?

It's all here, and you can almost dial your weather. If it's tropical sun you like, then, like the man said, Acapulco has the most dependable winter sunshine you'll find anywhere. But maybe you prefer spring—that's Mexico City. Early summer? Cuernavaca or Taxco.

Lots of changes have taken place south of our borders. A new Mexican Tourist Bureau set up by the government is gradually taking all the irritation out of tourism. During our first visit, for instance, we paid for a tourist card. It was a nominal sum, true, but one of the major annoyances of travel is that so many countries levy a tax on travelers, either on entering or leaving. We've always felt it was petty chiseling; it's enough that you've come in to spend your money—why should you pay for the privilege of doing so?

No more in Mexico. A free tourist card, good for thirty days, is available to all.

Airport taxis used to be another bone in the throat of new arrivals—particu-



—*Holland & Stevens.*

Las Brisas in Acapulco—For those who like to be isolated, or even invisible.

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larly if you don't speak the language. The cabs now operate under stringent regulations; this last trip we paid 17 pesos ($1.36) to a bonded taxi driver and were handed a numbered receipt. Sharing a cab with other passengers would have run 56 cents per person. These are set fees and the transportation is from the airport directly to your hotel.

The key things in a Mexican holiday are how much time you have and what you like to do. Don't, for heaven's sake, tie yourself down to an inflexible schedule before you leave home. Allow at least a few days in Mexico City—you may well decide to spend the entire time there. For our money, this is the best weather in the world.

The climate in the capital city is unbeatable; an altitude of 7,349 feet makes "humidity" just a word in the dictionary—the condition just doesn't exist. The weather is always late May—sunny and dry—perfect suit weather. (Ladies note: it's also perfect coiffure weather; no high winds, no humidity, elaborate hair-dos stay in place. This may account for the fact that it's such a dress-up town; once the women are dressed to the nines, so are the men.)

An odd note here on the air-conditioned hotels: Prospective American tourists on summer holiday could not conceive that a country as far south as Mexico would not require air-conditioning; it was a feature they demanded before booking. So the hotels installed the machines, which are in excellent working condition but are never used. Mexico City's air-conditioning is perfect—but nature is solely responsible.

There is so much to do and see in this town that you could spend a month here, going out on daily sorties, and see something new each time. Cafés have blossomed on the Paseo de la Reforma, and girl-watching is now almost an active sport. Sit down, have a coffee, and look. Within ten minutes you can easily differentiate between the natives and the visitors.

If you see a girl, for instance, in an embroidered blouse and a swinging skirt —she's an American. Especially if she's wearing low heels. Mexican girls wear their skirts tight and short, with stiletto heels. Girdles are displayed in store windows but are never worn—at least not so anyone would notice.

Now for the other sights. University City, for one. You can look at photographs for hours and still not get the heart-stopping thrill that comes at first sight of those smashing buildings glittering with mosaics in the sun. And now Botanic Gardens have been added. Thousands of plants indigenous to Mexico have been laid out in vast gardens, designed with imagination and charm. Steps of volcanic rock lead down under shaded arbors heavy with unusual foliage, and then up and around into stark cactus and the brilliant sun.

Chapultepec Castle, where Carlotta and Maximilian lived, is another fascinating trip (the bathroom is a marvel) and is on the way out to the ancient pyramids. If you've never been to Mexico, you'll find this evidence of an old civilization spellbinding. If you visited the pyramids in the past, do yourself a favor and go again. You'll be amazed at the changes the new Tourist Bureau has wrought. A brand-new museum was opened there in the spring of 1963 —a beautiful modern building with a first-class restaurant and clean rest rooms. Outside, a shaded promenade with shops along an arcade—a far cry from the peddlers who used to badger visitors along the tour.

—*Angelo Lomeo (Nancy Palmer).*

Mother and child in Taxco.

Then, of course, there's Xochimilco, "The Venice of Mexico." Rather than take a standard tour, we'd suggest you hook up with another couple and just drive out on a weekday (the tours go on Sunday and it's packed). Xochimilco is a real crazy place—a small town about ten miles south of Mexico City, a local equivalent of Coney Island. Native families go there for an outing, bringing lunch. There is a long, winding canal and hundreds of flat-bottomed, canopied boats. The boats are decorated with flowers, and under the canopy are brightly painted kitchen chairs; the boats vary in size and the bigger ones have a good-sized table in the center, surrounded by the chairs. The natives take these bigger ones, put their huge lunch hampers on the table, and spend the afternoon eating, relaxing, and shopping while being poled along the canal by the Mexican equivalent of a gondolier, who stands in the rear. Yes, we said shopping—everything you can think of is for sale on the canal. Boats sidle up and offer everything from mariachi music (live musicians) to bull horns. Plus rebozos, beer, Coke, candy, tacos, and enchiladas. The food is hot and freshly made—little old ladies dextrously fry the local delicacies over charcoal braziers in boats poled by their grandsons, who also handle the business end.

When we first visited Xochimilco five years ago, the traffic was so heavy we remembered it only as a series of near-collisions. That was on a Sunday. This time we went mid-week, and it was a revelation. We not only saw the water, but the pretty countryside as well. For 15 pesos ($1.24) we had a boat to ourselves, and it was a delightful forty-five-minute ride. We even had our picture taken—by a waterborne photographer, of course.

All of the aforementioned excursions are less than an hour distant from the heart of the city. So are the bullfights, if you are an *aficionado*, and the Hipódromo de las Américas, for the horse players. Now let's head for Acapulco by car, via Cuernavaca and Taxco.

Cuernavaca, a short distance from Mexico City, has somewhat lower elevation—about 5,000 feet—and is also quite dry but warmer. Usually, a maximum of three hours is allowed for Cuernavaca in the tour cars, and it's a pity to waste most of it on an elaborate lunch. We took off for a café table in the town square and ordered a fruit plate (fresh pineapple slices, banana, watermelon, strawberries), which, with rolls, butter, and coffee, was a perfect lunch. Total cost: 19 pesos, or about $1.50. Then, with time to spare, we walked around the town, in and out of art shops, apparel shops (a size 18 hand-embroidered shift was altered to a size 8—pressed, hemmed, and ready to wear—in a matter of minutes by three seamstresses working simultaneously; no charge for alteration; cost: $12.50).

Dinner in a real fairyland town—Taxco, silver capital of the country. The cobblestone road goes straight up and around and, at the top, the most dazzling display of silver this side of the Atlantic. It's Mexico's Ponte Vecchio, and just as confusing—you keep thinking

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These are the streets Jesus trod, nearly 2,000 years ago.

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If you wish to go even further, three extra excursions are available. In Egypt, you can travel on to Luxor to the incredible tombs beneath the desert at Thebes. In Lebanon, you can go on to Byblos, one of the world's oldest settlements and famed in Biblical times for its sculptors. In Jordan, you can visit Petra, carved from solid, red sandstone. (You have to be energetic to take this one. You get there on horseback.)

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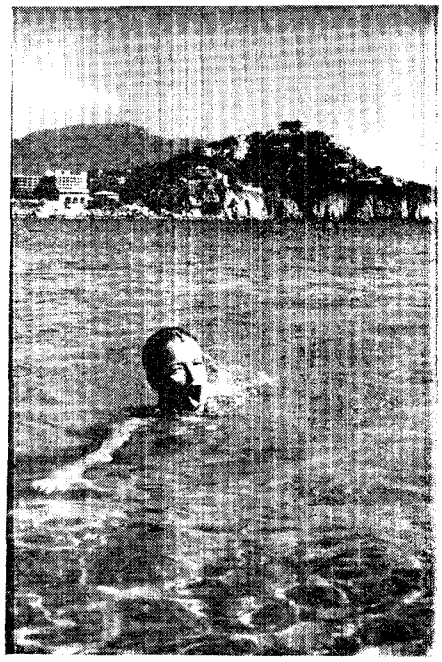
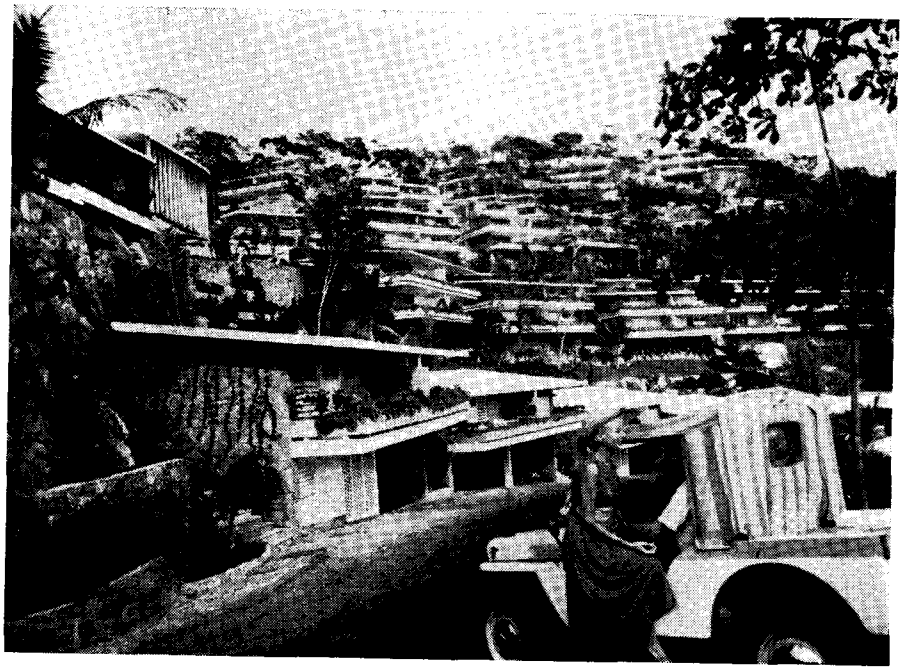


Acapulco, off Caleta Beach—a paradise for name-droppers.



—Hetland & Stevens.

Las Brisas—scuba diving, nightclubbing, and morning coffee at your doorstep.

—Monkmeyer.

Hotel Posada de la Mision in Taxco—"a real fairyland town."

there's something better in the next shop, and the next. So the first time at the crest, you look; the second day you buy.

From Taxco, the road to Acapulco is straight; about four hours and you're there. Once again the Tourist Bureau has performed a public service: an information booth ("Caseta de Turismo") on the outskirts of town will help the visitor find suitable hotel quarters. Also new here is a fixed list of taxi fares from the different hotels to the downtown section—no more haggling with obdurate drivers.

In Acapulco, exciting, hot, and jumping, you pays your money and you takes your choice of hotels. There are many plush new skyscrapers; there are also many modest hotels and motels.

As in most resort cities, prices run higher in Acapulco than they do elsewhere in Mexico—but everything is comparative. In what other resort, for instance, can you go waterskiing for $6 an hour? The $6, incidentally, covers the cost of the boat, driver, and instruction (an instructor skis right along with you in the water) and it's the same price whether one or ten people go. If two couples go out, for instance, it comes to all of $1.50 a head—a small price to pay for all that status. For the rest of your life you can drop casual reference to the time you went waterskiing in Acapulco.

Our own favorite spot in Acapulco is a place called Las Brisas, high in the hills just outside town. You could say it's a home away from home—if you're used to a private swimming pool, that is. For us, though, home was never like this. It's a huge room, called a "caseta"—a miniature house complete with refrigerator, dishes, and sink. Outside, a private terrace, table, chairs, umbrella, mats—and private swimming pool. You are isolated and invisible, almost.

Oh, the life there was rough. In the morning, you took a dozen steps out of the door and into the pool: no hair-combing, no shaving, no suit, if you like. A Thermos of hot coffee and sweet rolls are left at your door early in the morning, and a bowl of fresh fruit is placed in the refrigerator daily. Out of the pool and over to the table; decide between the cantaloupe and the fresh pineapple, pour the hot coffee, and look down at the bay of Acapulco sparkling in the sun. It was rough, all that walking to the refrigerator and the pool—and hiding the fruit and rolls that we didn't finish because by 6 or so you're famished—and nobody in Acapulco in his right mind would eat dinner before 9:30. Go into a dining room at 7 and you're marked for an apple-knocker.

THE best way to see Acapulco is to rent a jeep for the day and follow the shoreline all the way from Copacabana Beach to La Quebrada. Have dinner there at the Hotel El Mirador and watch the divers go off the rocks. They dive in the daytime now, too, but it's a lot more thrilling to watch the night show, when the rocks are lit with torches.

The glass-bottomed boat trip we took in Acapulco was the best we'd taken anywhere, because skin divers come along and fetch up some wonderful specimens from the deep: blowfish, sea urchins, starfish, etc. (We almost didn't take the trip on the theory that once you've seen one coral reef you've seen 'em all—and in the Caribbean that's all we did see.)

Acapulco is what you want to make of it. There is golf and fishing and scuba diving and anything else you can name.

If you like nightclubbing and late-hour dancing, there's plenty of it—this is a swinging town. If you want sun, sea, sand, and sleep—you can easily leave the merrymaking to others and take advantage of this beautiful Pacific bay, where the calm azure water is as clear as crystal and so buoyant that you tan the back of your legs as you swim.

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What Hath Columbus Wrought?

By BARNEY LASCHEVER

AS WITH most of the good things in the Caribbean, Columbus saw them first. He named them after St. Ursula and her 11,000 virgins. And the Virgin Islands they have been ever since. Flags of different hue have flown over their forts, pirates have dropped anchor in their harbors, the Spanish lorded it for a while, then the English, the Danes, and now only the English and the Americans are left.

The Danes sold out to the Americans and had a dickens of a time doing it. An unwilling buyer, we turned our collective back on the Danes for many years until World War I broke out, and then, in a sweat, fearful that the Germans might somehow set up bases in the Virgins, we put up the money and grabbed some forty islands from Denmark. Only now it cost us $25,000,000, instead of the paltry $5,000,000 the Danes would have accepted earlier.

That left us with three major islands and a large scattering of cays, outcroppings, mountaintops, and other miscellaneous bits and pieces of land that no one has figured out any way of using.

The British Virgins, more shy, naturally, than their Yankee cousins, likewise are comprised of a few sizable islands and a handful of smaller dots of land scattered about in sparkling waters that are as beautiful as any in the world.

But we are not foregathered here for history or geography lessons. What of the Virgins today?

The big three of the Americans, though practically within sight of each other, nonetheless have some remarkable differences.

St. Thomas, capital of the group, is served from San Juan, sixty miles away, by what amounts to a shuttle service by Caribair. It's St. Thomas, with its wide array of excellent resort hotels and its free-port shops, that attracts most of the tourists. And if hotel prices keep inching up year by year, of what matter is it?

During the height of the winter season there verily is no room in the inn. The American Virgin Islands are now attracting a whopping 335,000 tourists each year who come to stay, shop, sail, or laze on the beautiful beaches, in addition to some 15,000 or so "day trippers" who troop ashore from a record number of cruise ships that put into the harbors. With dollar signs for eyeballs, they sweep through the free-port shops like biblical locusts working over Pharaoh's wheat fields.

Many of the bigger stores, such as Riise, are located in what formerly were old warehouses. The walls have been stripped down to the original brick and the interiors are now quite attractive.

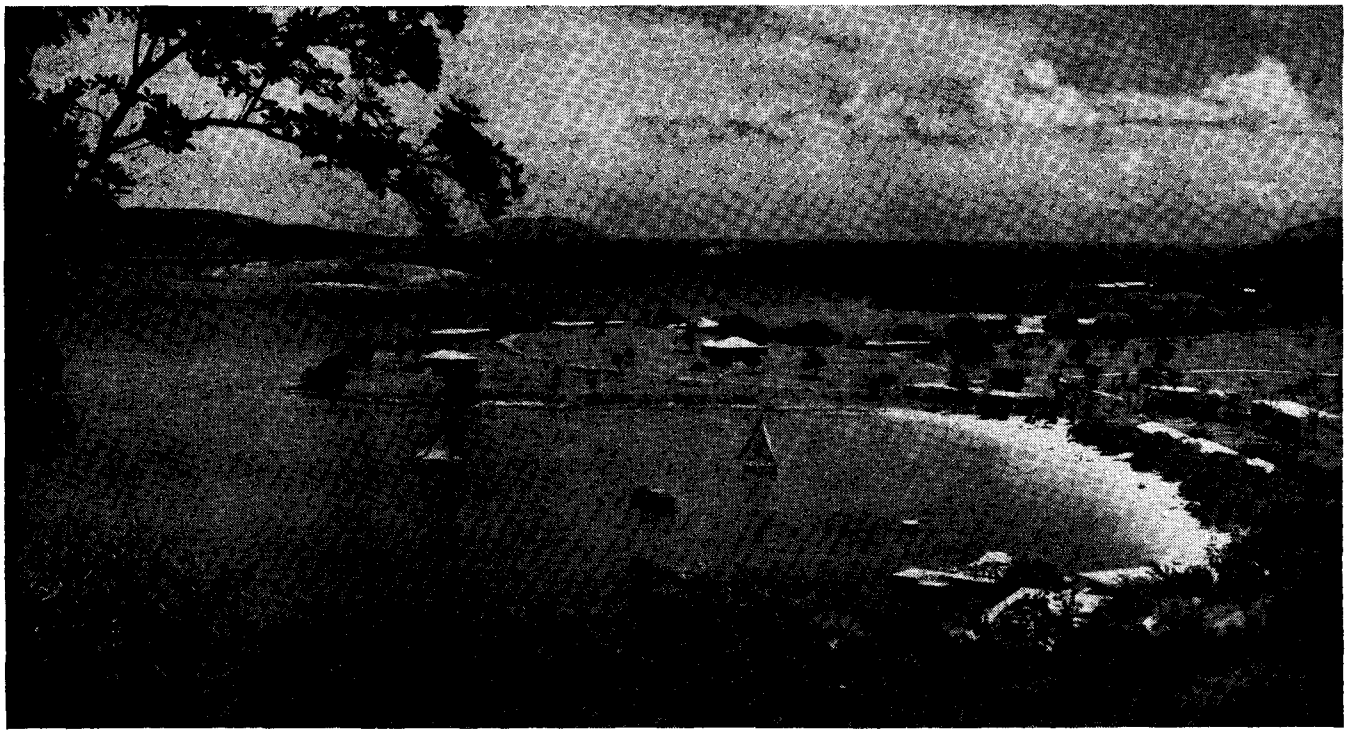
No need here to list the goodies from all over the world that are piled high on shelves and counters. The canny shopper will find her way unerringly to the dinnerware or the silver service she has always wanted, whilst her dutiful husband brings up the rear—and the checkbook.

For a while, Virgin Island shoppers had a bonus—courtesy of the U.S. Congress. Travelers returning to the United States from other parts of the world were allowed $100 in duty-free purchases; at the same time, Virgin Island visitors had an additional $100 allowance. The proviso expired last spring, however, and Congress has not seen fit to renew it. There have been grumbling and mumbling, curses and cries, but the shopping goes on. Besides, smart buyers know that many items offered for sale in the Virgins are still big bargains, even after duty is paid on them.

Most of the resort hotels on St. Thomas are located atop, or among, the island's steep hills. Only a few are on their own beaches. Nearly all have pools and bus their guests to private hotel beaches. Others may spend a day at Magens Bay, a spectacular public beach that unfortunately has rather primitive changing facilities.

The Virgin Isle Hilton on St. Thomas is one of the largest in the Caribbean

Caneel Bay Plantation, St. John, U.S. Virgin Islands—Tourists with dollar signs for eyeballs.
—Jackson Hole Preserve.



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—U.S. Virgin Islands News Bureau.

St. Croix—favorite port of call.

—U.S. Virgin Islands News Bureau.

Islander—Where the pace is leisurely.

Man of St. Thomas—another world.

—H. S.

and was almost the first major postwar hotel in the Islands, being completed only a few months after the pace-setting Caribe Hilton at San Juan.

Bluebeard's Castle, overlooking Charlotte Amalie, capital of the U.S. Virgins, continues to be a favorite with visitors.

Artists have found the colors, the sky, the climate of the Virgins intoxicating, and tourists are discovering and buying the work of talented artists like Larry Gluck, the New York City-born water colorist.

Other than this stimulus to art, the Virgin Islands have contributed practically nothing to the cultural mélange of the West Indies. But they have borrowed heavily and freely, and in the nightclubs of the big hotels you will hear the inevitable steel bands (Trinidad), laugh at Calypso (Jamaica), and watch the limbo danced (and who knows for certain where *that* originated?).

The smaller night spots—the Gate, for example—usually feature a steel band and one singer. Often you join in. Mostly you sit, drink, listen—and occasionally dance.

The high-powered entertainers—Tony Bennett, Frank Sinatra, etc.—who swing around the Las Vegas-Miami Beach-San Juan circuit—don't make it to the Virgins.

By comparison with St. Thomas, the smallest of the big three, St. John could be Pitcairn's Island. It's just as lively.

But St. John is no misplaced dot on a vast ocean. (The *Bounty* mutineers were lost from the world for so long because Pitcairn's had been misplaced on early charts of the South Pacific by 100 miles.) St. John is easy to find and to reach. From Red Hook, a short taxi ride from Charlotte Amalie, the island is twenty minutes by motor launch. Guests of Caneel Bay Plantation, the only sizable hotel complex on St. John, are met by the resort's own boat. Others can arrange day trips through travel agents on St. Thomas.

Four-fifths of St. John comprises one of America's most unusual National Parks, a gift of Laurance Rockefeller. Rangers at Cruz Bay, the major town, lead nature walks through dense tropical foliage, explaining the unique vegetation that has returned to its rightful place in the sun, all but obliterating what in the time of the Danes were flourishing sugar-cane fields. Remains of Annaberg, one of the old sugar mills, make an interesting sightseeing trip, capped by a hamburger lunch and swim at Trunk Bay on the way back.

Magens Bay on St. Thomas was once listed in somebody's poll as one of the ten best beaches in the world. Magens can be uncomfortably hot. Not so Trunk Bay, which is more open to the cooling winds. With a cluster of boulders not ten feet offshore, it's a snorkeler's paradise. Don a snorkel mask, wade in and dunk your head; thousands of multicolored fish of every size and shape pass by your astonished gaze.

On St. John you don't have to know how to swim to enjoy snorkeling because the fish come in so close to the shore. At Caneel Bay everybody snorkels, old and young. A big cardboard box full of snorkeling equipment stands by the desk and rental is nominal.

Caneel Bay Plantation, part of Rockefeller's Jackson Hole Preserve, consists of low buildings that ramble along two beaches. One set is across the road, in sight of the water, the other right on the sand.

Caneel is for relaxing: swimming, snorkeling, sea shell expeditions, sailing, hikes, tennis, and reading. There's usually a steel band on Saturday nights. Other than that—quiet evenings on the terrace talking.

A word about the fishing. Within the past two years deep sea fishermen have discovered a previously unknown treasure-trove. The waters off St. John are teeming with big fish. Charter boats sailing out of Caneel now are consistently coming back with big, if not record, catches.

St. Croix, largest of the American Virgins, is accessible only by plane, either Caribair from St. Thomas 40 miles away, or by jet from New York, on a direct flight or via San Juan.

It, too, has become a favorite port of call with cruise ships with the completion of a multimillion-dollar deep-water pier at Frederiksted, the smaller of the island's two picturesque Danish-style towns.

A portion of Christiansted, the principal town at the opposite end of the island, has been set aside by the Government as a National Historic Site and cannot be changed.

Buck Island, seven miles offshore, America's newest National Monument, has a unique feature, an underwater trail marked with descriptive plaques that can be followed by snorkelers and scuba divers.

Unlike its sister islands with their steep hills and volcanic outcroppings, St. Croix is a low, rambling, placid island that still supports substantial sugar cane plantations.

Resort life is a pace faster than on St. John, but more leisurely than on St. Thomas. Resorts range from such old favorites as the Buccaneer, a former plantation where Alexander Hamilton lived as a boy, to the tiny Estate Good Hope, another Rockefeller enterprise that has been described as a "jewel box." It has a fine pool but an unsatisfactory beach. St. Croix-by-the-Sea has achieved a special kind of reputation in the West Indies for its delicious coconut daiquiri, a concoction that ranks with the famous

(*Continued on page* 93)

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THE CHIPS ARE DOWN IN THE ISLANDS OF THE SUN

By ARTURO F. GONZALEZ, JR.

NEW sounds are growing louder in the islands of the sun scattered along the edges of the Bahamaian bank and the Caribbean Sea. Barely audible behind the native limbo beat is the strangely foreign rattle of dice. Just under the soft island calypso chants you can hear American tourist voices muttering "Pull," "Bust," "Blackjack." Keeping time with the rhythmic steel bands are clickety-clicking ivory balls on whirling roulette wheels. The chips are down in the islands of the sun; the area is beginning to look like Las Vegas East.

A plush, new, gold-carpeted gambling casino opened this past winter at the posh, 252-room Lucayan Beach Hotel in Freeport, Grand Bahama, the latest addition to a flossy gambling "Strip" that now stretches a thousand miles through the Caribbean from Miami to Surinam. More than sixty European croupiers, many sporting Beatle-style haircuts, man Lucayan's tables, their modulated chants giving the establishment the aura of a New World Monte Carlo.

In Puerto Rico, most of the major luxury hotels—La Concha, El San Juan, the Condado Beach, the Americana, El Ponce Intercontinental – throb with the soft urgings of dealers leaning over tables flecked with varicolored chips. Even conservative and respected innkeepers like the Messrs. Sheraton and Hilton house lush casinos in their four fancy Puerto Rican hotels, reflecting the fact that all Americans apparently feel free to engage in a little sin when they go abroad.

Lucayan Beach Hotel—croupiers with Beatle-style haircuts.

Three hotels – the Embajador, Hispaniola, and Europe—house casinos in Santo Domingo along with two nightclubs, the Agua Luz and Voz Dominicana. And, as in Puerto Rico, diehard gamblers can also take a crack at the $50,000 government lottery, or lay a few bob on frequent cockfights if they choose.

OTHER Caribbean casinos exist in Antigua and Port-au-Prince. And there's the chain of casinos, perhaps the largest single gambling combine in the Caribbean, put together by the Kozloff brothers of Las Vegas along with Cliff Jones, the former Lieutenant Governor of Nevada. Cornerstone of the operation is the beautiful $5,000,000, eight-story, 120-room Aruba Caribbean Hotel-Casino that opened its doors—perhaps the wrong phrase since the main lobby is actually doorless to admit the island's trade winds—in 1959. A 200-room Aruba-Sheraton is also abuilding alongside, with a casino planned. The Kozloffs administer a small casino in the forty-room Little Bay Beach Hotel in St. Maarten, another posh gaming house at the Curaçao Intercontinental Hotel, and two casinos in Surinam. KLM, which has a virtual monopoly on service to all these chunks of Dutch territory in the New World, regularly flies thousands of tourists a week into the hands of the Kozloff croupiers, and the close to 200 cruise ships that call at these ports each year are similarly packed with vacationers intent on paying for their trips with a run of luck at the tables.

Few new luxury hotels in the Ba-

(*Continued on page* 82)

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—Ernest Reshovsky (Fix)

Beach at Carmel, California—"the beauty of nature in the wild."

AT BAY ON THE BEACH

By PATRICIA K. BROOKS

ANYONE trying to keep up with the latest "in" beach hardly has time to make reservations before the beach is "out" again. The Jet Set will, I trust, eventually run out of *playas*, strands, seasides, and littorals. By then we will be reading that Everybody Who Is Anybody from A to Z, or at the very least from B(ardot) to V(adim), has rediscovered St. Tropez.

Before that happens, there are still any number of beaches to go. Think of those 3,000 miles of beautiful white sandy Australian coastline, where you can bathe at will. When you say "Let's go to the beach" in Australia, you have to be more specific. After all, there are a few hundred to choose from, a fact calculated to make frequenters of Jones Beach weep.

Though beautiful, the Australian beaches are, for most of us, still fairly inaccessible. The sad fact is that most beautiful *and* accessible beaches are also popular. This is a fact that beachologists have a hard time facing.

Yet what constitutes a good beach? Most people would agree that clean white sand, clear, temperate water, a wide expanse of shore, and a spectacular view in at least one direction all sound reasonably tempting. At this point, opinion varies. Thoreauvians favor solitude, the more the better, a beach for wandering, idling, thinking. Other beach-lovers prefer the excitement of beach activity, waterskiing, fishing, skin-diving, a place to get a simple, quick lunch without having to go too far from the water, a place to sun and chat and see one's friends.

SINCE gregarious beach-lovers seem to outnumber the Thoreaus, word of a good beach soon spreads; it is "discovered" and becomes popular. A beach's popularity shouldn't keep a dedicated beachologist away, but it often does. Yet each beach, no matter how popular, has its own personality. Discovering that personality can be part of the fun of visiting the beach.

For instance, Acapulco (or Hollywood-in-Mexico if you will) remains, in spite of its surplus of starlets (a bachelor might say "because of"), one of the most exciting beaches in the world. Nothing quite tops the sight of those rough grey cliffs plunging into the deep green waters of the Pacific.

Even without the cliffs (Acapulco without cliffs? Impossible thought!) and the contours of that extraordinary natural harbor, Acapulco has charms just because it *is* popular. In fact, its long suit is character. Or characters. In a way it is Greenwich Village in Cinemascope. As one spellbound visitor related, "I don't know any other place where you would see, as I did, a man sitting at the wheel of a Volkswagen at an intersection, his face covered with soapy lather, placidly shaving, while waiting for the light to change." (He must have been a *gringo*. Mexicans are never that calm. Even behind the wheel of a boat it's go, go, go. Waterskiing at Acapulco has its own excitements.)

And for offbeat beach clothes, even Capri can't compare with the Originals of Acapulco in their bright, blast-off

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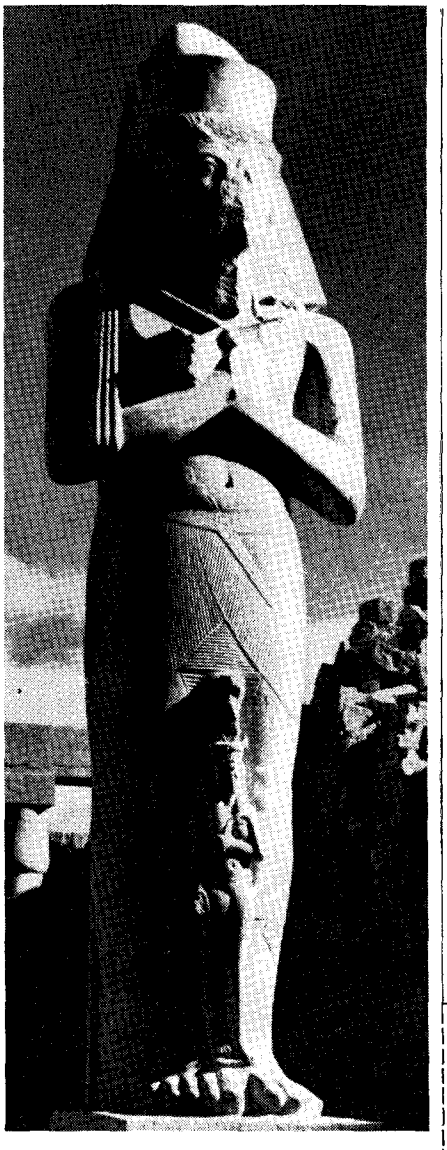

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colors and styling. The fashion rule, obviously, is "anything goes." A *really* provocative outfit would be a tailored beige dress with pearls.

There *are* other beaches along Mexico's Pacific coast, less publicized but also beautiful. One of the most dramatic is Mazatlán, whose craggy peninsula prods the ocean sharply. The winding streets of this old port give it a special charm. Phone communications were still, at last report, wobbly enough to make it a marvelous retreat for those who say they want to get away from it all and really mean it.

Some of the world's loveliest beaches are not for winter swimming, but if it is the sound of surf pounding against rocks, and the beauty of nature in the wild that you want, you must consider the Costa del Sol near Motril, in Spain, or the beach at Carmel, California.

You would also have to forfeit winter swimming at the seashore in Beirut, but the Lebanese local color would more than compensate. The city's shimmering skyline, the cool blue-green beauty of the Mediterranean, the long, smooth promenade along the water all make this a memorable beach. And it isn't every coast in the world where a lounging sunbather can exchange greetings with a heavily clothed Arab, strolling past in full *djalaba* in the noonday heat, or watch an elderly woman squat on the sand, light her hookah, and sit back contentedly on her haunches, smiling and smoking for an hour or more.

Contrasts are even more pronounced at Eilat on the Red Sea. This Israeli port is six miles long. King Solomon's mines are there, at the foot of the Negev, along with a pebbly beach and the clearest water ever seen (no, it is not even pink), which makes for the best snorkeling in the world. After a day of diving among the coral reefs, you can spend the evening at the End of the World nightclub, a cheerier prospect than it might seem. Eilat is one of the few places in Israel where you can swim the year around.

If it is warm winter surf you seek, then you'll have to leave the romantic Tangiers and Riviera beaches behind you with scarce a lingering, shivering glance. The Caribbean beckons, and if ever a group of islands lent themselves to the travel game of Oneupmanship, these do.

There are people who beach-hop around the Caribbean so they can say at cocktail parties back home, "I found the most divine little beach. There wasn't a soul there except us and the sailfish." The danger of such games is that there are literally hundreds of divine little beaches in the Caribbean, and you constantly run the risk of being upstaged by someone who has "discovered" a divine *big* one with a few more charms than sailfish. (If one were to pursue Oneupmanship to its bitter end, one could always head for Death Valley. It doesn't have a beach, but it certainly can offer a lot of warm sand and sun.)

There are better reasons for beach-hopping in the Caribbean. The variegated histories of the islands give them diverse personalities. In choosing a Caribbean beach, you are buying more than some glorious sand and delicious water (always part of the package, to be sure). You are casting a vote for the relaxed Latin charms of Puerto Rico or the Englishness of Jamaica or the Dutch neatness of Aruba.

Surely one of the most beautiful of all is Grenada. The entire island is a tropical paradise, polka-dotted with bougainvillea, scented with the spices that grow there and the perfume of a dozen different tropical plants, and with an old town as delightful as the countryside surrounding it. As if all this were not blessing enough, the beach is incredibly lovely, wide, and sandy, with space for running, wandering, idling. My vote has been cast.

Closer to home are the Virgin Islands (What's wrong with them? Why are they so popular?" someone asked me recently), which, as every refugee from

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New York in January will tell you, have beaches galore. Most people gravitate to St. Thomas, with reason, for the diversions it offers, the water activities, sports, and social life, give it a special appeal.

St. John's personality is more rugged, so if you tire of the fun and games of the more sophisticated St. Thomas, you can beat a retreat here and communicate with nature to your heart's content. St. John's is no forest primeval, but it is a truly rustic island, with a feeling of wildness. Its celebrated underwater snorkel courses will endear it to me forever. As you swim along, following the markers of the course, you find yourself admonished to "Watch out for sea urchins nearby." It would be a little difficult to make markers for fast-moving fish ("Danger: sharks lurk behind coral ahead"), but the slug-abed, slow-moving sea urchins remain as part of the tour.

Of course if you have the time, you'll find many beaches of great beauty on the other side of the world. The little-publicized beaches along Hong Kong's fascinating coast are isolated spots with great appeal. Hong Kong's climate, however, prohibits swimming in winter.

No such prohibitions exist at my all-time favorite beach. Located in the Philippines, on the China Sea, it is about as deserted and remote as any you'll find. You'll see no glass-bottom boats, *pedalos*, or hot dog stands at Bamboo Beach. But if it is total privacy, the feeling of being on a desert island, and a place to swim, sun, and just loaf that you want, then next time you are in the Islands, I urge you to drop in.

Of course dropping in isn't quite that easy, which is part of the pleasure of Bamboo Beach. On the map, it looks reasonably close to Manila, but looks are deceptive. Only a dedicated beachophile would undertake it. When I first visited Bamboo Beach (a mundane name for such a gorgeous place), back in the days when any excursion from Manila was threatened by possible Hukbalahap ambush, it was a treacherous journey. Such dangers are long past. The only current threat is to your auto tires, as the road is rough, rocky, and probably the worst I have ever seen. No popular beach can possibly make that statement.

AFTER a two-hour drive from Manila, past beautiful volcanic Lake Taal and farmers working in rice fields (offering you a rice-roots look at Philippine life), you eventually reach Nasugbu, a tiny fishing village on the southwest coast of Luzon. The next step of the journey is to negotiate for a *banca*, the dugout canoe with outriggers and sails common to the island, and a crew to carry you.

Although part of the mainland, Bamboo Beach is inaccessible by land. On three sides it is surrounded by huge, unscalable cliffs. The fourth side is the temperate, exhilarating sea. In between is a wide strip of fine-grained white sand 500 feet long. As you approach the beach, coming around the curve of cliff, you are stunned by its remoteness and beauty. The boat ride over usually takes about twenty minutes, depending on the vigor of the wind, but returning in the late golden afternoon may require almost an hour. It is a stimulating ride, in any case, past dramatic bluffs and small islands of rock jutting into the sea.

The boat crew drops you off, picnic basket in hand, for a day of idling. For six or eight hours, depending on your whim, you can give yourself the illusion of being alone on an island paradise. Hunting shells, swimming, reading, and just plain lazing are the only inducements. If you want to play bridge, you have to bring your own fourth along.

While Bamboo Beach is my particular Shangri-la, it, too, in this fast-moving jet age, may be on the brink of discovery and exploitation. Before long the bulldozers may move in, making superhighways right up to the shore, followed closely by Conrad Hilton and company. When that happens, it will be time to start all over again. Anyone for Cannes?

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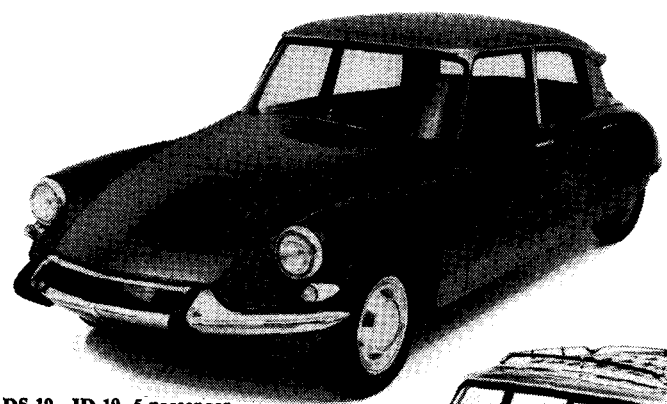

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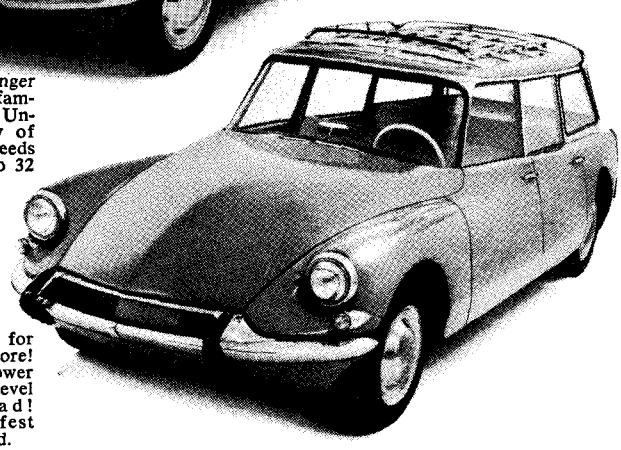

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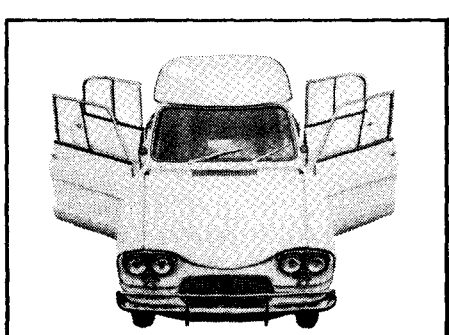

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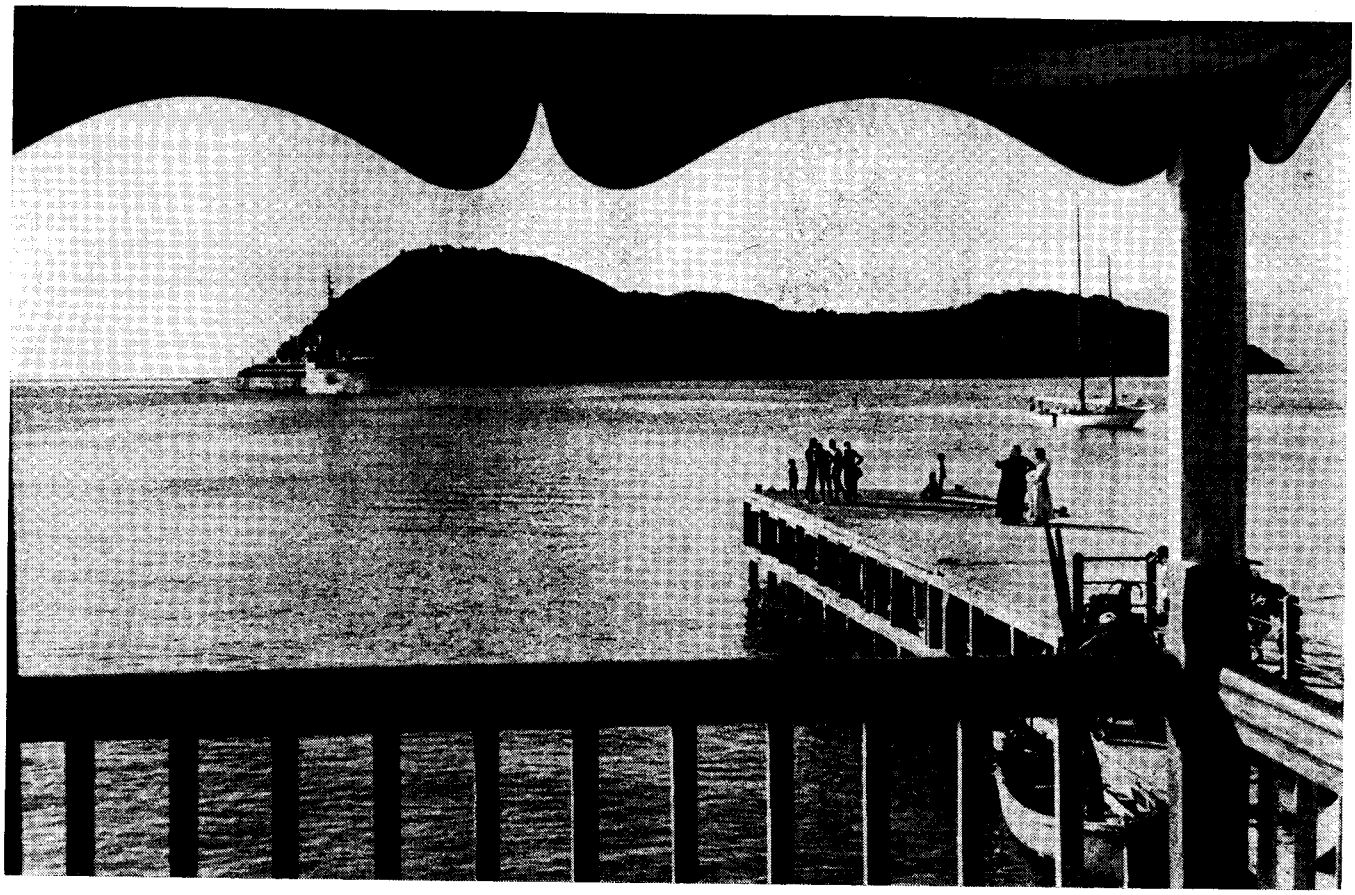

—Rapho Guillumette.

Terre de Haut, off Guadeloupe—"a beguiling, other-world charm."

Pick a Pair of Perfect Islands

By EUGENIA BEDELL

OUR pallor would have made a mortician rub his hands: on this vacation we wanted sun, and more sun, but we also longed for *la vie française*. If only we could take France and add miles and miles of soft silvery sand and golden-green palms. But, of course—we *could*: Martinique, Guadeloupe.

Unable to decide on one island or the other, with a certain inexplicable logic we chose both, beginning with Martinique. Curving around one side of an immense bay, Fort-de-France, the island's capital, has an excellent cuisine, gay, cacophonous markets, and a certain air that somehow transmits to one that, of course, this is where the *beguine* just had to begin. From the airport we were whisked, as fast as the noisy, bustling streets would allow, to the Hotel Lido, just out of town. That night we fell asleep to a small symphony rendered by tiny woodland creatures and the vague murmur of the Caribbean surf as it made desultory passes at the beach just below our room.

In the ensuing days we found our sun. In a hired car we drove, with picnic lunch, to Le Diamant, where a nearly deserted beach stretches for over two miles. Now and then a lone figure, sun glinting on machete or on a string of fish, would pass: *"Bonjour, Bonjour,"* and a bright smile. Four or five minutes later we could see his silhouette, still moving along the shore—nothing else but sand, palms, sea, and sky in sight. Except out there, about a mile at sea, stark Diamond Rock, rising to a height of 570 feet. Here, in the eighteenth century, some 120 British Navy chaps held out for sixteen months, harassing French shipping and, in turn, being bombarded.

THERE were other lovely beaches: La Guajina, where one can watch the fishermen beating the water, driving fish into a net, and Vauclin, where between 10 and 11 A.M. one sees fishermen in their brightly painted dugouts sail in with their catches. Just beyond the village is a marvelous arc of golden sand and palms that, like the other beaches, is virtually deserted except on weekends.

One day we visited La Pagerie at Trois-Ilets. Here Napoleon's Josephine was born, the church where she was baptized still stands, and a quaint little museum houses her cradle and other memorabilia. But perhaps most enchanting is the rich, tantalizing odor of vanilla from a nearby plantation that permeates the air. During this "diversion" we lunched well at Auberge de L'Anse Mitan, a country-type inn from which we could see Fort-de-France on the opposite shore of the bay.

Another day we took what can only be described as a glorious drive to St. Pierre. Up, up we climbed, into a jungly wonder: giant mahogany and silk-cotton trees made lacy with coiled lianas, orchids nestling along branches, thirty-foot bamboo and tree ferns and, when we stopped, a soft drip-drip in the leaves overhead. Now and then there were deep, verdant valleys to peer down into and, as we neared St. Pierre, glimpses of

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Mount Pelée (4,428 feet), its top a swirl of mist.

St. Pierre, once known as "The Paris of the West," is now very, very sleepy, though miles of fish net, rows deep, hang drying along the shore. At La Musée de Volcanique there was the weird collection of goblets bent double, melted money, and jewels, these all gathered by American volcanologist, Frank Perret, after Mount Pelée blew her top in 1902 and sent great rushes of lethal gases and heat down to wipe out all but one citizen in less than a minute. Walking the narrow streets, our thoughts kept returning to Lafcadio Hearn, who once lived here and wrote so poignantly of the "little" Martiniquans.

On the return to Fort-de-France, the coastal road slipped through sleepy villages and climbed high to rim precipitous cliffs and show great sweeps of silvery seascape. Between forays into the country we wandered Fort-de-France, sometimes stopping for a coffee and croissant at a patisserie, sometimes at a popular "*jus*" café along the savannah for a refreshing guava, tamarind, or corassol (soursop) juice. There were mounds of perfume to choose from at Roger Albert's and Beaufrand's, some at "Below Paris Prices," and everywhere bolt upon bolt of *mah-dwas*, as the Creoles call the Indian fabric. Superior lamps, furniture, jewelry, colorful, quixotic patchwork wall hangings, all hand-wrought on the island, were beautifully displayed at the Caribbean Art Center. And there were the open markets, offering fruits, vegetables, and flowers (it is said no Martiniquan goes home on Saturday without a bouquet).

Time and again we found ourselves turning to the Restaurant L'Europe, on the savannah, for steak *au poivre*, fine wines, and the unforgettably delicious, new to us, baked *oeursins*, the tiny creatures from the shells of white sea urchins. And there was the new Bananaraie, a nightclub with great local and Haitian bands, and lovely renditions of the *beguine* and *bel air* by a bevy of local lassies who, for our money, are the most beautiful women in the world.

And then one day we were aboard a BWIA plane, thrumming north past big, British Dominica to Guadeloupe. Here we chose the brand-new Hotel Fort Royal on the northwest coast. Expensive, yes, but the cuisine, the hotel's site, the beautifully appointed rooms, and the service soon stifled any qualms the exchequer might have tried to have. On a rocky promontory above the sea, the Fort Royal offers not one but two great beaches, north and south, and just behind the latter, a group of cottages and a superb L-shaped swimming pool.

We soon learned that Guadeloupe is really two islands, with Grande-Terre,

(*Continued on page* 86)

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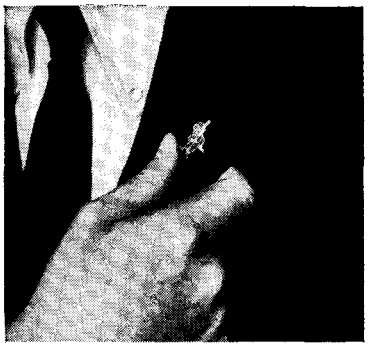

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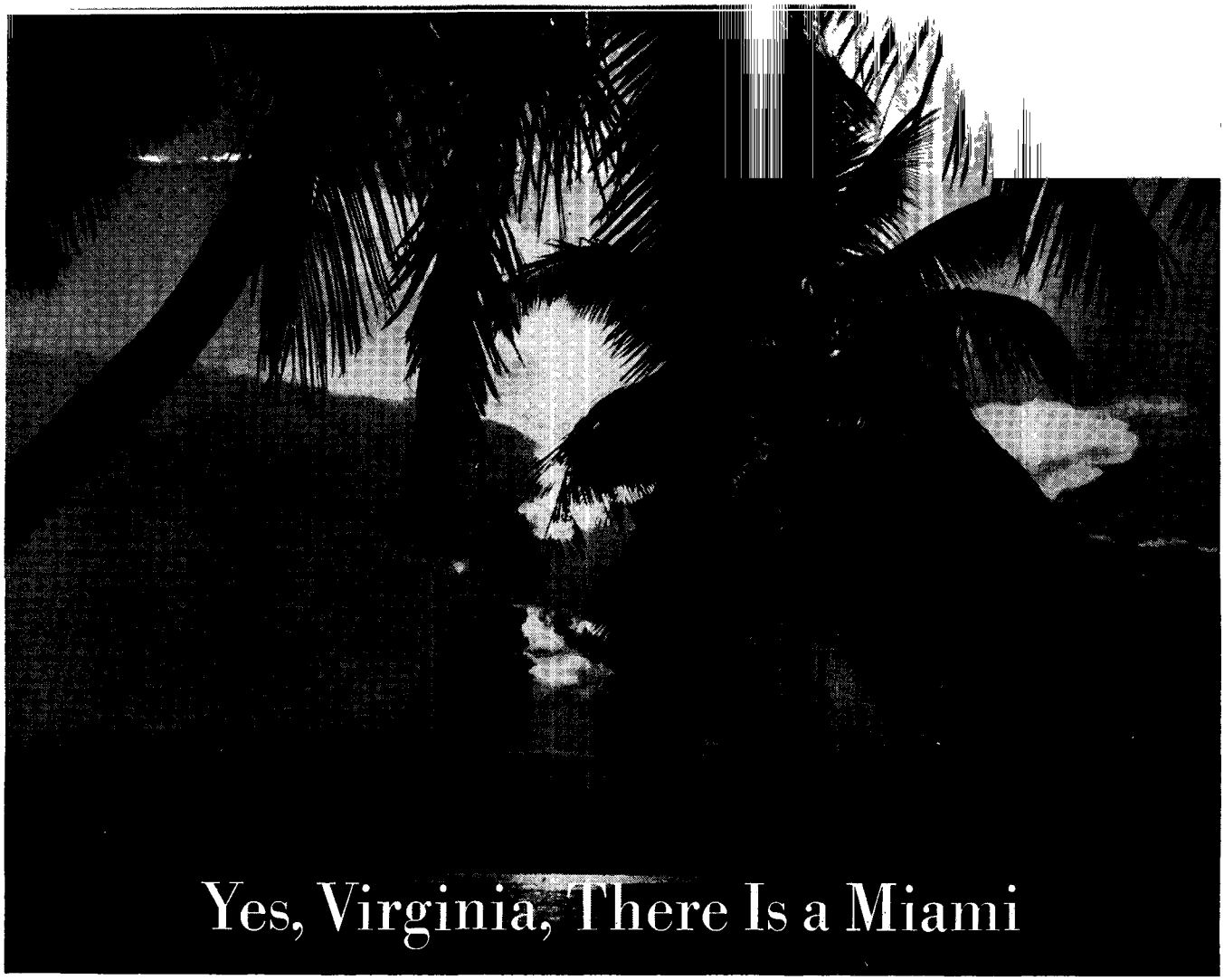

Yes, Virginia, There Is a Miami

—*Miami Beach News Bureau.*

By HUBERT SAAL

IT'S NO longer true that Miami Beach is divided into three parts: the drinkers, the eaters, and the meeters. The years have wrought subtle changes and a new stability to what at one time seemed to combine Sodom and Gomorrah with the only frontier east of the Mississippi. There was always something odd about the palace of pleasure teetering precariously on the edge of the mysterious Everglades, in danger of an omnipotent wrath that would just topple it over into a miasmic oblivion.

Ever since I can remember as a boy, Miami Beach has been the center of its own hurricane of growth, building new apartment houses and hotels frenetically, until almost every inch of premium land was filled, then digging at the bay waters to make new land and add new hotels and apartment houses. If the whole place didn't topple over into the Glades it was just as likely to sink of its own weight into the sea. The very mercurialness became in time a characteristic stability about Miami Beach. *Plus ça change, plus la même chose,* unfortunately as true for the garishness as well as the increasing number of hotels and motels along Collins Avenue from the million-dollar pier all the way to the speed trap—if you're driving—just south of Hollywood, called Golden Beach.

If there is a more real quality of Miami Beach today it's due to its big neighbor across Biscayne Bay. Miami, which most tourists know only from trips to and from the airport or the racetracks, has been quietly growing into a substantial metropolis where real people live. Last year, Greater Miami celebrated the arrival on its shores of its millionth resident. It was a great moment for the citizens, who, like pioneers of old, are fiercely proud of their city's growth. Unfortunately, having been showered with gifts and keys to the city, the millionth resident soon after moved out to California.

Nevertheless, west of Biscayne Bay south all the way to the Keys and north to Hollywood is a real city in the sun, properly honeycombed with expressways, thick with housing developments and shopping centers, and boasting suburbs where once the Seminoles wandered. Even the eyesore of the Thirties that we called the Jack Dempsey building, which stood naked and unfinished after the boom's bubble burst in 1926, has become a respectable vocational and continuation school.

Closer in, the Cuban population lives, around Flagler Street and the Tamiami Trail, offering in their volatility a spice that was lacking in the wedding of transplanted Yankee and resentful Southerner. If one thing has made Miami more attractive as a municipality it is the Cubans, who have imported with them something of Havana as it once was, from the coffee bars with the tiny cups of strong brew and thick Cuban sandwiches that would satisfy even Dagwood to restaurants like El Minerva and the Toledo, which is near enough to the old Tropicana.

Some of that reality has spilled across the Bay to Miami Beach. These days children are actually born there. When I was a boy no one in the school had been born in Miami Beach and only one boy in Miami. He lorded it over us blue-bellied Yankees good and proper. To have been born in Miami thirty-five years ago was to be something as rare and wonderful as the roseate spoonbill,

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then close to extinction. Nowadays anyone can be born there. My own daughter was.

A good number of the children have been born to friends of mine, who grew up, surprisingly for children in a never-never land, to become real—real mothers and wives, lawyers and doctors. Except in a few cases, they know as much about the tourist season around them as they do about snow. When we were kids our fathers either had something to do with tourism or they were invalids.

Not, it ought to be said quickly, that Miami Beach has copped out on its old glory. In Miami Beach it's still the sun in the morning and the moon at night. What brings everyone, from the swingers to the birdwatchers, those for night and those for day life, down for artificial or natural splendors, is the weather. Everyone returning is always asked, "Did you have good weather?" (Unless, of course, the interrogator is from New England, where they ask, "Did you have weather?") It's especially good in Miami—warm days and cool nights, like pearls on a string, air brisk, and clear enough to make one sorry there are no mountains to peer at and glad that at least there's the beautiful blue ribbon of Gulf Stream strung with an endless panorama of ships and sailing vessels.

The beach on Miami Beach is fringed by coconut-burdened palm trees and the sand is cleaner, whiter, and more inviting than any European beach I ever saw and a good deal more spacious and accessible than the jewels of Magens Bay on St. Thomas or Paradise Beach on Nassau's Hog Island. Of course one of the sins from which the early city fathers cannot be absolved is the gift of riparian rights to the hotel owners. The only decent stretch of public beach goes from Sixteenth Street south to the land's end, good enough except on the days when the men-of-war and the jellyfish are out in force and even the cobblestoned beach at Nice is preferable. But then there's always the consolation that the rich in their private hotel beaches are similarly afflicted.

For a swinging town, the beach is not always the most popular place in the mornings. There's that old (Cole Porter?) song that goes: "Do you like Miami? Kindly tell me, if so. Yes, I like Miami, but in the mornings, no." Morning in Miami is likely to be the morning after. But even so, it may be cheaper than the night before. A sign on one of the motels as you approach Miami Beach over the Venetian Causeway (that's the toll one) says, "Keep Florida Green—Bring Money," and it's good advice. Miami Beach has always been clever at separating the tourist from his traveler's checks and it is not resting on its laurels. The biggest change of all is the utter domination of the tourist

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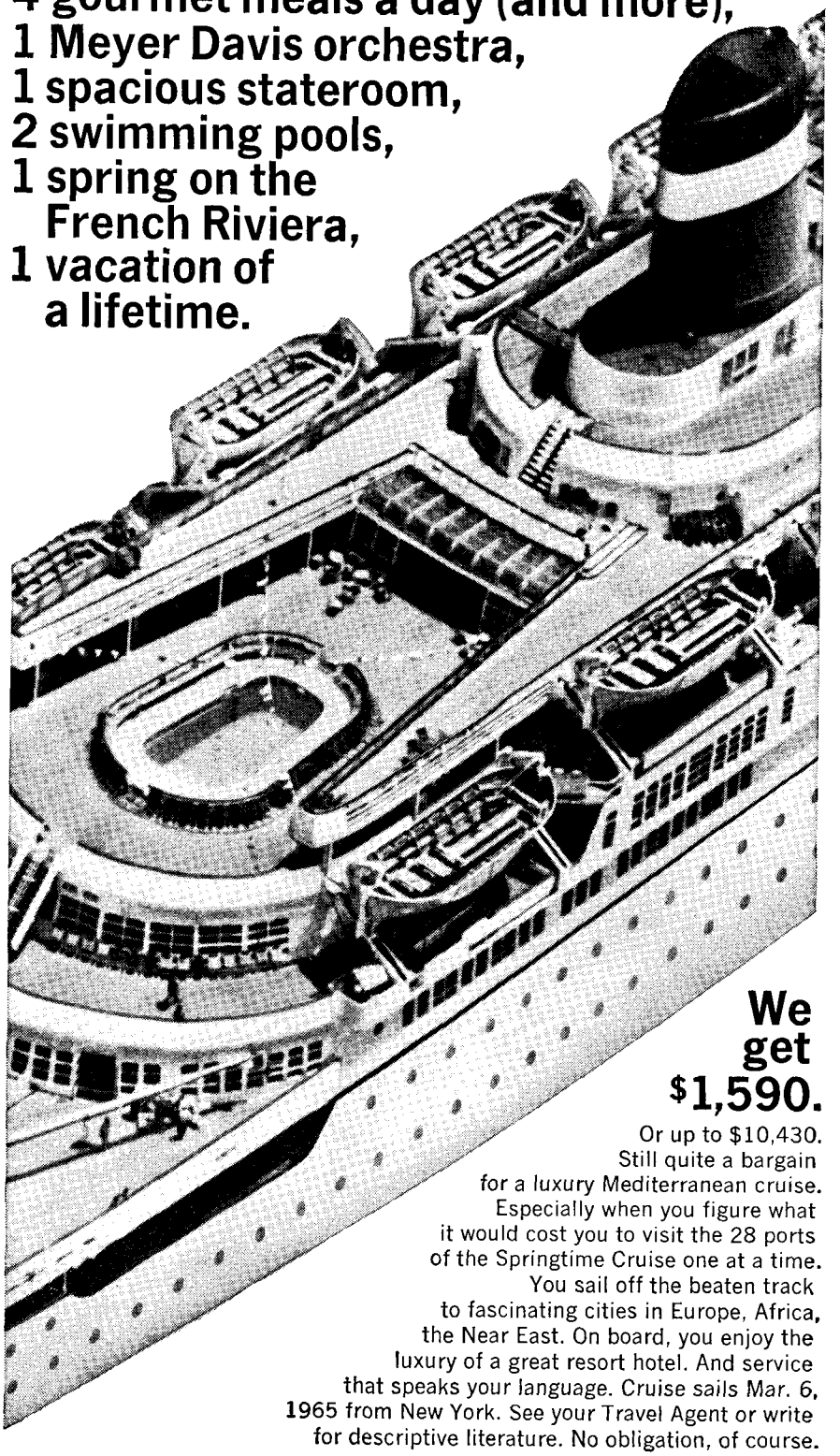

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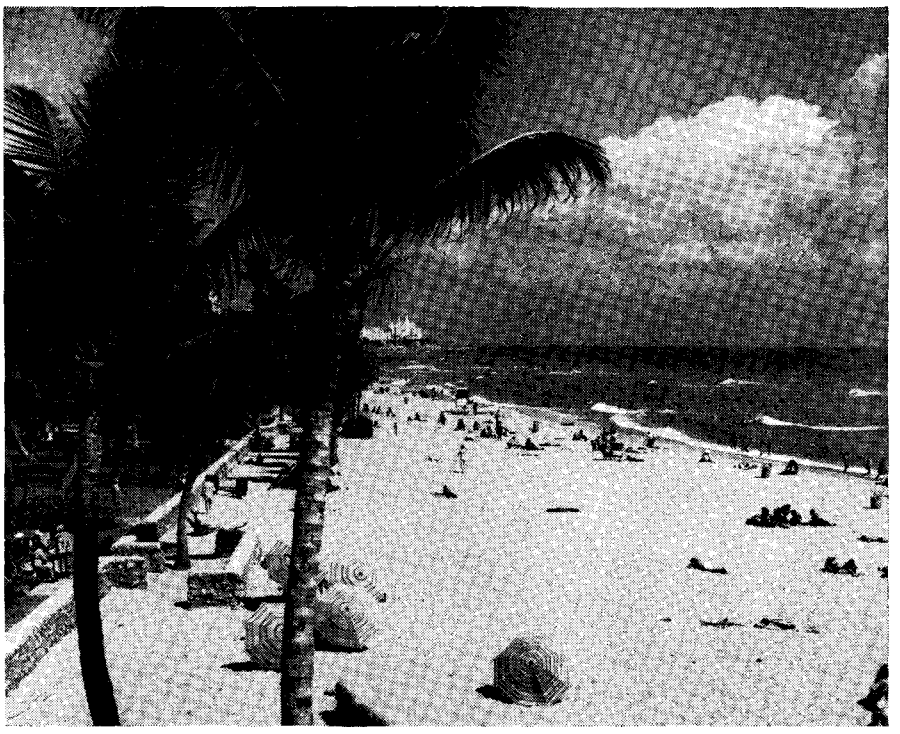
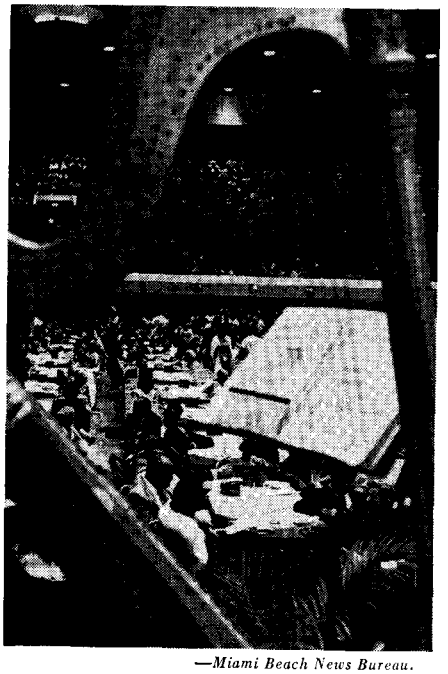
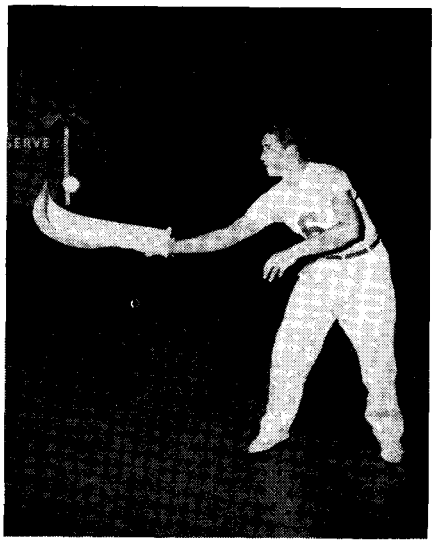


—*Miami Beach News Bureau.*

Miami Beach—"the center of its own hurricane of growth."



—*Miami Beach News Bureau.*



The new Miami—Left, a concert in the municipal auditorium; above, a jai alai player; below, the Atlantic, Miami Beach, Biscayne Bay, and the mainland.

scene by the hotels. There was once a time when Frank Sinatra and Lena Horne, Dean and Tony Martin, Joe E., Ted, and Jerry Lewis appeared at independent night clubs like the Latin Quarter, the Clover Club, the Copacabana—or, if memory goes way back, to Papa Bouche's Villa Venice. They're all gone now, one after the other closed, until most of the big entertainers are sponsored by hotel keepers like Morris Landsburgh or Ben Novak of the Fontainbleau. Novak, incidentally, is the man who got tired of the hoi polloi trafficking through his lobby, which, esthetically speaking, may be the biggest interior decorating disaster since Pompeii, and turned the hotel into a private club. It's about as private as the double H club in New York: Horn & Hardart.

Novak's move symbolizes the dilemma of Miami Beach. They still haven't figured out a way to reconcile the glamour with the senior citizens, who for the most part inhabit the southern part of the Beach, below Lincoln Road. To encourage shopping, a year or two ago the Lincoln Road merchants commissioned architect Morris Lapidus, who designed a goodly number of the Collins Avenue atrocities, to provide a pleasant pedestrian mall from which automobile traffic would be barred. The old folks from South Beach, attracted by the new development, brought their lunches, found places to sit, and gazed at the passing scene like Yeats's golden birds of Byzantium. Egged on by the merchants, the mayor of Miami Beach spearheaded a movement to bar the old people from sitting on their "golden boughs" in the sun. I don't think it passed.

The hotels have taken over the restaurant business, too. Like the night clubs, most of the old restaurants couldn't compete with the economies of the American plan. Before this takeover it was a good idea for tourists coming to Miami Beach to bring their own sandwiches. It's more important than ever. Food is notoriously abundant

—*Rapho Guillumette.*

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and notorious. Somehow they think that a lot of bad food makes up for a little. There are some good places to eat. Maxim's—French, plush, and expensive—is one. Joe's Stone Crabs, way south on Biscayne Street near the dog track, is another. But for quantity, quality, and price, the best food—Jewish cooking, and in portions so abundant that you wake up screaming—is at The Famous, on Seventh Street and Washington Avenue, where it has been since I was a kid. But go late. The line forms at 4:30. Of course the old favorites, largely for snacks and sandwiches, like Wolfie's Junior's, and Pumpernicks, are still going strong.

The hotels are equally important in the role of catalysts in one of Miami Beach's most significant industries: meetings. And since there is a certain fluidity to these statistics, bachelors and spinsters should investigate on their own. In the daytime any pool or beach will do. Just do some underwater swimming, bump into an attractive target, and you're all tied up for the evening. If you can't swim, then hurry at cocktail time to the Boom Boom Room of the Americana or to Harry's American Bar in the Eden Roc. Bachelors should be a little careful since a fair sprinkling of professionals salt the amateur stew. And girls ought to be careful, too, since generally the boys are up to no good.

Miami entrepreneurs have never been more creative than in their gambling procedures. Compared with the old days, of course, the town is shut down tight. When I was a boy you could bask in the reflected glory of a father who was either a victim of a heart condition or a bookmaker. (Seldom both, at least not for long, since the combination was fatal.) Sons of dullards like doctors, lawyers, or hotelmen were *déclassé*. As a consequence of this form of snobbism, it seems to me twenty-five years later as I survey my old school friends that all the sons of bookies have become lawyers and doctors and all the sons of respectable scions are bookies. Of course bookmaking has been cleaned up. When I was young every newspaper stand in Miami Beach was so beseiged with bettors that you couldn't buy a paper. Today you can buy a paper.

Or you can go out with most people to Gulfstream, Hialeah, and Tropical Park racetracks, who have successive meetings all winter long, of which the Hialeah season is easily the most glamorous. It's worth a visit even if you're not a gambling man, since the grounds are stately and charming and the flamingos are pink as new suntans. Never content with resting on laurels, the track backers of Tropical and Gulfstream parks initiated the now famous

(*Continued on page 87*)

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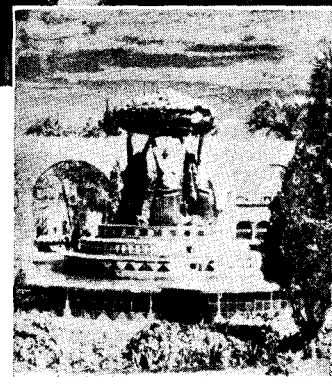
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Abu Simbel: Legacy of a Pharaoh

By TREVOR L. CHRISTIE

FOR 3,000 years and more the massive twin temples of Abu Simbel have been standing beside the banks of the Upper Nile staring out over the vast Nubian wilderness and awaiting an audience. They were carved out of the living rock of a mountain on the orders of the Pharaoh Ramses II as a tribute to his own vanity and the virtues of his Hittite Queen and "Beautiful Companion," Nefertari. His boast was that they would remain "solid and high forever."

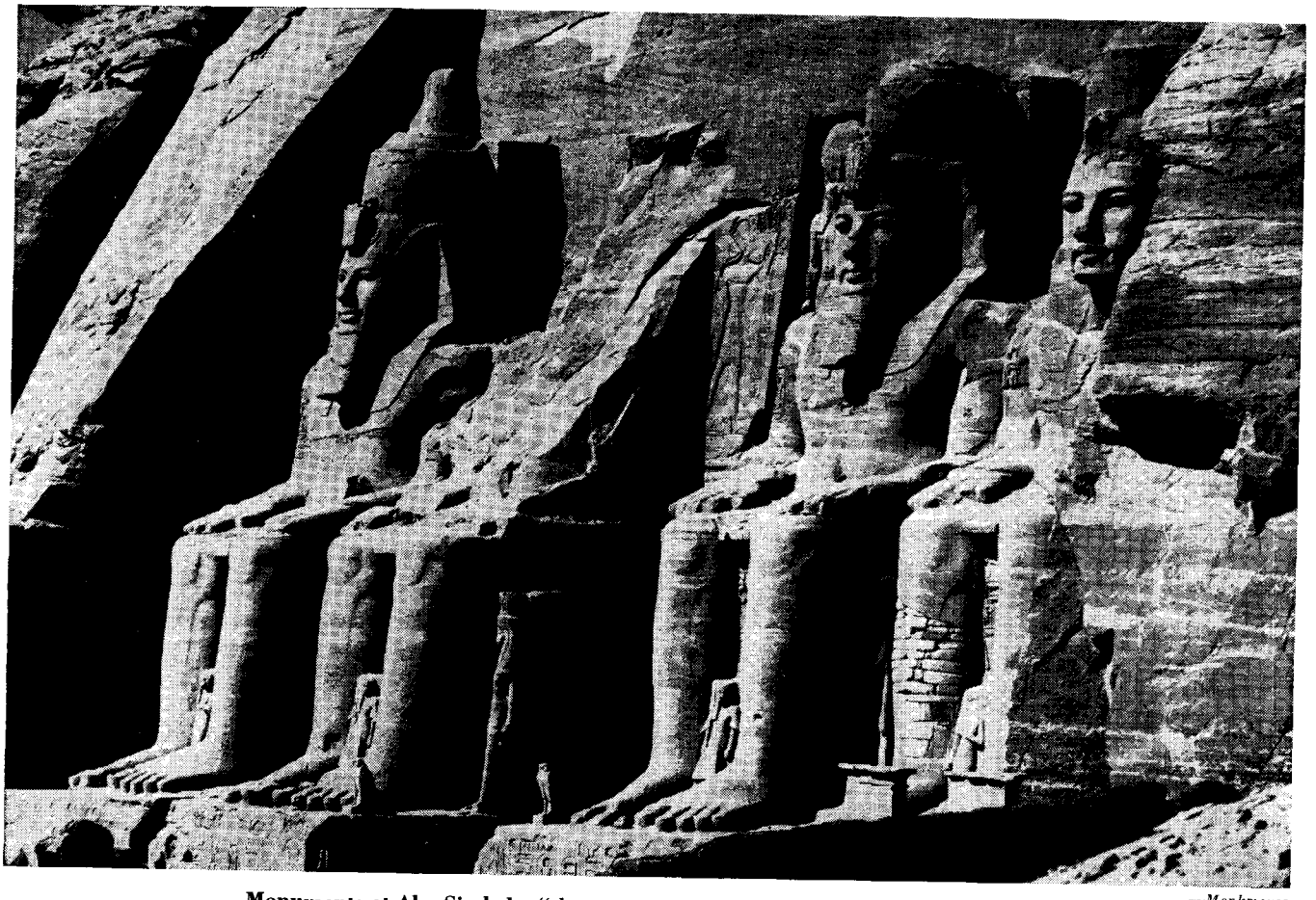
Despite his optimism, however, the monuments lie in the path of the floodwaters of the rising Aswan High Dam (Sadd-el-Aali) as they begin to form a 300-mile lake (Lake Nasser, that is) stretching across Upper Egypt and the Sudan. Now they are about to be snatched from death by drowning as the result of a five-year crusade mounted by UNESCO and supported by forty-seven nations, including the U.S. and the Soviet Union. The salvage operation will assure them the audience they deserve.

Acting on Browning's conviction that faith can move mountains, the United Nations agency is about to witness the triumph of a campaign that more than once came within days of failure since the UAR and the Sudan sent out their first SOS (Save Our Shrines) in 1959. Over the period there have been at least three serious, and several not-so-serious, plans to rescue Abu Simbel: 1) A conservative French plan to build a rock fill dam that would enfold the temples in its embrace at a cost of $82,000,000; 2) a breathtaking $70,000,000 Italian plan to jack up the whole works in a solid block and reestablish it on a cliff above the raging waters; and 3) a modest Swedish plan to cut the monuments into chunks and reassemble them topside like a gigantic jigsaw puzzle. The cost: $36,000,000.

—Hamilton W[illegible]

Engineer marking head of Ramses II, one of the four Colossi guarding the entrance to the Temples of Abu Simbel.

After much deliberation, UNESCO rejected the first two schemes for financial, engineering, or esthetic reasons and approved the third. They passed the hat around the world and came up with more than $17,000,000 plus



Monuments at Abu Simbel—"the greatest outburst of activity since 1290 B.C." —Monkmeyer.

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$12,000,000 in U.S. "counterpart" funds held in Egypt, and decided they could raise the balance later. The latter was grudgingly approved by Congress under prodding by Presidents Kennedy and Johnson.

As a result, Abu Simbel, 750 miles south of Cairo, is the scene these days of the greatest outburst of activity since the Pharaoh's men built the temples in 1290 B.C. (25,000 of them are reputed to have labored for a quarter-century). While the level of the river slowly rises, six European construction firms and several thousand Egyptian workmen are engaged in building an arc-shaped coffer (temporary) dam to block out the water during operations, as well as a river port, a utility road, and housing for personnel.

If work goes according to schedule, the construction crews will start cutting up the temples next January, and the next few months will be the last time they can be seen in their native habitat. Crews will slice the temples into twenty-to-thirty-ton slabs, number them according to a master plan, lift them by cranes to their new home about 600 feet inland from the Nile and 225 feet above the river, and re-erect them exactly as they were. Excavation of the inner chambers will be done without explosives, and as little machinery as possible will be used, in order to prevent damage to the fragile statues. (The task is roughly equivalent to dismantling and re-assembling the Empire State Building, since the weight of the two masses is almost identical—375,000 tons.)

Ramses II may not have been ancient Egypt's greatest ruler or soldier but he surely must have been her most prolific builder. The temples of Abu Simbel may not be the greatest examples of Egyptian art but their dimensions are staggering. The larger one is 110 feet high, 125 feet wide, and 180 feet deep. The entrance is flanked by four seated statues of the Pharaoh sixty-seven feet tall, but one has fallen from its throne and has lain in the dust for centuries. The colossi measure thirteen feet from ear to ear, three and a half feet across the mouth, and three feet along the bridge of the nose. The feet are so large that a man can easily sit on a single toe. (The only comparable sculptures in the U.S. are the busts of our presidents on Mt. Rushmore and the figure of Robert E. Lee on Stone Mountain, Georgia.)

Inside the temple are eight statues of Ramses thirty feet high and, in the "Holy of Holies" sanctuary, four larger-than-life figures of the Sun God Ra Horakhti; of Heliopolis Amon, God of "Hundred-Gated" Thebes; Ptah, God of the Underworld; and who else but the deified Ramses himself. As the sun rises

(*Continued on page 90*)

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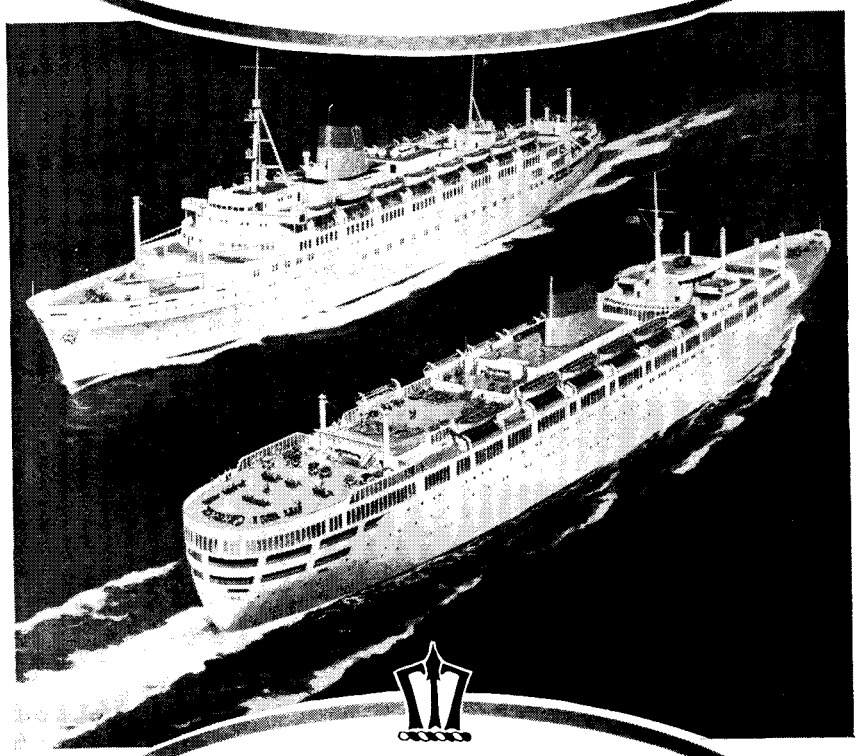

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Gambling

Continued from page 69

hamas or the Caribbean reach the blueprint stage these days without including room for a lush new gambling casino. Delegations of ex-Las Vegas entrepreneurs, their pinkie rings glittering in the tropical sun, regularly crisscross the area via jet, laying before island government officials detailed proposals that spell out just how much taxable revenue a new casino would inject into the island economy. Occasionally, these professional gamblers inject chunks of money immediately into the economy even before the casino is built—by slipping a few large wads of dough, under the table, to those officials who have the final go-or-no-go decision. A lot of numbered Swiss and Bahamaian bank accounts have grown quite healthy in recent years thanks to this casino bribery.

Most island officials look askance at first at the proposed introduction of casinos, until the tourist-building features of gambling are explained. "After all," rationalizes one island bureaucrat, "tiny Las Vegas sitting out there in the hot American desert rakes in three billion dollars a year from 12,000,000 tourists, 80 per cent of whom come from Los Angeles just a few hours away by air. Each year, 17,000,000 Americans come to Florida. If our island could attract just a few of these people with a gambling casino, we would have the local economy propped up with *Yanqui* dollars forever. And besides, the next island in the chain is putting in a new casino; we have to meet the competition." And so the new casino goes up and wheels begin to spin.

Running a successful casino requires skill, and skilled gamblers almost inevitably come from Vegas. Enter a crew of Nevada croupiers, some of whom are running away from losing divorce actions in the States, plus others who, like most expatriates, see a couple of years on the island as an easy way to pile up a bank account. To bolster local employment, most casinos take on island croupiers and supervise them with Vegas pit bosses and casino managers. Jack Bullock, who *honchoes* the Curaçao casino, says, "It takes a new man about three months to learn how to deal blackjack, about six months to handle the wheel, and close to a year before he's creditable on the dice table. But I don't consider anyone really professional until he has been doing the job for at least three years."

The Vegas pit bosses can usually be found perched in pulpitlike observation posts overlooking the crap tables, hanging over the action and watching for a croupier who might be tempted to slip a loose chip into his pocket or a crooked gambler trying to switch to loaded dice. Not long ago this Big Brotherism so infuriated one imported European croupier at a Caribbean casino that he reached up and punched the pit boss in the nose, thereby earning himself a pink slip and a one-way ticket home.

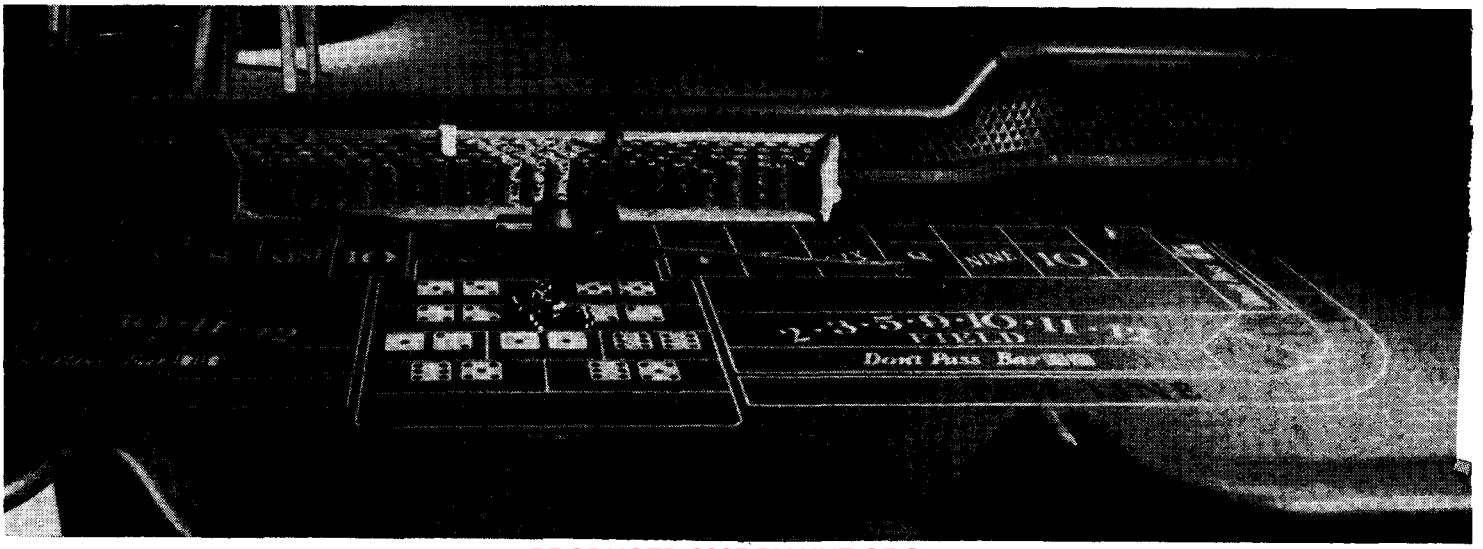
To soothe local rumblings from the island's do-gooders that the new casino will import evil, many local governments forbid residents from visiting the gambling hall. A local cop on the door keeps out all but the dollar-laden tourists. In Curaçao, natives are rationed to one visit a week. The Bahamas government prohibits all residents from the tables. But, as Prohibition proved in the U.S., nothing is quite so desirous as that which is forbidden, and a number of the more socially prominent natives can usually be found wandering about the island casinos, wearing their dark glasses indoors, making passes at the unaccompanied lady tourists, and trying to look like Prince Rainier on holiday.

Virtually all the new island casinos are plush and polished—"carpet joints," to use the Vegas vernacular. True to Vegas tradition, they have no windows so that the gamblers won't be attracted away from the tables to the sun, sand, and surf outside. No casinos have clocks—again, distraction away from the cash-and-carry business at hand. Most are open seven days a week, from early afternoon to the wee small hours. Many casinos serve spenders free drinks, a policy that seems to pay off as the big winners begin to get reckless later in the night. In Vegas fashion, the tables are impeccably honest. The house has a handsome 17 per cent or more edge over players on the slots, 5 to 7 per cent on roulette, 6 per cent on blackjack, and 1.41 per cent on craps. It all adds up to a nice, neat, honest bundle at the end of the year.

This gambling in the Caribbean is primarily a postwar phenomenon. In the first few riotous years after V-J Day, sizable numbers of Americans relaxed furiously in Miami, and the southern city turned into a wide-open gambling mecca. "Those were the days," recalls a Miami newspaperman, "when the black marketeers were trying to enjoy all the loot they had accumulated. They would take 90 cents on every dollar just as long as they didn't have to sign their names to a receipt." In these bad old days, the S&G Syndicate was in power and the Colonial Club, the 86 Club, and Green Acres operated wide open in Miami Beach, paying off Dade County cops with one hand and raking in table stakes with the other. Came Senator Kefauver and his TV cameras, however, and suddenly the bootleg Miami casinos were shuttered tight.

The gambling set then moved over to Havana to tap the U.S. market from just ninety miles away, turning Cuba into the world's largest offshore gambling ship. Things went swimmingly there until 1960 when Fidel booted Batista out and turned the casinos into nursery schools and old folks' homes. Packing up their chips once again, the gamblers moved on, with the present result that they're now operating more than two dozen casinos under four different flags on eight islands in the sun.

This winter, more than a few of the Caribbean casinos are contemplating



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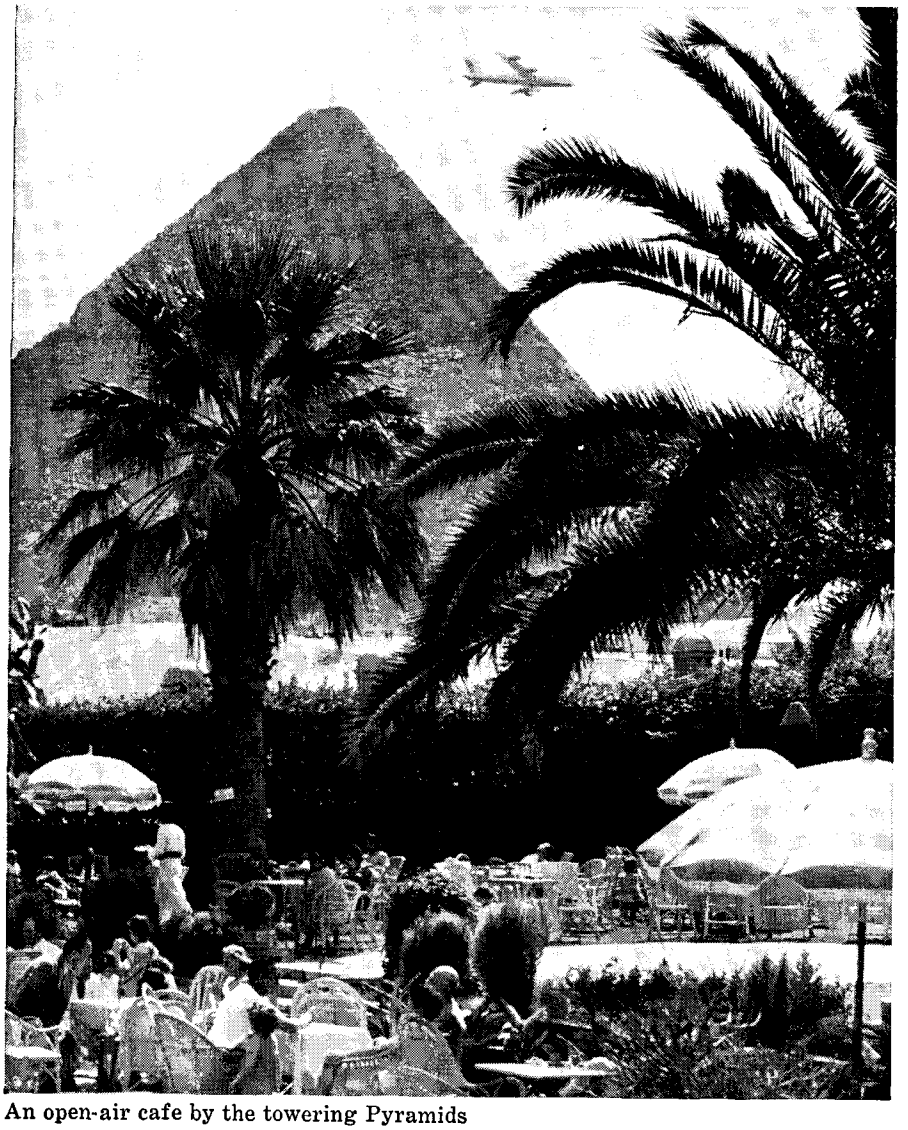
the inauguration of high roller junkets similar to those now being run to Las Vegas. The casino operators underwrite the cost of the free chartered airplane and put up the high rollers—men who have the reputation of betting $50,000 or more a night—on the cuff at the hotel for a three-day long weekend. These guests, in turn, are expected to wager at least $500 on the tables—and since all have a reputation for betting much much more, the house is reasonably sure to make back its investment, and then some. Guests for these charters are carefully selected on the basis of a very confidential list of 7,000 names and addresses of frequent and furious bettors. Casino operators in Vegas and elsewhere cooperate in keeping this list up to date and accurate. New big spenders are noted down as they pop up at the tables. Bad credit risks are quickly stricken. When a charter flight is scheduled from, say New York City, touts fan out to the haunts of these known gamblers to remark casually, "We've got a flight going south this week; why don't you come down as our guest?" If the gambler has a girl friend he wants to bring, she's usually sent down via a commercial flight. The casinos prefer to keep their charters completely stag since the presence of popsies aboard might raise the blood pressure of some of the gamblers' wives. The one disadvantage of these flights, as far as average tourists are concerned, is that the casinos often raise the table stakes when the big spenders are around, driving the $2 bettor to cover.

This is perhaps least true in Puerto Rico, where the Commonwealth government runs all gambling with a pretty tight hand. No liquor is served at the tables, for instance. The croupiers are all islanders, some of them girls. All are graduates of a government-run school for croupiers. House maximums are fixed: $10 at roulette, $50 at blackjack, $100 at craps. Inspectors are on the premises at all times to keep watch on both the equipment and personnel.

The only threat to an increasingly profitable future for all these island casinos in the sun rests almost completely in the hands of Florida's governing officials. If Dade County were ever to legalize casinos, the Caribbean gambling bubble could burst. However, Florida's legislators seem content to limit wagering in the Sunshine State to the horse and dog tracks, the Bingo parlors and *jai alai*, even though the Miami Beach hoteliers scream for legalized gambling every time they suffer a bad season and wail about unfair competition whenever a new Caribbean casino opens up.

And so the color motif for the Caribbean continues to be green—green seas, green palms, and lots of green felt covered by greenbacks.



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Traveler's Tales

The Green Horizons. *By Gilbert Phelps. Simon & Schuster.* 255 *pp.* $5. "This does not pretend to be a comprehensive book. . . . It attempts to give a picture . . . of modern Brazil in its historical, political, economic and human aspects." Thus the author prefaces this engrossing, vivid portrayal of the massive panorama that is Brazil. Everything about Brazil is immense—its land mass (greater than the U.S.), its rivers (2,000 miles inland the Amazon can accommodate oceangoing vessels), its economic problems (people living in conditions "which would be appalling for animals"). From Phelps's arrival by ship at Belém, to his air departure from Río, we are treated to countless vignettes as he searches out the people—in the ramshackle huts of the Amazon basin, on the pampas, in the *favelas* of Río. The author calls his book "record of one man's responses to people and places"; we might add that they are empathic responses, and they help create an exciting tale.

A Small Mexican World. *By William Spratling. Little, Brown.* 198 *pp.* $4.50. From a trip through the river towns of the Río Balsas by boat and by burro, to the story of Lola, the girl who "came to work for me," we share the author's fascination with "life in the provinces, the heart of Mexico." First published some thirty years ago under the title *Little Mexico,* it is an absorbing, poetic, often amusing classic, its pages rich with marvelous life drawings by the author. Mr. Spratling, a long-time Taxco resident, writes: "To witness a fiesta for the first time—a real one, where the people have come from all the little villages of the mountains above and from the hot distant plains of Tierra Caliente below—is to see Mexico." To read this book is another way.

Fiji: Islands of the Dawn. *By Leonard Wibberley. Ives Washburn.* 184 *pp.* $4.50. High adventure in the Fijis: a near shipwreck on a coral reef; a dive off the Great Astrolabe Reef into shark-infested waters ("as thick as horseflies in a stable"); a sacred fire-walking ceremony, practiced by the people of Mbenga. We are also offered a healthy portion of Fiji's history—the theory of how the islands came to be inhabited, the horrible practices of cannibalism and strangulation, the coming of the white man and Christianity. The many legends of the islands are there, too, engagingly told. Some photographs.

"Fifty-one per cent resented being disturbed by a poll taker."

Bob Krauss' Travel Guide to the Hawaiian Islands. *Coward-McCann.* 445 *pp.* $4.95. This updated, compact, but comprehensive guide to the six major islands of the fiftieth state provides listings galore for the *malihini* (newcomer): hotels and restaurants in three price categories; Hawaiian words in everyday usage and menu terms in Hawaiian and Japanese; the better Honolulu shops and night spots, including *luaus;* beaches; festivals; cultural and sports activities; and "those sightseeing spots you can't just see any old time." But listings alone do not a guidebook make. This one goes on to detail, in chatty style, the author's favorite spots on each island, divided into one-day, do-it-yourself driving and walking excursions, liberally sprinkled with tidbits of history that evoke the romance of the islands. The 1965-66 edition comes out the end of this month.

City Portraits. *By Mimi Sheraton. Harper & Row.* 601 *pp.* $6. This guide to sixty of the world's great cities is a commendable job. The mood of each is properly set—with the help of historical notes, perceptions into the character of its citizens, and occasional literary quotes; and the must-see sights of city and environs are deftly introduced. Each chapter closes with a section "for the traveler's notebook," which supplies practical intelligence on currency, climate, and the better-known places to stay, eat, shop, and spend an evening. Europe gets most of the spotlight with thirty-seven cities represented; that leaves twenty-three for the other five continents. Our own preference would have run to such entries as Bombay and Baghdad rather than Gothenburg and Salzburg; and Mexico City is the lone representative for North America.

Mexico on $5 a Day. *1964-65 Edition. By John Wilcock. Arthur Frommer. Paperback.* 347 *pp.* $1.95. "The $5 referred to in the title . . . covers just the price of your hotel room and three meals. . . . On that $5 budget," we are promised, "you can go all over Mexico comfortably and pleasantly." The book deals with the choice of routes to Mexico City, how to enjoy the city once you reach it, and various trips that may be made from the capital. Also included are handy maps of the larger towns, a short course in Spanish menu terms, basic phrases and numbers, and an index of towns and cities. Best of all are the lists of "good, clean budget hotels." A witty *Village Voice* columnist, Mr. Wilcock offers a welcome change from the pedestrian writing to be found in most paperback guides.

The Caribbean on $5 and $10 a Day. *By Elliot Kanbar. Arthur From-*

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mer. Paperback. 272 *pp.* $1.95. The title is a bit misleading because the book actually deals "in depth" with only seven major islands or cities of the Caribbean, and offers "fast pointers and hints" on the budget attractions of fifteen other islands. For the fortunate seven, however, the principal non-princely pleasures are thoroughly discussed. Unfortunately, the 1964-65 revisions are lumped together in a thirty-two-page supplement at the rear, making for much thumbing back and forth. For reasons best known to author and publisher, this guide to the Caribbean also explores such non-Caribbean resorts as Bermuda, Nassau, and Miami Beach.

Fabulous Mexico—Where Everything Costs Less. *By Norman D. Ford. Harian Publications. Paperback.* 143 *pp.* $1.50. "The purpose of this book is . . . to bring you up to date on Mexico . . . its customs, traditions and peoples. Then in terms of climate, costs and conditions, this book covers the entire field of sports and vacationing in Mexico and of investing and retiring throughout the republic." And it does just that. Meant as a companion guide to . . .

Mexico and Guatemala by Car. *By Norman D. Ford. Harian Publications. Paperback.* 159 *pp.* $1.50. Lists budget places to stay and eat, and suggests itineraries to follow in your own car or public transportation. Gives such safety hints as: "'Ware slow moving carrion birds on all highways . . . children at play, a washout, a stalled truck. . . ."

India: A Personal Guide. *By William Davenport. Doubleday.* 408 *pp.* $5.95. The essence of India—peopled by half a billion individuals, each with his own "refreshing independence of attitude"—is here captured through conversations recalled and experiences relived. Vivid impressions leap from every page of this "wonderful journey"; *e.g.*, in Bombay: "Bundles of rags lie on the sidewalks invested by the wanton gods with the breath of life"; in Benares: "All that is splendid, all that is squalid in the pageant of India takes place on this stage and in the labyrinth of lanes which feed it from above, the teeming backstage corridors of the ghats." An appendix provides practicalities on shopping, hotels, dining, and sightseeing. Some forty photographs are incorporated in this journal, to be published at the beginning of next month.

—Barbara Coletti.

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Islands

Continued from page 75

which should be tall, flat, while Basse-Terre shoots up to the top of La Soufrière, a dormant, not extinct volcano, at 4,812 feet. Along the south shore of both Terres are the islands of Marie-Galante, La Désirade, Petite Terre, and Les Saintes. In other words, a veritable field day awaits exploring types.

Somewhat larger than Martinique (687 square miles *vs.* 385), Guadeloupe also offers more far-flung places to visit. For night life we chose Gosier, just east of Pointe-à-Pitre. Here are a half-dozen little night spots, each with a band, with the favorite probably La Tortue.

To go to Gosier, it was necessary to pass through Pointe-à-Pitre, the island's commercial capital. It was night, and we preferred the nocturnal passage, as this city apparently refuses to use paint. Buildings show bare boards at every turn, and there is a pervasive and depressing pallor. But one day we did browse among the shops. Again there were appealingly priced "brand" perfumes, and there were little boutiques and such toteable potables as fine brandies, champagnes, and extra-special rums. We lunched at the Grand Hotel, and though its decor is no longer grand (if indeed it ever was), the meal was excellent.

This day, returning to the Fort Royal, we took the road that skirts southern Basse-Terre. All along the heights we looked at Marie-Galante and The Saints across a glittering sea. At one stretch, the road, for over half a mile, became an elegant avenue of royal palms. At other times great jungly areas edged the road, and streams gurgled and flashed down mountainsides where the ubiquitous *blanchiseuses* (washerwomen) pounded, scrubbed, and chattered away.

The day we "did" Grande-Terre, we picnicked and swam at a lovely beach at St. François. Throughout this flat island there were great, lonely windmill towers silhouetted against the sky. Once used to crush cane, they now stand abandoned, unwanted in the Machine Age. As we reached Le Moule a pale evening light suffused the town and we could easily imagine it as it must have been when it was *the* port during the Age of Sail. Some Williamsburg-like hand should go to work here among the fast-failing classic buildings.

Another day we wandered around the city of Basse-Terre (Guadeloupe's capital, located on the island of Basse-Terre), with its narrow, often steep streets, its wrought-iron balconied buildings, its gay markets. And then we went up, up the side of La Soufrière, through a veritable rain forest, to the end of the road, and then walked for half an hour to the volcano's crater. The sight of the crater, gently bubbling and steaming, with sulphur crystals forming literally under our feet, was eerie.

The thought of visiting The Saints became irresistible, so one day we set off in a crowded native launch. At Bourg des Saintes little red-roofed houses climbed gentle slopes, in the harbor small boys swam for hours behind toy sailboats, and men (most of the inhabitants are descendants of Breton fishermen) walked about in shallow, bowl-like hats – *de rigueur* here, but, surprisingly, the design is known to come from far-off Vietnam. We wandered inland to a little cemetery where many of the graves were outlined in bright pink conch shells, and lunched high on a cliff at Hotel du Fort Josephine.

Another day we flew by Air Antilles to Marie-Galante. A drive around the island was a series of delightful beach and village scenes, peace was written on every sugar-cane-coated plain, and we saw the *only* still-working sugar windmill we've ever seen, all be-sailed, churning away in the Trades. There were lovely, hazy views of The Saints and the towering Soufrière, and at each settlement a huge wooden crucifix at a crossroad or on a hill. Headed back toward Pointe-à-Pitre, there were startling, cavernous views of sea-eroded cliffs on Marie-Galante's wild Atlantic coast.

In time we discovered that on Sundays all Guadeloupeans and Martiniquans, at least in the country, dress for church and that one of the great sights of the islands is the "grannies," their bearing always dignified, aristocratic, wearing the old-fashioned draped overskirts, bright kerchiefs, big gold necklaces, and *mah-dwas* turbans. Something about the traditional dress, about the dances, which combine the African with court dances of Old France, about the crumbling fortresses, the abandoned windmill towers, make the past very much present on these islands, lending a beguiling, other-world charm.

Proverbs for Wanderers: "Leave thy home, O youth, and seek out alien shores" (Petronius) . . . "If a goose flies across the sea, there comes back a quack-quack" . . . "Travel makes a wise man better, but a fool worse" . . . "It is not worth while to go round the world to count the cats in Zanzibar" (Thoreau.)

—Henle (Monkmeyer).

—Henle (Monkmeyer).

Like France with palms—Left, native produce on a wharf; right, fishermen's hats from the islands off Guadeloupe.

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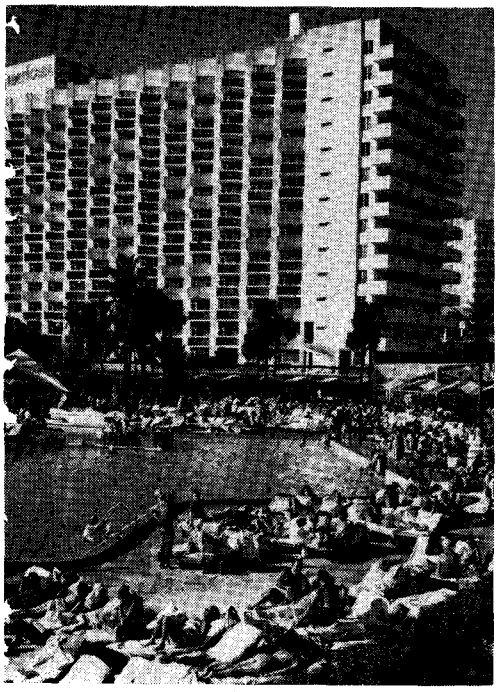
Miami

Continued from page 79

"twin double," cousin to the Mexican hat trick. Now you can gamble that you will pick the winners of four races, and if you do, the Internal Revenue Bureau hounds you relentlessly until the day of your death.

At night the same kind of screwy action goes on at the dog tracks and, where it's worth it, at the Miami jai alai *frontón* which everyone going to Miami or Miami Beach ought to attend at least



—*Lynn Pelham (Rapho Guillumette).*

Hotel on Miami Beach—"a more real quality."

once. If a car is lacking, Wylly's Tours in the Hotel Seville (he's my wife's uncle) runs buses round trip nightly as well as to the track during the day. Jai alai is the fastest and the most dangerous game in the world, invented by and played almost exclusively by Basques of Spain. It is played better in Miami than anywhere else, since, thanks to the pari-mutuel betting, the players can be highly paid. They wear long baskets like curved swords tied to their wrists, and by a technique as unfathomable as their agglutinized language they not only catch a ball larger, livelier, and harder than a golf ball in that curved basket but also manage to whip it at a speed of 180 miles an hour, on a court some sixty yards long, against granite walls and chase it and catch it again. Each time is like a miracle. The men play round robin games as if it were handball and the spectators bet on them as if they were horses. But year in and year out it's Miami's and Miami Beach's best value, since even if the bet is lost, you've had your money's worth.

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IMPERIAL HOTEL TOKYO

T. Inumaru, President and General Manager

South America

Continued from page 54 . . . .

negotiation, three in Canada, three in Mexico, two in Holland, and one each in eighteen other countries. Six more in five other countries are under construction. But there is only one Hilton hotel in all of South America!

Why is South American tourism so small, not merely in comparison with other continents, but in comparison with any one of a number of countries in Europe and Asia or even single cities like Paris, Tokyo, or San Juan? Greater distance, higher travel cost, inflated prices is the typical layman's answer—and it is demonstrably wrong. Of the four major destination areas shown in the chart, the most rapidly expanding is "Other Countries" (mainly the Pacific and Far East) and this area is much the most distant from the United States, and its individual countries are much the most widely separated.

As for inflation, it usually works for, not against, the dollar tourist. Hotel prices, even in "hard-money" Caracas, are lower than in most European capitals and about the same as in Tokyo, the leading tourist magnet of the Far East. During 1963 the U.S. traveler had a higher average expenditure in Europe and the Mediterranean ($667) and in the Pacific and Far East ($806) than he had in South America ($577). In the West Indies and parts of Central America the U.S. traveler is on vacation for a week or two and spends much less ($285) but in a much shorter time. These average expenditure figures do not distinguish between differences in price levels and differences in length of stay. But they do show that U.S. travelers to other parts of the world could afford a trip to South America—if they wanted to go.

The central fact must be faced squarely: comparatively few North Americans are deeply interested in South American travel. Of the many attractions of other areas, some are obvious. Nearly a third of U.S. travelers to Europe during 1963 were born there and are presumably visiting birthplace and family. Other Americans of foreign parentage are similarly motivated, while still others are more generally interested in their European cultural heritage. Student tours are a major element in European tourism.

A most comprehensive report on "The Future of Tourism in the Pacific and Far East," prepared by Checchi and Company for the U.S. Department of Commerce and the Pacific Area Travel Association, includes an attitude survey of the North American market. This survey shows that 36 per cent of those who have visited the Pacific and Far East went for business reasons, 29 per cent because of an interest inspired by previous war service, and another 14 per cent because of specific personal needs or interests. The others were motivated by more general cultural interests, including the desire for a wider and richer travel experience.

Caribbean travel is mostly recreational. Even in Puerto Rico, with its multiplicity of business and family connections with the United States and with its historical claim to being "civilized 100 years before the Pilgrims landed," 69 per cent of the hotel visitors in 1963 came for recreation and another 8 per cent for a combination of recreation and business. Average length of stay was less than a week.

This is perhaps quite enough to explain the present lack of North American interest in South American travel—few family ties, no war memories, fewer business connections, and no tropical beaches remotely within range of a jet round trip costing less than $125. But this is no justification whatsoever for a do-nothing attitude toward the development of South American tourism. Sleeping Beauty could not wake by herself, you remember. A Prince Charming had to awaken her.

But first Prince Charming himself must wake up—and there are signs that he is beginning to do so, especially along the North Coast. Venezuela has turned over the management of the Macuto Hotel, an elegant white elephant in its government-owned chain, to Sheraton, which also operates tourist hotels in Puerto Rico, Jamaica, and the Bahamas. The Surinam government, in joint venture with local businessmen, has built a small hotel of quiet beauty and charm for lease to Executive House, which also operates three hotels in Puerto Rico and another in Aruba. These ties with a flourishing Caribbean tourism can be developed into steppingstones to the south. In Colombia, Avianca has pioneered nonstop flights from New York to Bogotá and on through Quito and Lima to Buenos Aires. This $630 round trip from New York to distant Buenos Aires begins to make the transportation cost of South American travel competitive with the cost of regular flights to Europe.

These and a small multitude of similar efforts will have an effect, but I believe they miss the main point—general lack of interest. What is needed is a common plan and a concerted effort by all the governments, all the carriers, all the hotels—by everyone who has the vision to see what tourism can bring to the continent and to the hemisphere.

Four years ago, Arthur D. Little, Inc., completed a major report, "A Program for the Industrial and Regional Development of Peru," in which tourism, included as an afterthought, was described

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as "one of the great undeveloped opportunities" of the country. The report urged the establishment of a department of tourism in the Development Corporation it was proposing and went on to say that Peru should "indicate its willingness to cooperate with other South American countries in financing a continuous, joint campaign to attract more North American tourists to South America." The key words are "continuous" and "joint." A follow-up effort was made to obtain many-sided financial support for a comprehensive regional study of tourism markets, promotion targets, techniques, and new facility and service requirements, much like the report then being prepared by Checchi and Company for the Pacific. Two governments, Ecuador and Colombia, expressed interest. One airline, Panagra, would participate if more government support could be obtained. But such support was not to be found.

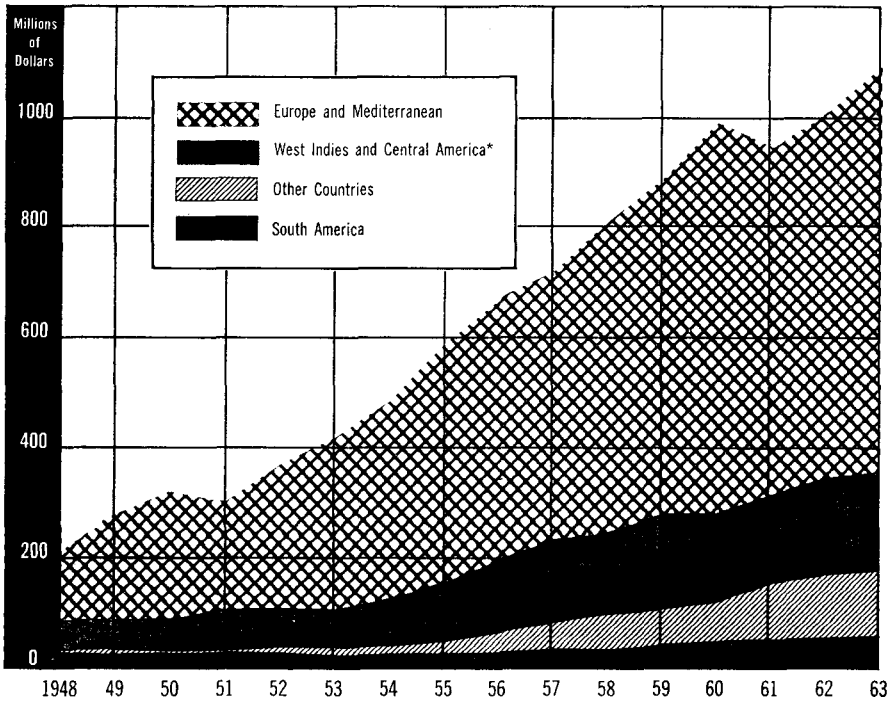
Perhaps this effort was premature. The newly established South American Travel Organization held its inaugural meeting only last year. Airlines were its principal sponsors. Unfortunately, government support is still limited. Nor does it have the high ministerial level of government participation that is enjoyed by its sister organization in the Pacific. But SATO could be the beginning of the strong central development agency needed for the creation of a vital South American travel industry.

Modern tourism has many components—public relations, advertising, travel agencies, carriers, hotels, tours, information, entertainment, shopping, and many other integral and ancillary services. The development of tourism has already become a profession and there are university-level tourism schools in Mexico and Spain. But tourism is much more than the sum of these components. I am not referring to the multiplier or turnover effect of the tourist dollar on an economy, nor to the special importance of these or any other dollars to countries short of foreign exchange. Both of these side effects of the income generated by the travel industry are approximately measurable and they are rather well understood. What is not generally appreciated is the catalytic effect of tourism in modernizing and humanizing an economy and a society.

Its modernizing effect is the more obvious of the two. Modern hotel facilities become available for local meetings and conventions; higher load factors increase jet service and reduce plane fares for domestic travelers as well as for foreigners; the demands of foreigners for good service performed without a show of servility make for both work discipline and pride in the job; shortage of qualified executive and technical personnel increases the prestige of work and the demand for higher education; advanced techniques of finance, accounting, promotion, personnel relations, and the like—introduced by a modern element in the business community—soon become emulated.

What I am calling the humanizing effect of tourism is, I believe, its most important value for South American countries and their people. I will try to illustrate what I mean by an account of Puerto Rico's early relations with its newly selected advertising agency,

EXPENDITURES OVERSEAS BY U.S. TRAVELERS



Source: U.S. Department of Commerce, Office of Business Economics
*Does not include expenditures in Puerto Rico and U.S. Virgin Islands

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Ogilvy, Benson and Mather. David Ogilvy has written freely enough of himself in *Confessions of an Advertising Man* to give license to others. At a time when extreme Puerto Rican nationalists had recently attempted to assassinate the President of the United States and their own Governor and were soon to demonstrate better marksmanship in shooting up the Congress of the United States and wounding five of its members; and when Puerto Ricans were migrating to the United States at a rate of over 50,000 a year and, in some cases, getting very bad publicity; and when, in the face of all this, Puerto Rico was trying its utmost to attract U.S. investment into its program of economic development – we turned to our sage counselor in public relations, Morton Sontheimer. His advice was to find out what the U.S. public was really thinking about Puerto Rico. Dave Ogilvy's firm did the survey and the result was so devastating to our pride and self-respect that his report has never been made public. Only then did Dave pay his first visit to his new Puerto Rican client. From his first sight of Puerto Rico to the day of his departure, every view of a beautiful countryside and meeting with a friendly people was in negation of the reflected image he had reported to us. "The best thing I can do for you," he said, "is to try to persuade others to come see for themselves."

Real understanding of a country or a people one has never seen is virtually impossible. And yet today's shrinking world is increasingly dependent on the proliferation of just such understanding. "International assistance" and "regional cooperation" have come to sound like slogans, but they are real and critical needs. "Hemisphere solidarity" is also an empty phrase until there is first the South American integration needed to make it meaningful. The common market approach, so successful in Europe and so promising in Central America, is scarcely able to be broached in South America, where both geography and history have conspired against internal commercial interchange.

But tourism has no such history of competitive hostility. Its growth in one country is demonstrably a stimulant to expansion in neighboring countries. Moreover, just as Europe's Coal and Steel Community evolved into the European Economic Community, a South American travel community could look to more than a mere awakening of this one element in the life of the continent. Meanwhile, giving a new and undistorted image to North American travelers helps create an atmosphere of understanding within which there will be time for the people of South America to realize some of the great opportunities their continent affords.

Abu Simbel

Continued from page 81

over the Nile it bathes the temples in a golden radiance and so perfectly is the latter lined up with the former that twice each year, once during spring and once during autumn, the sun's rays penetrate to the innermost recesses of the sanctuary, shining on all the Gods but Ptah, who sits in eternal darkness.

When the God-King's engineers got around to the smaller temple of Nefertari, about 100 yards away, they were not so energetic with their tools. But the results are still impressive. This one is forty feet high, ninety feet wide, and seventy feet deep and is faced with six alternating statues of the King and Queen, thirty-three feet tall, Him outnumbering Her two to one. It is dedicated to Hathor, goddess of love, and celebrates the coronation of Nefertari, the eldest daughter of the king of the Hittites. The latter presented her to Ramses as a peace offering after losing the crucial battle of Kadesh; she became his favorite among 100-odd wives.

Neither Herodotus the historian nor Strabo the geographer mentions Abu Simbel, nor was it listed in any of the ancient selections of the Seven Wonders of the World. The reason is that the great temple was buried for a thousand years under fifty feet of yellow sand. It was rediscovered in 1812 by an extraordinary Swiss explorer named Johann L. Burckhardt, who had been sent to Africa by a British society to seek the source of the River Niger. In the space of five years this frail, ascetic scholar learned Arabic and steeped himself in the Koran at Cambridge, roamed all over the Levant palming himself off as a Moslem trader, lived in Mecca for three months in constant peril of his life as an infidel, and died of assorted illnesses at thirty-three. He is buried in a Cairo cemetery under a tombstone inscribed "Sheikh Ibrahim," never having found the Niger.

American visitors to Abu Simbel and others are assured of riverside seats to observe the progress of the rescue work —as long as they don't get in the way of the winches—in preparation for the most stupendous "moving day" in history several years hence. This is expected to bring out the most select group of "sidewalk superintendents," light meters, and calipers at the ready, since the erection of the Waldorf Astoria in the Thirties. If they go this winter they can count on superb weather, for the temperature ranges in the high seventies and low eighties, the sun shines every day, with never a drop of rain.

As they say in steamboat circles, getting to Abu Simbel is half the fasci-

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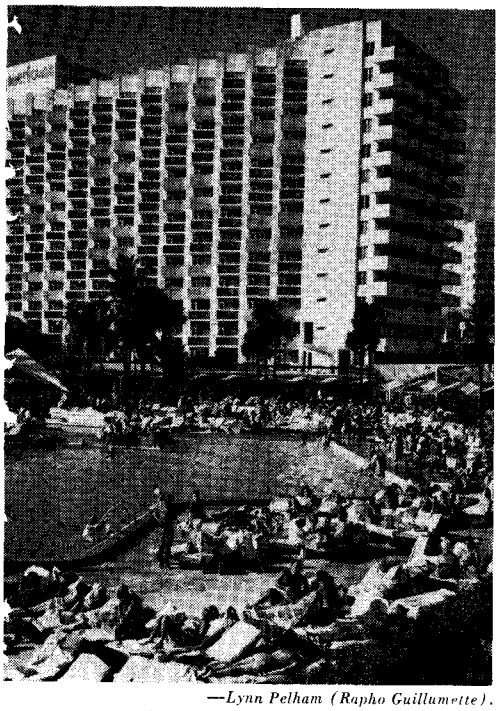
Miami

Continued from page 79

"twin double," cousin to the Mexican hat trick. Now you can gamble that you will pick the winners of four races, and if you do, the Internal Revenue Bureau hounds you relentlessly until the day of your death.

At night the same kind of screwy action goes on at the dog tracks and, where it's worth it, at the Miami jai alai *frontón* which everyone going to Miami or Miami Beach ought to attend at least



—*Lynn Pelham (Rapho Guillumette).*

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once. If a car is lacking, Wylly's Tours in the Hotel Seville (he's my wife's uncle) runs buses round trip nightly as well as to the track during the day. Jai alai is the fastest and the most dangerous game in the world, invented by and played almost exclusively by Basques of Spain. It is played better in Miami than anywhere else, since, thanks to the pari-mutuel betting, the players can be highly paid. They wear long baskets like curved swords tied to their wrists, and by a technique as unfathomable as their agglutinized language they not only catch a ball larger, livelier, and harder than a golf ball in that curved basket but also manage to whip it at a speed of 180 miles an hour, on a court some sixty yards long, against granite walls and chase it and catch it again. Each time is like a miracle. The men play round robin games as if it were handball and the spectators bet on them as if they were horses. But year in and year out it's Miami's and Miami Beach's best value, since even if the bet is lost, you've had your money's worth.

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T. Inumaru, President and General Manager

South America

Continued from page 54 . . .

negotiation, three in Canada, three in Mexico, two in Holland, and one each in eighteen other countries. Six more in five other countries are under construction. But there is only one Hilton hotel in all of South America!

Why is South American tourism so small, not merely in comparison with other continents, but in comparison with any one of a number of countries in Europe and Asia or even single cities like Paris, Tokyo, or San Juan? Greater distance, higher travel cost, inflated prices is the typical layman's answer—and it is demonstrably wrong. Of the four major destination areas shown in the chart, the most rapidly expanding is "Other Countries" (mainly the Pacific and Far East) and this area is much the most distant from the United States, and its individual countries are much the most widely separated.

As for inflation, it usually works for, not against, the dollar tourist. Hotel prices, even in "hard-money" Caracas, are lower than in most European capitals and about the same as in Tokyo, the leading tourist magnet of the Far East. During 1963 the U.S. traveler had a higher average expenditure in Europe and the Mediterranean ($667) and in the Pacific and Far East ($806) than he had in South America ($577). In the West Indies and parts of Central America the U.S. traveler is on vacation for a week or two and spends much less ($285) but in a much shorter time. These average expenditure figures do not distinguish between differences in price levels and differences in length of stay. But they do show that U.S. travelers to other parts of the world could afford a trip to South America—if they wanted to go.

The central fact must be faced squarely: comparatively few North Americans are deeply interested in South American travel. Of the many attractions of other areas, some are obvious. Nearly a third of U.S. travelers to Europe during 1963 were born there and are presumably visiting birthplace and family. Other Americans of foreign parentage are similarly motivated, while still others are more generally interested in their European cultural heritage. Student tours are a major element in European tourism.

A most comprehensive report on "The Future of Tourism in the Pacific and Far East," prepared by Checchi and Company for the U.S. Department of Commerce and the Pacific Area Travel Association, includes an attitude survey of the North American market. This survey shows that 36 per cent of those who have visited the Pacific and Far East went for business reasons, 29 per cent because of an interest inspired by previous war service, and another 14 per cent because of specific personal needs or interests. The others were motivated by more general cultural interests, including the desire for a wider and richer travel experience.

Caribbean travel is mostly recreational. Even in Puerto Rico, with its multiplicity of business and family connections with the United States and with its historical claim to being "civilized 100 years before the Pilgrims landed," 69 per cent of the hotel visitors in 1963 came for recreation and another 8 per cent for a combination of recreation and business. Average length of stay was less than a week.

This is perhaps quite enough to explain the present lack of North American interest in South American travel—few family ties, no war memories, fewer business connections, and no tropical beaches remotely within range of a jet round trip costing less than $125. But this is no justification whatsoever for a do-nothing attitude toward the development of South American tourism. Sleeping Beauty could not wake by herself, you remember. A Prince Charming had to awaken her.

But first Prince Charming himself must wake up—and there are signs that he is beginning to do so, especially along the North Coast. Venezuela has turned over the management of the Macuto Hotel, an elegant white elephant in its government-owned chain, to Sheraton, which also operates tourist hotels in Puerto Rico, Jamaica, and the Bahamas. The Surinam government, in joint venture with local businessmen, has built a small hotel of quiet beauty and charm for lease to Executive House, which also operates three hotels in Puerto Rico and another in Aruba. These ties with a flourishing Caribbean tourism can be developed into steppingstones to the south. In Colombia, Avianca has pioneered nonstop flights from New York to Bogotá and on through Quito and Lima to Buenos Aires. This $630 round trip from New York to distant Buenos Aires begins to make the transportation cost of South American travel competitive with the cost of regular flights to Europe.

These and a small multitude of similar efforts will have an effect, but I believe they miss the main point—general lack of interest. What is needed is a common plan and a concerted effort by all the governments, all the carriers, all the hotels—by everyone who has the vision to see what tourism can bring to the continent and to the hemisphere.

Four years ago, Arthur D. Little, Inc., completed a major report, "A Program for the Industrial and Regional Development of Peru," in which tourism, included as an afterthought, was described

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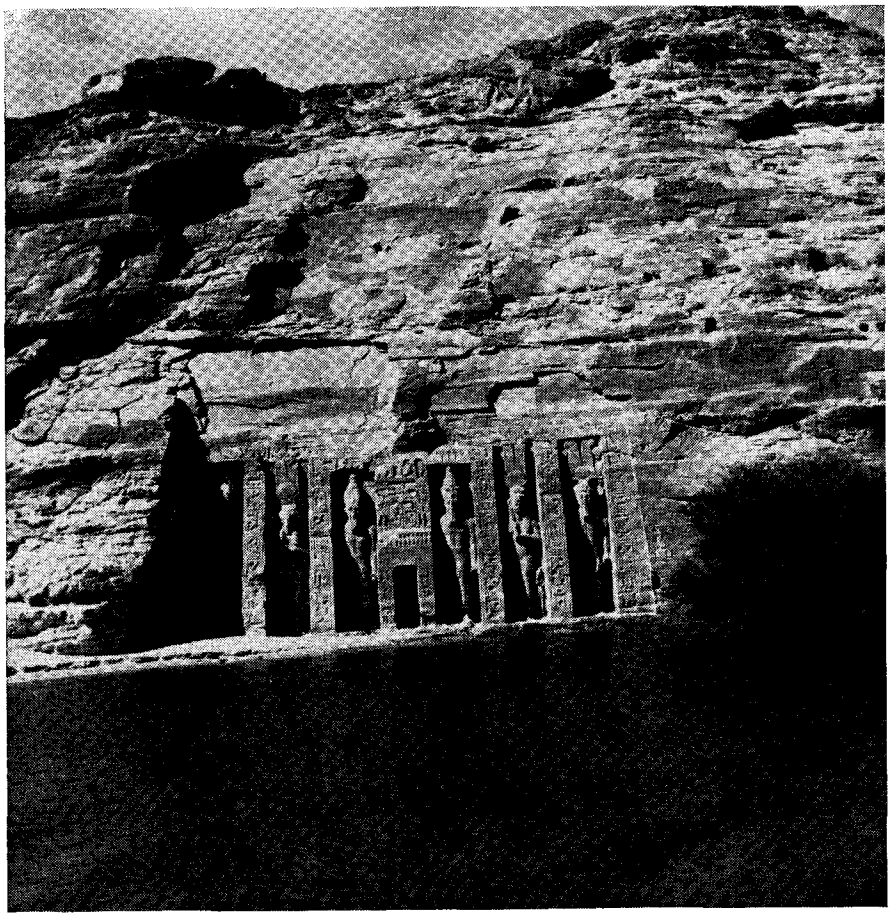
nation, but it is no safari for the St. Tropez crowd. If you insist on riding an American carrier, TWA will wing you to Cairo in its classy jets and throw in a first-run movie (at press time they were showing *What a Way to Go*, with Shirley MacLaine, to put you in the mood). From Cairo you have two choices: 1) the Egyptian State Railway's overnight sleeper to Luxor and Aswan, with one of the world's worst stretches of roadbed on the last lap (sixteen hours), or 2) United Arab Airways' sleek new Viscounts to Aswan (2½ hours). From Aswan you have two more choices: 1) A hydrofoil that makes the run in five hours, double-parks for an hour while you see the sights, and races back in time for dinner the same day, or 2) a paddle-wheel steamer that does the round trip in a leisurely three days and enables you to savor what you're seeing.

If you take the latter conveyance, as you should, you will cruise up Cleopatra's Canal for 175 miles through some of the wildest, most desolate terrain on earth and journey through 3,500 years of Egyptian history covering the Pharaonic, Ptolemaic, Roman, and Arabic periods. But first you will find that Aswan, once a sleepy winter resort specializing in mud baths, has become a booming frontier town, or "Arab Pittsburgh," as the authorities like to call it, where all life revolves around the $1 billion high dam now rapidly taking form. (Neither Lord Kitchener nor "Chinese" Gordon would recognize it.)

As your steamer moves out of the river port of Shallal, one of the first sights to starboard is the island of Philae, the so-called Pearl of Egypt, in the middle of the river. Philae is second only to Abu Simbel among the threatened monuments, and its temples are considerably more artistic. With American funds, it is being preserved *en situ*, as the archeologists term it, with an ingenious "double-boiler" arrangement of two artificial lakes and three dikes.

As the day gives way to night and the stars sparkle like jewels in the Egyptian heavens, you glide by a score or more of antiquities that have been moved, or will be moved, to higher ground before the floodwaters reach them, and as many squalid villages that are being abandoned to a watery grave and their 50,000 Nubian inhabitants transplanted to a new life at Kom Ombo, north of Aswan. On the second day out you round a bend, and there is Abu Simbel confronting you in all its majesty, its interior ablaze with the contractors' electric lights like a giant Christmas tree. When the rescue work is completed, if Allah is gracious and man is willing, it will yet endure "solid and high forever."



—*Rapho Guillumette.*

Abu Simbel and the Nile—saved from death by drowning.

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Hawaii

Continued from page 52

the beach put together by the old golf pro Jimmy Hines. In the beginning the cottages were owned by private individuals (Hines and Sam Snead were among the charter owners), but as a club it lay a little far out for California commuters, and eventually the project was taken over by a millionaire developer and businessman, J. C. Earle. Already involved in other Hawaiian industrial projects, Earle is busily buying up the privately owned cottages and returning the Royal Lahaina to full hotel status.

Its dramatic dining room dispenses the most sophisticated cuisine in Hawaii, offering *blinis* à la Russe by the side of the sea, vodka and akvavit in ice-block bottles, crêpes Pondichéry (curried shrimps wrapped in paper-thin pancakes), chicken Kiev, Beluga and Malosol caviar. Its wine cellar, on otherwise pastoral Maui, can produce an $18 bottle of Grands Echézeaux or a '59 Château Lafite Rothschild on summons.

This winter the Royal Lahaina golf course will be the locale for the Canada Cup, the Olympic Games of golf, which will draw entries from thirty-four countries and more spectators than Maui knows how to handle. There being fewer than a thousand rooms along the coast, and there being no ferry in Hawaii, all of the gallery not living in Maui will have to be flown over each day, an operation that requires a room in Honolulu, a trip to the Honolulu airport (thirty minutes from Waikiki), and another forty-five minutes from the Kahului airport on Maui to the scene of the action. Despite these problems, the transportations should be worked out handily since the sponsors are American Express, Pan American, and Time-Life.

BEYOND Kaanapali, the Maui coast turns rural again. Families with small children come to stay at Napili, a gorgeous beach four miles distant. A Canadian group has struck a bonanza with a tidy little resort called Napili Kai Beach Club, a two-story compound of kitchenette-equipped rooms, all of them looking out on the beach and the Pacific. Continental breakfast costs fifty cents, and the management stages a *Kaffeeklatsch* in a beachside pavilion each morning at ten. At dinner they fire the charcoal in a huge beach-side barbecue, invite all comers to broil their own. Those who don't want to cook can repair to the Tea House of the Maui Moon, a small steak-and-lobster restaurant. Those who do want to cook can call the Honolua Plantation store, which not only delivers, but puts a big pineapple in the shopping bag of every new customer.

I rode up to the store one day, a long unforgettable drive up a hill that is lined for miles with towering Norfolk pines. At a junction far up the dramatic hill one road descends into the company town, the center for the Honolua Plantation, whose fields of pineapple cover the hillsides. Another pine-lined road climbs farther on, ending at last at Pineapple Inn, a delightful restaurant that seems lifted from Connecticut or Bucks County. Only the view dispels the illusion, for it sweeps downhill across endless acres of pineapples disturbed only by that winding column of pines. At the bottom is the sea, and across the channel rises the big-shouldered bulk of Molokai island, which on some days seems to come right in the restaurant windows.

One day we drove down to Lahaina, the old whaling port that flourished in the 1820s when the whalers from Salem came in to rest and rehabilitate. The first missionary house, shelled by the whalers who didn't care to have their libertinous leave curtailed by the religionists, still stands. So does the old Pioneer Inn, which seems to be that old but is merely a relatively recent relic. Lunch was being served on the lanai. The customers were yachtsmen in their Abercrombie sports clothes, plantation executives having a beer, and at least one town character, in this case done up in a moth-eaten Anzac hat, an Aloha shirt with purple underwear coming from under the short sleeves. He wore a beard, or perhaps just never shaved, and he carried a white guinea pig, called *Haole*, on a leash. He strummed a guitar and sang songs in a whiskey falsetto. The banana fronds, which intruded onto the porch, rustled dryly, and the boats bobbed ever so gently at their moorings across the road. On the dock a crew was unloading huge black coral trees mined deep in the sea, and the waitress brought beautiful mangoes that had been cut in a special way and turned inside out to look like orange sunbursts.

But Maui is only one island and West Maui only one side of it. There is, to be reckoned with, the big island of Hawaii with its great ranchlands and active volcanoes, its orchidlands and fishing grounds. Here, next year, Laurance Rockefeller unveils a $12,000,000 resort. And there is Kauai, deep with foliage and burgeoning beach resorts. And what of the all-pineapple island of Lanai and the rugged one of Molokai where no tourist scratchings have yet begun?

When I was taking my ease in Maui recently an editor called from New York. "You've got me in Maui," I told him, "I'm on vacation." Thinking of our house by the side of the sea, which he had seen last winter, he said, "What could they possibly have over there that is better than what you've got?"

At $3.50 a minute it was too hard to

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explain. But later I began to muse on his question, and I thought of the Hawaiian day I first drove to my office from my house. I stopped by the dry cleaner's to leave some clothes. It was a shabby establishment but standing in a glass of water on the counter was the most beautiful spray of white orchids I had ever seen. I complimented him on the orchids, deposited my clothes, and was pocketing the receipt when he took three of the orchids—gad, they would go for $25 each on New Year's Eve in New York—and offered them to me. I got into the car somewhat dazzled by the experience, turned into the parking lot, and stopped short. There was a breadfruit lying in my path. After all the trouble Charles Laughton and Trevor Howard had had, I could hardly run it over, so I picked it up and put it in the car. Late that afternoon when I took the car out for the trip home I stopped for a rush of traffic. Leading the pack of cars in the five o'clock rush was a girl on a motorcycle, hair flying, one hand on the handlebars, the other holding her jacket, which was slung over her shoulder, on one finger. Only the fact that she was wearing nothing more than a bikini caused me to notice her. Even the five o'clock rush is bearable out here. It must be the scenery.

Who and Where

IN COMPILING this fall travel issue of *SR*, we set out to roam the sunny regions of the tourist's globe and to report on the problems and potential. Members of the editorial safari were: Teodoro Moscoso, former coordinator of the Alliance for Progress; Barney Laschever, travel and resort editor of the New York *Herald Tribune;* Mildred and Milton Lewis, a husband-and-wife team (Mr. Lewis is also on the staff of the New York *Herald Tribune*); Cleveland Amory, an *SR* Editor-at-Large; Patricia K. Brooks, a regular contributor to this magazine's travel pages; Eugenia Bedell, a free-lance writer and enthusiastic wanderer to places tropical and topical; Hubert Saal, a native Miamian who is *Newsweek's* music and dance editor; Trevor L. Christie, a writer who has kept a close eye on the unfolding story of Egypt's Abu Simbel; and Arturo F. Gonzalez, Jr., just back from the Caribbean with the story of what's up down there.

Virgin Islands

Continued from page 68

banana daiquiri mix-mastered at St. Thomas's Mountaintop Hotel.

St. Croix has other associations with Alexander Hamilton; the store in Christiansted where he worked as a thirteen-year-old boy, after being brought to the Virgin Islands from Nevis, still stands and is still a store.

From hilltops on St. John you can look across at the British Virgins, sleepy little islands that have just been thrust into the mainstream of tourism.

THE ubiquitous Laurance Rockefeller steps once again to the fore. On the British island of Virgin Gorda he has laid out a beautiful resort, much in the manner of Caneel Bay Plantation, but with its own special attractions.

Little Dix Bay, protected by an offshore reef and sheltered by headlands on both sides, is reminiscent of the South Seas. Some of its fifty rooms are uniquely set on stilts like treehouses. The dining area looks out from under cone-shaped roofs onto a wide terrace with a sweeping view of the talcum sand and azure waters below, and to the other islands beyond.

Among the unusual sightseeing attractions on Virgin Gorda are The Baths, a cluster of gigantic boulders that lie piled upon each other forming little caves and passageways that open onto hidden pools of glistening water. You ride the roads of Virgin Gorda in jeeps, and to reach the island you must either take a boat from St. Thomas or Roadtown, capital of the British Virgins, or fly in a small plane to a mud strip on Beef Island, and then complete the trip by a final twenty-minute boat ride.

In February a runway accommodating twin-engine planes will be completed on Virgin Gorda, and visitors to Little Dix Bay will no longer be able to say they've been "roughing it with the Rockefellers."

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A book of "absorbing interest"—
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the Copley Newspapers.

(Macmillan Publication October 19)

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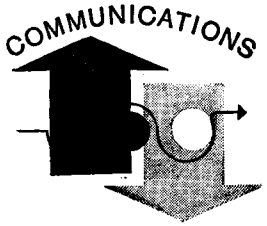
COMMUNICATIONS

Communications Editor: RICHARD L. TOBIN



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Fall Reading on the Right

MOST engrossing book of an exciting new fall nonfiction season has been, for us, Harry and Bonaro Overstreet's *The Strange Tactics of Extremism*, timed by Norton precisely to the campaign of 1964 and a result of years of documentation and intense research. For a very long time we have wanted to read something authoritative about the Radical Right in America, and this is it—the only serious book on extremism these old eyes have come across. Up to now, the best piece we ever read on the extreme Right was printed in *The Nation* on May 25 of this year, an article by Fred J. Cook called "Hate Clubs of the Air." His documented statement that the radio Right spews out a minimum of 6,600 hate broadcasts a week on 1,300 U.S. radio and television stations (one out of five) so shook us out of our complacent can't-happen-here way of thinking that even Mr. Goldwater's acceptance speech and a spate of hate literature distributed locally in our small Connecticut town did not surprise us as it might have before Mr. Cook's incisive document.

Now, however, the Overstreets have, bless 'em, gone a step beyond and inquired into the theory and practice of extremist tactics in every area of public communication, including radio and TV, but especially in community and local relationships. The California newspaper editor whose paper is painfully boycotted because one of his ads advertises a product manufactured by a firm supporting the United Nations will read with great interest, believe us, the Overstreets' chapter on Billy James Hargis, who in one speech condemned Communism, liberalism, the National Council of Churches, federal aid to education, Jack Paar, medical care for the aged, Ed Sullivan, the Freedom Riders, Eleanor Roosevelt, disarmament, the Kennedy-Khrushchev meetings, and the U.N. You may pooh-pooh Mr. Hargis and his Christian Crusade, but last year he was distributing radio programs five days a week to fifty-five stations and his operation has greatly expanded since the Republican Convention. He was bankrolled as recently as 1962 by a tax-exempt income exceeding $1,000,000 a year, but worst of all he was—and is—being believed, and his fuming, volcanic hate is being passed along by men and women right in your home town and perhaps even in your family who should know better—and once did.

A considerable part of the Overstreet book concerns Robert Welch and the John Birch Society's tactics of "letters unlimited." Most recent venture along these lines has been a mass letter-writing campaign against Xerox Corporation for its sponsorship of programs about the U.N. on television this fall and winter. The idea is that the writer, often a man of industrial substance and community stature, will use his impressive stationery to tell any company (in this case Xerox) that he will never again use a company product and will see to it that none of his friends do, either. This letter may be sent a half-dozen times, often in the same form, to officers of the same company. In the case of Xerox, the latest tally shows that 2,100 writers have been responsible for 12,000 letters, many of them identical—all this effort and postage a means of punishing Xerox

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for underwriting, at a cost of some $4,000,000, six ninety-minute TV specials about the work of the U.N. and its agencies. Happily, Xerox is paying no attention to such nonsense, though it is politely answering every letter. Incidentally, Xerox has had more good publicity for its product as a result of the Birch tactics than it could possibly have dreamed of in Al Zipser's wildest imaginings.

THE wonder after reading this book is that Birchism continues to thrive, and it is the fact of its expanding prosperity in 1964 that makes *The Strange Tactics of Extremism* must reading on any intelligent fall list. Like Hitlerism, which couldn't possibly be taken seriously because the man had a Charlie Chaplin moustache and didn't make sense when he talked, Welchism has grown because no sensible person could believe it possible that his patent idiocies would be taken seriously in the U.S. of the second half of the twentieth century. In October 1963, for instance, his *Bulletin* said: "If, during the fall and winter, we could get one million Americans to read carefully the whole *Warren Impeachment Packet*, we would actually be able to get the Chief Justice impeached during the next session of Congress." And the February 1964 *Bulletin* devoted two pages to suggested tactics for stepping up the campaign. One of these is to tie in the impeachment movement with Warren's appointment to head up the commission that has just reported on the assassination of President John F. Kennedy.

The best of this splendid book is its meticulous and factual approach to what is too often an emotional subject. How statistics and percentages are used and manipulated by the Radical Right, how threatening letters are written, how hate broadcasts are arranged for, where the money comes from and how it is raised, the sly smear tactics of Dan Smoot and Carl McIntire and Myers G. Lowman and Edgar C. Bundy and Billy James Hargis and Welch and the rest of the brigands are all here between the covers of a single book. And though there was immediately after Kennedy's assassination a national revulsion against extremism and the doctrines of hate against races and creeds and colors and religions, this revulsion died down sufficiently before San Francisco to induce the Republican candidate to use the very word in what must go down in history as one of the most remarkable speeches ever made by a candidate seeking the support of the great moderate, middle band of American voters. Whatever you read this fall, read this new Overstreet book, *The Strange Tactics of Extremism*. It has been published not one hour too soon. —R. L. T.

Letters to the Communications Editor

A TV Time Suggestion

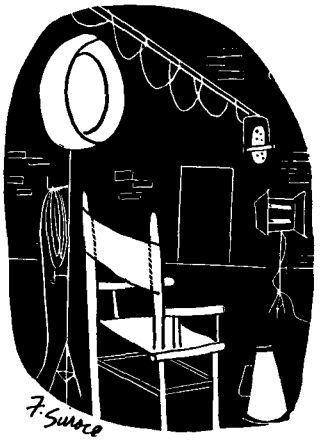
R.L.T.'s EDITORIAL "Breaking the TV Schedule Straitjacket" [*SR*, Sept. 12] failed to mention one area where this is being done. In 1961, when I was in charge of TV network programs for NBC, I initiated *The Saturday Night Movie*. I argued that we should let the longer films run to conclusion—then permit stations to follow as they pleased (generally with local news and their own features). In a speech I made to the Annenberg School of Communications, University of Pennsylvania, in November 1961, I suggested that the success of the movies and the agreement of broadcasters to follow when they finished should be a precedent for taking all 10 P.M. dramas and encouraging writers and producers to do stories that start at that hour and finish at 11 or 11:06, or even 10:40, with news or local programs to follow. There are problems, of course, such as the fact that some stations carry 10 P.M. EST shows at 7:30, etc., but none of these is beyond solution. But of course the *real* question is not length of programs—but what *is* the program? If the time patterns are broken, they should be broken for reasons of esthetic quality, and some ninety-minute shows of last season looked very padded to this viewer.

DAVID LEVY,
Filmways TV Productions.
Hollywood, Calif.

He'd Rather Switch Than Fight

RICHARD L. TOBIN'S ARTICLE on making television time slots less rigid brought to mind the inconvenience of such an arrangement. Television programs wouldn't begin at the same time each week, nor would they begin exactly on the hours and half-hours.

I don't think many people listen to one channel for a few hours—rather, most people (who have more than one station) would not like to lose the comfort of all shows starting at the same time, and therefore being able to switch from one channel to another and see a show on a different channel from the start.



Mr. Tobin reports that news shows are no longer always a set length, but they always end on an hour or half-hour except in rare instances. As for sporting events, they vary in length (in New York) only on independent stations. NBC, as reported in your article, says that it has no complaints about the FCC's time regulation, of station identification every half-hour, but if networks change as Mr. Tobin urges in supporting Universal City's vice president, Jennings Lang, I, for one, would switch channels.

CHARLES K. BERNSTEIN.
New York, N.Y.

More Private Aid for State U's

L. L. L. GOLDEN'S ARTICLE, "The Case That Cleared the Way" [*SR*, Sept. 12], treats a subject of timely interest and great importance to those of us concerned with college public relations and fund-raising. While the need for corporate support of private education has been widely known and accepted for some time, a similar and growing need among state universities has been less widely understood. The general impression still prevails that the needs of a public institution of higher learning are entirely covered by tax funds. Perhaps valid at one time, this idea has become pure myth in American education today. In some large, well-known universities, state support actually accounts for less than 50 per cent of total annual budget requirements. Without additional revenues from private sources, both corporate and individual, many colleges would have to curtail broad programs of research, scholarships, special professorships, student loan funds, and myriad other aids that have done so much to enhance the quality of teaching and to advance knowledge in all fields of learning.

It is a source of great encouragement, therefore, to find a growing awareness on the part of industry of an obligation to "ensure and strengthen the society that gives them existence and the means of aiding themselves and their fellow citizens." The fact that this important source of support is backed by legal sanction is certainly in the best interest of both business and education. In this day of dynamic growth, change, and rapidly increasing enrollments, the challenge to corporate and private citizens is clear—support higher education, public and private, or fail to keep pace with the pressing need for more trained minds in a strong, free-enterprise system.

F. C. WINDING, JR.,
Field Secretary,
University of Wisconsin Foundation.
Madison, Wis.

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AS THE CUBANS SEE CASTRO

By RICHARD HUDSON, *editor and free-lance writer who recently returned from a ten-day assignment inside Castro's Cuba.*

HAVANA.

YOU CAN feel the old Cuba dying in Sloppy Joe's. The world-famed bar, just off Havana's tree-lined Prado, is still open. But at 9:30 one evening this summer I was the only American there, and exactly four Cuban customers quietly graced the other end of the long bar. Before the Revolution, Sloppy Joe's was swinging every night. Indeed, the walls are still covered with photographs of beaming celebrities—but even these are reminiscent of bygone headlines. Among those living it up in the pictures are Alice Faye, the Angel, Ted Williams, Linda Darnell, Willie Pep, Mike Todd, and Joan Blondell. The showcases of liquor, cigars, and souvenirs that run around the big, wood-paneled room are now more than half empty. A sign over the bar proclaims to nobody: "Pack up your Sunday clothes, and I'll see you at Sloppy Joe's."

On this evening, two of the owners and some cronies silently watched a chess game at a table in the corner. As two forlorn streetwalkers passed through, the bartender confided that there were not many of them left and that they had better be circumspect if they wanted to avoid difficulty. He added that Sloppy Joe's itself seemed headed for trouble. The bar was one of the few of any size left in Havana that had not been taken over by the government. It was just a question of time, he said, before the nationalization order came. And who could tell what the government might do with it?

Sloppy Joe's symbolizes the first fact of today's Cuba: the old Cuba is dead, whatever may happen in the future. Cuba is like Humpty Dumpty; it has been so scrambled by Castro's Revolution that nothing can ever put it back as it was.

But where is it going? I had ten days in Cuba to try to find out. That is not a long time, of course, and I would certainly not attempt to write a definitive critique of Cuba and Castro as a result. But I have lived in Latin America, have visited pre-Revolutionary Cuba, and speak Spanish. The Cubans let me travel freely, and I know it would have been impossible for the government to have managed much of what I saw and the

people I talked to. For example, one day I simply picked out on a map a town on the other side of the island (which I had never heard of before) and inquired from passers-by how to get there. I then rode ordinary buses, by myself, to the town and talked to people whenever our paths happened to cross.

My Cuban trip began with the arrival of a wire signed by Fidel Castro inviting me to come to Cuba as his guest to observe the 26th of July festivities marking the launching of his revolution eleven years ago. I found that twenty-two newspapers, ranging across the country from the New York *Herald Tribune* to the Los Angeles *Times*, and two other magazines, *Time* and *Newsweek*, had also been invited. Most of them did decide to send representatives, and a few more were added later as the result of a second round of invitations. The next step for the journalists was the chore of accumulating all the necessary papers from the governments of the United States, Cuba, and Mexico (through whose country we had to pass).

IN Cuba, at last, we first wandered around Havana. Then we were flown to Santiago, at the opposite end of the island, where we heard Castro give both a three-and-a-half hour talk to a huge throng of peasants and a press conference of equal length for foreign journalists. Then I returned to Havana and made the aforementioned bus trip.

What I would like to record here, before setting forth some thoughts on American policy toward Cuba, are some vignettes of how a few Cubans feel about Castro and the Revolution. I could have chosen conversations to "prove" that Castro is either a devil or a saint, but instead I have presented ones that seemed either typical or poignant. Here and there, too, I have interspersed a few of the revolutionary slogans that appear on posters throughout Cuba.

"This flag, this sky, this land—we will defend it at whatever price is necessary."—Fidel Castro.

"Tell the American people we are with Fidel absolutely," said one of a group of peasants.

"*Patria o muerte*!" shouted another, and the group clapped.

I had begun the conversation with one of the many thousands of *campesinos* who came from all over Cuba to hear Fidel speak on the 26th of July. I wanted to speak only with the one, as I generally found that approach more illuminating, but soon I was surrounded by a group of about twenty-five, many of whom wanted to speak at once.

"I now have a small farm," said another. "As long as I work it, half the crop is mine."

"Can you expand—hire other workers?" I asked.

"No, only what I can do myself. But of course there are the larger collective farms, which are another matter."

"Take this man here," said still another. "He is a Negro, and he is my brother. All men are brothers. Before the Revolution, I could not do this." So saying, he put his arm around the Negro.

"It is true," said the Negro. "Now I can go to all places. Before, the beaches, the hotels, the dances were all closed to me."

"This is my son," a man said proudly as he drew a youth through the crowd. "He is in his second year of college in Havana. The government pays his tuition, rent, food, and $12 a month for incidentals. He never would have had an opportunity like this before the Revolution."

"I have a new house," another Negro said.

"How big is it?"

"Two rooms."

"Have you a family?"

"Five children."

"Two rooms is very small for seven people."

"But before I had only one room."

"Elections," snorted a woman in answer to my questions. "We had seventy years of elections, and all the politicians

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did was deceive and rob us. We do not need elections. We have Fidel."

"Do you want Fidel forever?"

"*Si*, forever. And then his son, Fidelito."

It seemed as though the crowd had been as one in praising the Revolution. Yet when I finally tore myself away, two youths (one wearing a sweat shirt with "Michigan" on it) approached me furtively and asked for a chance to give me some other views if I would meet them later in the park. But more partisans of Fidel interrupted us before we could arrange a rendezvous.

Three-color, flashing neon sign on the Malecón waterfront drive in Havana: "Cuba: Territory Free of Illiteracy."

"I don't talk much," said the man on the next bar stool when I asked him about the Revolution. But then he began to talk a little. First he complained about the beer, which he said cost three times as much as it used to and wasn't even as good. He continued:

"I used to make $500 a month as a jai alai player. But now professional sports have been abolished—all except horse racing. No jai alai, no baseball, no football, no boxing."

He didn't want to do any other kind of work, he said, so he was living on savings. He had a wife and two children in New Jersey whom he hadn't seen in two years. He would leave if he could, but it was hard to get a visa from the Mexican government. Despite his bitterness, he had these parting words:

"Really, the Revolution is good, but it is not for me."

"Vietnam—We Are With You."

"During the Revolution itself, I couldn't have cared less about it," said a handsome young executive of the National Sports Institute. Having studied in the U.S., he spoke perfect English. "Oh, I contributed a little money, but it wasn't until 1960 that I became active. I was in the insurance business, and my two partners and I had each been making about $25,000 a year. But those were bad days. One of my partners got scared and went to Miami. I joined the Sports Institute and the other partner, my brother, went into the government, too. Now I make about a fifth of what I did. But it is a better life. I don't think I can explain it to you. You would have to live the Revolution in Cuba to understand it."

"We are raising ever higher the flag of the proletariat."

"Americans have always been our best friends," said a wizened taxi driver as he clattered along in his 1951 Plymouth. "This regime has taken the country down, down, down." He complained that taxis could not get new tires, and that recaps cost $80 to $100 on the black market. "There used to be 50,000 whorehouses in Havana, and now there are only five. And the prices are higher, and the girls are not clean, either."

"Eternal Glory to the Martyrs of the Moncada [the barracks Castro attacked on July 26, 1953]."

"Why is it," I called to a Negro fisherman working on his boat, "that the fishing cooperative stopped keeping track of the catch in July 1963?" I was in the small coastal village of Surgidero de Batabanó, end point of my bus trip. I had noted a large wooden chart in the Camilo Cienfuegos Fishing Cooperative running from 1961 through 1963, with spaces to enter the catch for each month. The cooperative had recorded a total of about 3,500,000 pounds of fish through July 1963, toward a yearly goal of 6,286,000 pounds. The chart had been largely obscured by a big pile of crates in front of it. "It seems to me you were going pretty well toward your quota when you stopped."

"Well, the fishing got bad."

"Maybe the fish aren't socialists."

"But the fishing is better this year."

"Then why are there so few fish in Havana?"

"Before the Revolution all the fish went to Havana and around there, but now it goes all over the island, especially to schools and hospitals."

"So you like the Revolution?"

"Of course. Now I have work every day. I can pay the rent. Before there were many lost days. The government buys books for my children."

"Doesn't it bother you that the government keeps so many political prisoners? Fidel himself has admitted that there are 15,000."

"Yes, many of them are over there on the Isle of Pines, and they live better than I do. But all I want is to be able to work by day, sleep well at night, and look forward to another day of work tomorrow."

"As long as the workers are not cultured, they will not be free."

"You can expect to hear things like that from people like that," a husky youth said to me in English as I walked down the quay after having talked with this fisherman. "My friend and I would like to talk to you, but not here. Where are you going now?"

"To Batabanó, where I will try to see a collective farm."

"We are loading a truck here, and we'll be finished in about 15 minutes. If you will walk down the road there, we will pick you up and give you a ride to Batabanó. Then we could talk."

And so it was. I suggested that we stop in a café to talk, but they would have none of it for fear of unwelcome ears. Instead, they stopped the truck along the open road and put the hood up, as if to cool an overheated motor.

"Persons such as that fisherman are not really better off now because of higher prices—they only think they are. Those fish are not being sent throughout the island—they are being canned for export. It is true the government has done much in schooling, but only for its selfish end of instilling its ideology in youth. The only housing the government builds is at new people's farms to which it wants to lure workers—again in its own interest.

"I am a Catholic and not a Communist. Because I refuse to be a Communist, I have been in prison five times. In the first hours of the Bay of Pigs invasion, I was arrested and jailed. In every block the Communists know who are against them, and if any trouble starts they will arrest me again. So far they have always let me go within days or weeks, but maybe they won't next time. I have many friends who are prisoners and some friends who have been killed.

"A couple of years ago we were told freedom of discussion would be allowed, but when we tried it we were jailed. I would like to leave the country, but this costs much money. One must leave everything behind to the Cuban government, and one cannot leave without a plane ticket and bribes to Mexican officials for a visa."

"Are the people who feel like you organized at all within Cuba?"

"No, there is no organization within Cuba. The people are 90 per cent against the government, but the 10 per cent are too strong." Then the youth pointed to his friend and said, "He wants Goldwater to win so he will free Cuba."

"But that could lead to a world nuclear war," I observed.

"That would be no worse than this,"

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said the friend. "We would be rid of Castro."

"My friend is selfish," said the first youth half-jokingly.

"Some people say the only chance of improving things here is by bettering relations between the United States and Cuba," I said. "Fidel says that there are 15,000 political prisoners and he would release most of them if relations are normalized. What do you think of such talk?" I asked.

"I think there are more like 60,000 to 70,000 prisoners. But I would be glad to see an improvement in relations if this meant freedom of the prisoners. I do not like to see them in jail."

"Viva la Paz!"

"Most of those tractors there are Rumanian," explained the manager of the collective farm. "There are also American, East German, and Russian ones. Most of the American ones are wearing out for lack of spare parts, but we seem to get a new one in from Eastern Europe just about every time an American one gives out."

I was at one of the twenty-three farms that comprise the People's Farm of Batabanó. I had arrived completely unannounced at the farm's central office in the small town of Batabanó, a few miles inland from the fishing port, Surgidero de Batabanó. The manager of the farm and his technical adviser promptly dropped their other business to take me on a tour of three of the farms and to feed me a huge meal in the home of the chief of cattle. They could not remember when an American journalist had been there last.

"This cane is already more than thirteen feet tall," boasted the technical adviser. "Our recent crops have not been good, but we should have a very good crop this year. No country in the world can produce sugar as cheaply as Cuba. And in a few years, as we begin to use our new Russian harvesting machines, we will produce far more than we ever have before."

As the two men dropped me at the bus stop the technical adviser said, "So you see we have the right system. One day you will be changing yours to match ours."

"I do not think we will ever change our system so radically," I replied. "But the important thing is that even with different systems we must live together in peace."

The two men agreed with this, and we said goodbye.

"The CDR [organization of volunteer informants] will never let down its guard."

"Is that an American ship out there?" I asked a middle-aged, middle-class-looking couple on the Malecon.

"No," said the man. "That is a Russian ship leaving the harbor. That is an American ship over there. Sometimes there are two of them."

"Is that the one that keeps track of foreign ships as they come and go from Havana harbor?"

"Yes," said the woman. "But it needn't come in so close to do that. It always stays just beyond the three-mile limit. It is a show of force to frighten us."

"Are you frightened?"

"No," said the man. "All we want is to be left alone. But if the Americans come, they will have to fight us inch by inch."

"We Will Win."

"I am a teacher," said a pretty Moorish-looking girl who could not have been more than twenty. "In the program of the sixth grade. I teach people to read and write."

"How old are your students?"

"Most are in their twenties, but I even have some in their forties."

"What do you think about the Revolution?"

"There are some good things about it, and some bad. It has helped many poor people, but of course it has hurt some of those who were better off. I have relatives who have left and are now living in Texas and Florida."

"A revolutionary told me there is no longer hunger in Cuba. Is this so?"

"I think there is no hunger *hunger*. But there may be days when there is not meat in the house. Our ration cards allow us only three-quarters of a pound of meat per person each week. But there are always beans in the house, so no one will starve."

"Do you think the Revolution has more good or more bad in it?"

"More good."

"What do most people think?"

"Most people are for the Revolution."

"What percentage do you think are against it?"

"Maybe 20 per cent."

"What do your parents think about it?"

"My father is a revolutionary."

"You must have some arguments with your father."

"Oh, I never discuss politics with my father."

"What about your mother?"

"No, I never discuss politics with her either."

HOW can I summarize these and many other conversations? One West European ambassador who has lived in Cuba for several years estimates that about 40 per cent or so of the people are for Castro, 20 or 30 per cent are more or less neutral, and 20 or 30 per cent are opposed. My own hunch is that probably more than 50 per cent are for Castro. I base this solely on the fact that the pattern of responses that developed during my first few days continued throughout my stay. Most of the people I talked to were for the Revolution.

What does all this mean in terms of American policy toward Cuba and the rest of Latin America? I would say the first fact to recognize is that Fidel Castro is likely to be in power quite a while. He faces no significant opposition within Cuba, and the exile groups remain riven with dissension. He has considerable support with the people, many of whom are trained and willing to fight for him. Moreover, he operates a rather efficient police state that is likely to nip any counterrevolutionary activity early in the game. The American trade embargo is, as Senator Fulbright has pointed out, a failure. Even if our European allies and Canada would heed it, which they will not, it would not bring Castro down.

The time seems to have come, therefore, for the United States to talk to Castro. For his part, Castro is eager to negotiate with the U.S. He has various motives: He would like to be relieved of the threat of an American-backed invasion and the nuisance of exile raids. He would like to be able to buy essential products and sell traditional Cuban exports in the U.S. And, although he doesn't say it, he evidently would like to lessen his dependence on the Soviet Union.

On its side of the bargain, the U.S. would have much to gain. Castro has said he would agree to refrain from sending arms to rebels in other Latin American countries. He has said he would be willing to compensate American firms for property Cuba has nationalized. He has said he would take measures to relax his police-state system, including the release of most of the political prisoners. Most important of all, Cuba could be eliminated as a potential flash point for nuclear war. This danger still exists, despite a school of thought to the contrary. An unpre-

(*Continued on page* 107)

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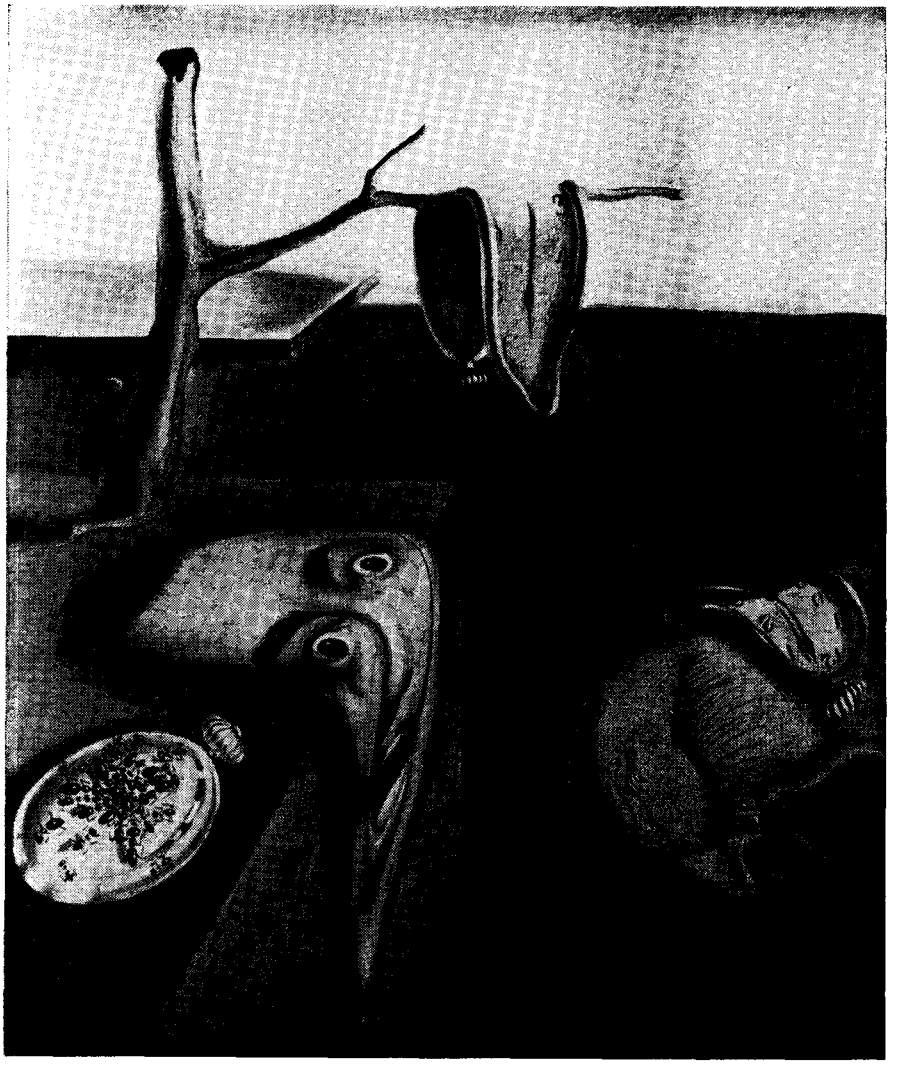
The Kennedys—*This "documentary" triptych dominates one wall of Halsman's studio.*

THE HUMAN DOCUMENT



Salvador Dali—*A "non-portrait" here reveals camera pyrotechnics, not characterization. "I 'melted' Dali's face into a print of his painting."*

By MARGARET R. WEISS

TRUE TO both his peripatetic instincts and photojournalistic interests, Philippe Halsman is currently in Switzerland as a participant in the first international congress of Europhot, an assemblage of professional photographers from thirteen European countries. There, in the idyllic Alpine resort of Bürgenstock high over Lake Lucerne, he is expounding his own special maxims of portraiture—a distillate of his more than 2,000 magazine and agency assignments since 1940.

Rumor has it that Mr. Halsman did not especially relish the "gabby genius" epithet a recent news feature pinned on him. But, for the record, we can attest that he was clearly in a vocative mood the evening we visited the twin duplexes of his mid-Manhattan home and studio. Five full hours sped by as talk wide-angled its way across early furnished-room days, the first of his 95 cover photos for *Life*, the then-imminent Bürgenstock presentation for which he was preparing slides and text. From this running commentary we excerpt the following Halsman observations on the photographic portrait as a living human document.

What is a portrait?: "A human being changes continuously. His thoughts and moods change; his expressions and even his features change. Of a piece of sculpture you can produce identical pictures on two different days. But you cannot do it with a live human being. . . . If the human likeness consists of an infinite

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number of different images, which one should we try to capture? The most important one—namely, the image which reveals most completely the exterior and the interior of the subject. Such a picture is a *portrait*. A true portrait should, today and a hundred years from today, be the testimony of how this person looked and what kind of a human being he or she was. (The self-portraits of Rembrandt and Michelangelo, for instance.)"

The basic assumption: "I assume there is something called character and that its most important features form the essence of a personality. If we could capture these features, we would get the perfect portrait. But it is impossible to sum up a complex personality in one single image."

Character is the sum of its parts: "It is not enough to capture only one single quality. Suppose one wants to show that the subject is essentially gay, but all one gets is a happy grin. It might be a strong photograph, but it will be a weak portrait. If you hang it on the wall, you will grow tired of this grin after a couple of days. You can look, however, at Mona Lisa's smile again and again, because there is so much besides her smile. And the smile is such that on different days it will mean different things to you. This is the essence of a work of art: you don't touch bottom. If a picture has exactly the same meaning for everybody, it is a platitude and is meaningless as a work of art. The same is true of a portrait. If it is not rich in character and meaning, it is a poor portrait."

What qualifies the photographer to recognize and capture the essence of a human being? "There's an interesting paradox here. While the professional competence of an engineer makes him a good engineer, the professional competence of a photographer makes him only a good photographic technician. Only if he is an observant, sensitive person can he understand and size up another human being. The deeper the photographer, the deeper the photography."

Mannerism vs. style: "Mannerism—the technical gimmick or trick—is something you apply to your work; style is something you inwardly are. There are no general rules in photography. When I photograph a person, I feel that I have the right to use any trick or mannerism. But then I don't have the right to call the result a portrait."

Communicating character: "I don't want to impose my ideas on my subjects by forcing them into unfamiliar poses,

François Mauriac—*"It is up to me to relax the subject and provoke a reaction. . . ."*

Anna-Maria Alberghetti—*"Another non-portrait that captures an unusual expression but not the essence of the personality."*

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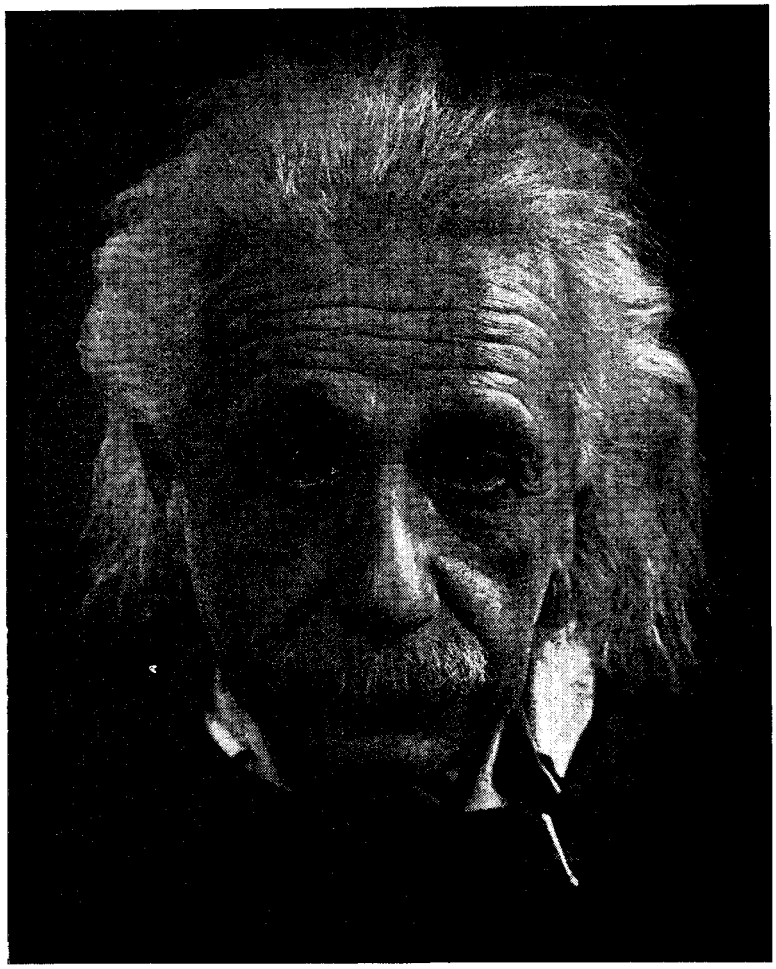
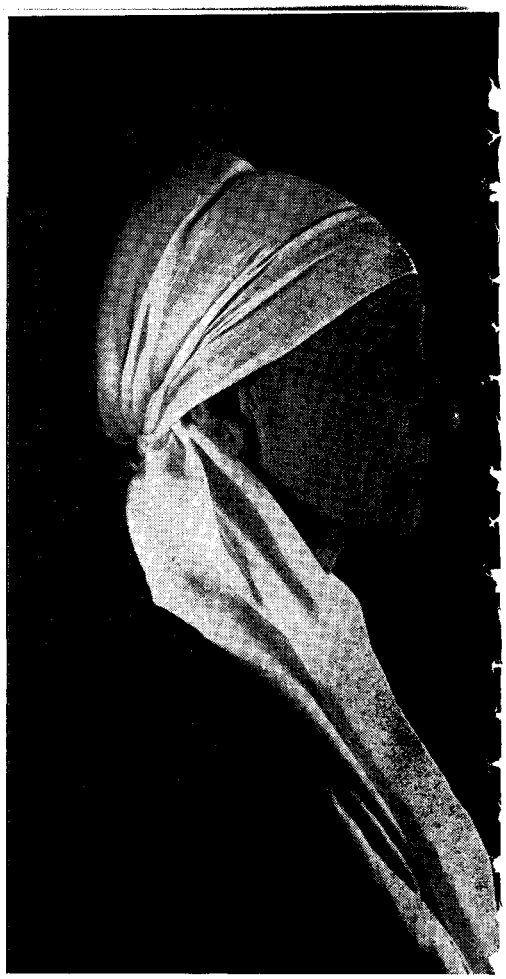
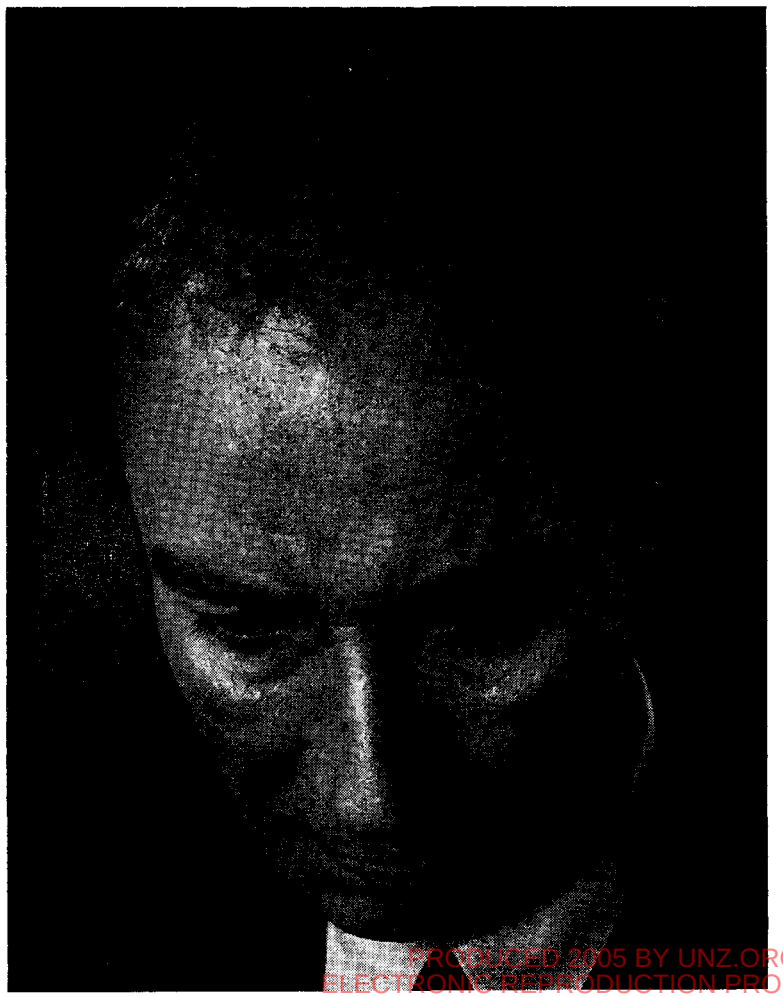


Albert Einstein—"*. . . it is more significant to show him in serious thought.*"



Georgia O'Keeffe—"*A true portrait . . . today and 100 years from today . . . testimony of how this person looked.*"

Robert Oppenheimer—"*. . . caught in a moment of concentration and complete withdrawal.*"



changing the tilt of the head, or arranging the hands. Light is a means of characterization. Light can be soft or harsh. But it would be foolish to weaken the strength of a face with flat and diffused light, or to use dramatic lighting to show a tender, tranquil expression. Camera angle is another means of characterization. With a high camera angle we can emphasize the brow of a thinker; with a low camera angle, a boxer's jaw. In a woman's face we can emphasize the eyes—the symbol of her spirit, or we can emphasize the mouth—the symbol of her senses. With a low angle we can accentuate a person's height; with a high angle, his shortness."

The human document: "A photographic portrait may be a great human document; its truth, beauty, and emotional impact may lift it to the level of a work of art. The photographer's greatest reward? To see his photographic interpretation of a great human being become *the* definitive image—to know the portrait will be the form in which that person will live in history for future generations."

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What's Happening to Journalism Education?

By JOHN TEBBEL

A YEAR ago in these pages an attempt was made to mark and define a change in journalism education that has taken place during the past fifteen years and continues today. Briefly, it is a shift away from the ideal of professional training, which has dominated such education for nearly a half-century, toward an increasing emphasis on the sociology of journalism, identified as communications research.

The article brought out into the open a rumbling argument in the ranks of journalism educators. The intensity of the reaction to it in the heavy mail response was a measure of how deeply the feeling runs on both sides. The author—and it must be admitted that the unhung scoundrel who wrote the piece was this correspondent—was castigated by some of the most highly placed members of the fraternity (all of them heavily committed to communications research, one may add). There were those who denied that any such thing was taking place and lectured the unfortunate author on the benefits of research.

These critics pointed out that most journalism curricula today carry a full complement of those courses referred to contemptuously by liberal arts faculty members as "trade school" offerings—*i.e.*, professional training—and that communications research is only a relatively small part of the total and is more or less concentrated on the graduate level, and even there in only a relatively few schools. True, but two decades ago there was not even this much intrusion of the sociological and psychological disciplines into journalism curricula. Like the camel poking his nose into the Arab's tent, more and more of the animal intrudes itself as time goes on. Before long we will be over the hump.

Significantly, it was only a few months after the *SR* article appeared that one of the most respected figures in journalism education, from one of the largest schools, predicted at a private conference that within ten years a man without the Ph.D. degree could not get a job teaching in a school of journalism. In the light of recent events, there is no disposition here to doubt it.

When this transformation is complete, there will be little, if any, professional journalism education. It is no denigration of either the degree or the able men engaged in communications research to note the obvious, which is that teachers with enough professional background to qualify them to teach journalism seldom are Ph.D.s. When this writer attended the Columbia School of Journalism, the faculty was one of the most distinguished ever assembled in such a school, including two Pulitzer Prize winners, yet not one had an earned degree past the A.B. With few exceptions, the Ph.D.s in journalism turned out today are presumed experts in communications research, but their first-hand professional knowledge of the media is nonexistent in most cases. If the schools continue to teach professional courses in the future, and only Ph.D.s, whether in journalism or some other field, can be faculty members, where are the qualified teachers to come from?

This question, among others, disturbs the ex-media people on journalism faculties. Nor is it a cynical matter of fearing that their jobs or promotions are threatened. In discussing the first *SR* article with many of these educators, by mail and in person, we observed a strong undercurrent of outrage and protest. One noted former newspaperman who had given half his working life to journalism education, teaching in some of the best schools, was utterly discouraged by the trend. He said with some bitterness that he was glad he had only four more years before retirement. The head of a journalism department that ranks among the top four or five but has as little as possible to do with communications research observed that he did not know how much longer he, or his successor, would be able to hold out against the pressure from the university administration to go into research on a much broader scale.

THOSE who oppose the sociologists of journalism, it must be understood, do not want to eliminate them, although a few unreconstructed souls remain unconvinced of the validity of communications research and regard it as a fake science, occupied for the most part with trivialities. The anti-sociologists are simply convinced that communications research has succeeded in developing its own discipline, quite separate from journalism, and should operate as a distinct entity within the university structure, entirely apart from journalism education. It is no secret that freshly minted Ph.D.s in communications, coming into faculties dominated by professionally oriented teachers, confess to feeling out of place and wish they were in the more familiar precincts of the psychology and sociology departments.

This alienation produces on the part of some communications people a patronizing impatience with those who continue to insist on professional journalism training. They dismiss these professionalizers as the "old guard," defenders of the buggy whip against the automobile, and they constantly remind them that in every era there are those who fear and fight against the inevitable march of progress—a nineteenth-century philosophical theory to which Americans are still addicted.

For the communications sociologists are riding confidently on the wave of the new technological society being created in our time, where the computer is king, and anything that cannot be reduced to tape, microfilm, punch card, or statistics is hardly worth bothering about. The technologists have no craftsman's pride in the written word. They only want to find mechanical ways of storing and retrieving it, of measuring its presumed effect, or of analyzing it statistically. Even the professors of English have surrendered up poetry to the computer, confident that it will explain beauty in practical terms.

Last month the journalism educators themselves offered a collective estimate of what direction they thought education in their field was taking. Not surprisingly, the determination came in the form of a survey conducted by three researchers, Professors Malcolm S. MacLean, Jr., of the State University of Iowa, and John T. McNelly and Thomas Danbury, both of Michigan State University. Their conclusions were presented to the annual convention of the Association for Education in Journalism, meeting in Austin, Texas.

The surveyors noted that the dispute between the journalists and the communicators had flared first at last year's convention, where it produced little of the expected heat. The consensus then had been that communications and journalism must learn to live together under the same roof. Theodore Peterson, of Illinois, the retiring president, suggested that curricula be built on a communications core rather than journalism.

Following these opening guns came

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the *SR* article; a speech to the Associated Press Managing Editors convention in November by George Kienzle, of Ohio State, and a letter to *Quill*, the magazine of Sigma Delta Chi, from J. David Truby, an instructor at Clarion State College. The substance of these expressions was a plea for professional journalism education as opposed to communications.

Against this background the professors from Iowa State and Michigan State projected their survey, sending questionnaires to all members of AEJ in the United States, and getting a 65 per cent response. Not all the members were enthusiastic about the idea. In communications research, as in medicine, the doctors disagree, and one subject wrote to the investigators: "I think you should know that the reason you did not receive replies from [this university] on your questionnaire is that an analysis of your survey by specialists in educational research showed that it was so heavily slanted that no matter how we filled it in, it would not express a valid point of view." There were other methodological dissenters, some of them expressing "downright hostility" not only to the study but to the investigators.

Nevertheless, the survey was accomplished and totaled. A sidelight result was the disclosure that of the 637 members who responded, there were 192 Ph.D.s, two-fifths of these terminal degrees earned in the various branches of communications. Five per cent of the total checked no media experience, but 78 per cent reported five years or more. What these percentages may be in another ten years is a subject for some interesting speculation.

Perhaps the most important finding of the survey was the revelation that 90 per cent of those who responded agreed or tended to agree with the statement, in the tortured sociological language of research, that "journalism schools should give added depth to their technical courses by incorporating in them relevant insights from the behavioral sciences"—a construction no journalist would think of committing to paper. Nearly as many, 88 per cent, did not believe that "journalism schools should confine their course offerings almost entirely to training in news reporting, editing, photography, and related skills." More than three-fourths agreed that "the journalism educator who really understands the social importance of communication will emphasize serious, scientific analysis of the effects of communication."

OBVIOUSLY, journalism education and educators have embraced communications. As the investigators remarked in one of their tentative conclusions, "Most members seem to think that whatever their own special interests are, there is plenty of room in journalism education for other people's interests." In more computerlike terms, 39 per cent of these 637 journalism educators are already pro-communications research, although the specialty has had only fifteen years to grow and infiltrate. Classified by types, nearly 80 per cent of those who responded were either (type A) those who believe that "the scientific study of processes of communication should be pursued in schools of journalism," or (type B) those who feel that they have "the job of making compatible all the various viewpoints to be found today in journalism education," being compelled to "keep everybody happy—the researchers, the teachers of reporting and editing, the special interest groups," and above all, keeping alive "the distinctiveness of journalism schools as professional centers." Those in type B, the investigators note, are "probably more concerned than anybody else about the opinions of publishers and broadcasters."

When the trends of the past twelve months and the anticipations of the future are added up, the doubts that were cast last year in this space on the prospects for better professional journalism education seem confirmed.

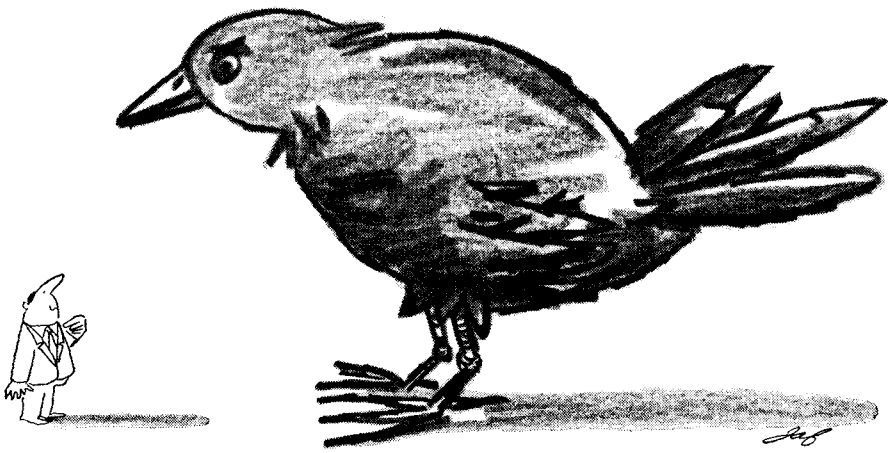
What has happened, in effect, is that the journalism educators, who have lived in the academic outer darkness for so long, scorned by their colleagues of the traditional disciplines as trade school practitioners (although no one thinks to apply that term to law schools or medical schools), have found in the sociology of journalism a royal road to respectability. On the graduate level, this road also leads to lucrative income from government and industry for research projects.

In following the new road, journalism educators appear to be in the process of silently assenting to the critics of journalism education who have maintained for so long that the techniques could be learned on the job and that the best education was a liberal education. The most foresighted of educators have recognized whatever validity lies in this criticism by properly limiting professional undergraduate work to thirty-two hours and devoting the rest of the time to the liberal arts, and on the graduate level by adding a year of professional training to a solid undergraduate base of nonprofessional study. But today the sociologists of journalism want to go further and orient education in the field around the "scientific" study of communications processes, producing graduates, many with Ph.D.s, who will rank with psychologists in the academic pecking order.

THAT objective will have to wait a while for fulfillment, since it appears the disposition is to let the camel into the tent an inch at a time, and to follow for as long as possible the American way of trying to make everyone happy. But there seems to be little doubt that in the end the sociologists will win, that journalism faculties will eventually be composed of Ph.D. specialists in communications, and that the study of communications processes will overshadow everything else in the curriculum, if indeed it does not entirely eliminate the "trade school" courses. University administrations will approve and back this changeover, as they have already in several places, because it will remove their embarrassment over the presence of a kind of training that does not fit into the traditional scheme, and which most of them have never understood or liked. Journalism faculty members will support it because the prospect for pay and promotion will be better with their new and more respectable status in the academic community. As for that forgotten man, the student, he will accept the change because he will have no choice.

There remain the media, which journalism education was originally created to serve. A *New York Times* executive remarked the other day that if journalism schools were to justify their existence they would have to do a better job of teaching writing and editing. This is an opinion heard often from editors on

(*Continued on page* 109)



"You must be mistaken. Deep down, I've always liked birds."

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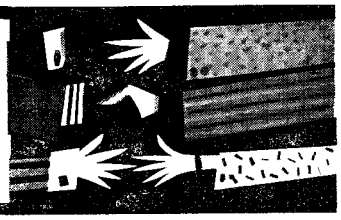
Public Relations



The Art of Getting Elected

BY FAR the most difficult of all public relations practice is in national politics. Inexperienced public relations men sometimes say that the way to elect a President of the United States is to package and sell him as if he were a tube of toothpaste, a bar of soap, or a carton of cigarettes. Nothing could be more wrong.

Political public relations is the most complicated, the most demanding in the entire field of PR. The tyro, the huckster, the brash, bright-eyed genius are completely out of place. Many of the techniques of reaching the public are the same, and of course the media of mass communication used are the same, but the whole approach is so different that competent commercial public relations men usually fall flat on their faces when they first turn their hands to political public relations.

In industrial public relations, once management accepts the necessity of making its decisions with public opinion and public policy in mind, the PR man can often plot the general course of action and carry it out. In political public relations it is the head of the party, the candidate, who must himself be the PR man, the one who decides which policies will be acceptable to the voters and which will, at the same time, best serve good government.

In selling toothpaste, controversy has no place. The purpose is to sell the toothpaste to the whole nation. Offense to any segment of the public must be avoided, for all segments are either buyers or potential buyers of the product. In political public relations it is impossible to aim, with success, at all the voters. To try it is the road to defeat, for controversy is the essence of successful campaigning.

In our era, the best political public relations man was Franklin D. Roosevelt. He ran the show when it came to the conception of policies that would get public support. He ran the show when it came to timing of activities and to the announcement of policies. It was he who gauged public opinion and the strength of his opposition, not any of his special advisers, or his press secretaries, or his national chairman, or his campaign managers. The proof of FDR's success was in his four elections.

Since 1932 the Democrats have had the best public relations, basically because the party's leadership knew how to take advantage of events and move from there. The Democrats did not make the Depression; they took advantage of it. FDR also turned to his advantage the rise of Hitler and non-involvement in war—then the war itself—to persuade the public that he and his party should be elected.

Nor was it the press secretaries or commercial public relations men or speech writers who won for President Truman in 1948. It was Mr. Truman himself who set the course of the campaign that won for him.

ALL PR men, if they are to be useful to their managements, must understand public opinion and the seats of power that affect public opinion. But it is the political public relations man, the successful one, who must, in addition to knowing and fully understanding the centers of power, appreciate that gusts of public opinion can change election chances with unbelievable suddenness. The political public relations man, no matter how sure he may appear to be in his actions, is the one who is rarely certain of reactions to policies. He is the least dogmatic about results. Only by long experience can he judge that the probabilities are with him or against him, not much more than that. He fully appreciates that the imponderables are so many that there is no certainty.

The best political public relations practitioner uses polls. But he is the first to recognize that they are tools that help him make up his mind. They do not make up his mind for him. There is nothing to take the place of the Presidential candidate's personal radar. He can get all kinds of advice, but in the end he must make his own decisions. Like the old bush pilots, he must fly by the seat of his pants.

The best political public relations men know that, despite the cynics, good government is good public relations. The public, busy at earning a living and paying taxes, concerned about family and the cost of a new roof on the house, finally will catch up with the incompetent politician, the dishonest one, or the one who in the long run does not act in the voters' interests.

It was good government, for instance, that was an important factor in electing Governor Thomas E. Dewey three times in New York State, when the whole national climate was opposed to the Republicans. And in 1948 one of the reasons for his defeat in the Presidential campaign was that Mr. Dewey did not heed the warnings of his personal antennae when they told him of the troubles his advisers did not see.

After President Kennedy was elected in 1960 it was said often, by those who did not understand political public relations, that given an attractive candidate with a great deal of money, success was sure. The theory expressed was that all that was needed was good PR; the rest was easy. But it wasn't the money that won for President Kennedy. The final decisions were his. He had to call the shots. He had to decide which men to place in positions of authority. It was he who had to assess the quality of the men with whom he surrounded himself. And he alone had to make the decisions on the campaign issues. Kennedy had a great deal more than wit, money, and good looks.

President Johnson is the top public relations man in the White House today. He makes the decisions on the issues and the timing of his campaign. He decides whether or not to respond to Senator Goldwater's attacks. He decides which governmental actions may help or hurt him at the polls. He is, because he must be, his own top PR man. And his success or failure on election day will depend, at least to a large extent, on his ability to handle the enormously complicated job of political public relations.

—L. L. L. GOLDEN.

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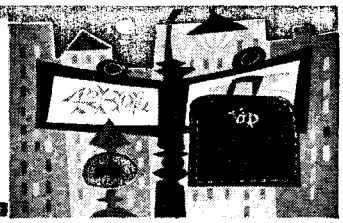
Madison Avenue



A Necessity in Politics

IT WASN'T too many Presidential elections ago that it was good politics for one or the other of the parties to hint darkly that sinister forces were at work in the opposition's ranks. Skulking behind the scenes, mixing strange potions that would dull the electorate's senses and make them easy prey for the candidate was that most insidious hidden persuader — an advertising man!

The Democrats seemed to make greater political capital out of this gambit than the Republicans. You could go all the way back to a Franklin D. Roosevelt campaign (who was running against him?) and his sarcastic remark about Martin, Barton & Fish — a take-off on the Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn advertising agency which was closely allied to the Republican party.

Later, Harry Truman unbent some of his famous billingsgate at the advertising business for the work it was doing for his opponent. Meanwhile, the Democratic National Committee had already hired an advertising agency to work for him. Truman, in effect, was employing a good advertising tactic: claiming a purity for his product—himself—that was no better than his competitor's, but saying it first.

One principal objection to "Madison Avenue's" role in handling the candidates centered on the idea that people didn't want their leaders served up to them like a box of Krispy Krunchies. After all, these politicians would be involved in issues affecting the nation's very life and to have them presented in a tawdry commercial way rubbed many thinking people the wrong way.

Most advertising men involved in campaigns have pooh-poohed this notion. They argue that you cannot "sell" a candidate like a bar of soap. The implication is that they would if they thought it would work. But to get across a man's ideas and personality, they say, is a lot tougher proposition. Especially in the time allotted.

At least one political scientist agrees with them. Dr. Rita Cooley, of New York University, had this to say a few months ago in *News Workshop*, a publication of NYU's Department of Journalism: "Advertising is necessary in politics. It puts the candidates before the electorate. This is not harmful to the democratic process; it is essential to it. The advertising techniques used for products will not sell candidates. Voters aren't influenced by them. The prime identification in an election is with the party, not the candidate."

Nevertheless, agencies are taking more and more of a hand in "presenting" the candidates to the people. For Senator Goldwater's first nationwide TV broadcast he was shown walking casually onto the set talking with technicians as though the action were taking place at the moment. The commentator spoke in a low voice, just as in the Metropolitan Opera broadcasts. Actually, it was all written in the script by the advertising agency Erwin Wasey, Ruthrauff & Ryan, and had been taped five days before.

The agencies' earlier role was largely one of being a vehicle for clearing broadcast time and writing the ads after the policy had already been laid down by the master politicians. Another, and possibly stronger, indication of advertising's growing importance was the first TV commercial for the Democrats.

This commercial had the touch if not the usual finesse of the agency that prepared it, Doyle Dane Bernbach, whose ads for Volkswagen, Avis, and others have been outstanding. It was almost as if the Democrats, anticipating a hard-hitting attack by the Republicans, decided to get in first licks. "Hard-hitting" is a polite way of saying "dirty."

The commercial showed a little girl picking the petals from a daisy, doing a countdown in reverse. At nine the picture blacked out and a nuclear blast appeared on the screen followed by the words "Vote for President Johnson on November 3." The message was clear to Republicans, who cried "Foul!" and even many voters in the Johnson camp were taken aback. The Democratic Vice Presidential candidate, Senator Humphrey, said that he had opposed putting the commercial on.

Republican Senator Everett M. Dirksen sent a protest to the National Association of Broadcasters' TV Code Authority, which replied: "While it is true that the NAB Television Code contains provisions with respect to taste in advertising, we have never considered the application of these provisions to political announcements." Amen to that.

The Republicans, most everyone will recall, pulled a cutie of their own by having that "In your heart, you know he's right" billboard for Goldwater staring the Democrats right in the eye at their Atlantic City convention.

At this writing the chairmen of both national committees, who a short time ago had signed a Fair Campaign Practices Code drawn up by Charles P. Taft, Cincinnati attorney, are screaming at each other like banshees.

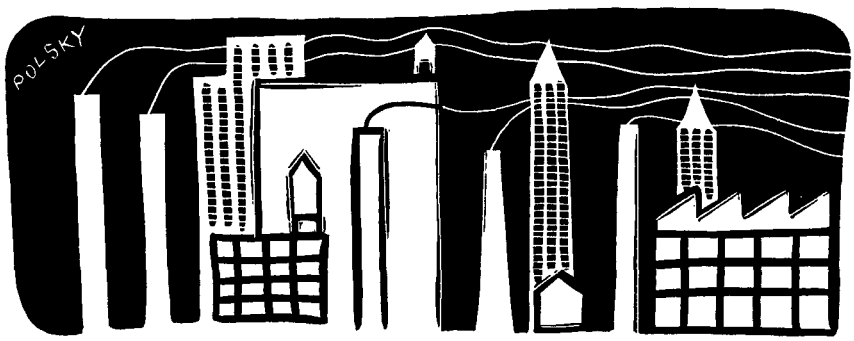
The role of agencies in future campaigns, including senatorial and gubernatorial, is bound to increase, if only because of the very complexities of the communication world. The *nature* of the campaigns will be shaped by the characters of the candidates and the issues prevailing at the time.

After the 1956 campaign, Ben Duffy, then president of BBD&O, was furious at the charges of a "Madison Avenue approach" to televising the candidates and that "Hollywood people were trying to make an actor of President Ike." The agency, he said, was not attempting to make an actor out of Eisenhower. That would have been foolish when they had such a "believable . . . and real human being." But you don't always have an Eisenhower.

It is conceivable that agencies at some point will be called upon to perform prodigious feats.

No matter what you think of agency participation in election campaigns, you could hardly fail to summon up a feeling of charity for an agency that might have to promote another Coolidge.

—JOSEPH KASELOW.



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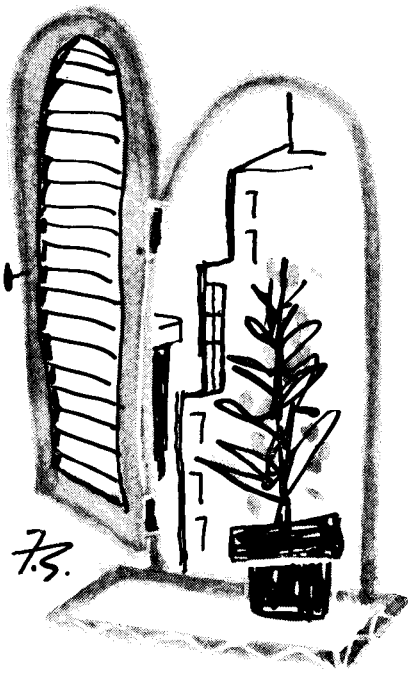
Castro's Cuba

Continued from page 99

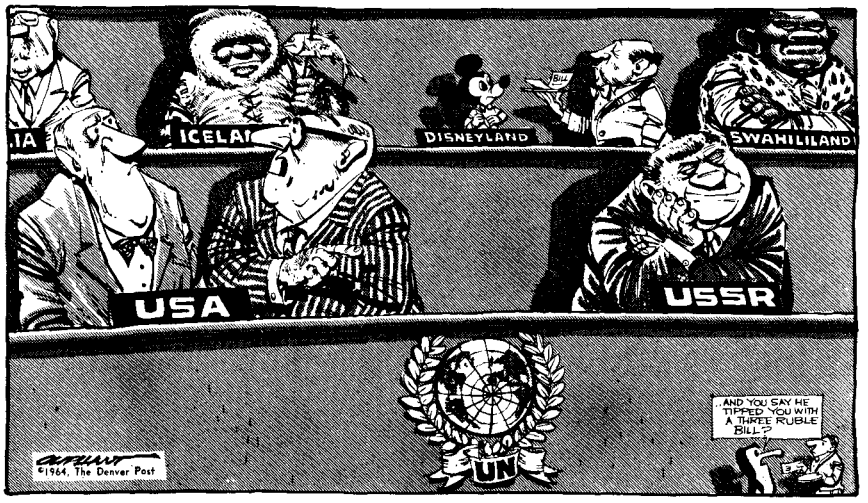
dictable chain of events could follow, for example, should Castro be assassinated, or a trigger-happy Cuban shoot down an American airplane. With normalized U.S.-Cuban relations, such events would be less likely to occur and, if they did, less likely to lead to an American-Soviet showdown.

The moral and legal arguments against coexisting with Castro do not stand up. Under the United Nations Charter and under the whole body of international law, the United States cannot intervene in the affairs of another sovereign state. The United States recognizes Communist governments, and it also recognizes various dictatorial governments (such as Duvalier's regime in Haiti, which by any standard is worse than Castro's). The Monroe Doctrine was a unilateral American declaration suitable for its time, but it has long since been outmoded. It stated that European powers must stay out of affairs of the Western Hemisphere, and that the United States would in return steer clear of European involvement. But the U.S. has no right to dictate to other sovereign powers, and it abandoned its non-involvement in Europe in World War I.

Perhaps the most important result of a U.S.-Cuban détente would be the ending of the American obsession with Castro. We are so bemused by Fidel that we are fumbling our effort elsewhere in Latin America. After all, Cuba is small, and the rest of the area is gigantic. We would do better to leave Cuba aside and get on with the job of helping democratic social revolutions throughout the Hemisphere.



'HE'S ASKING FOR $55.7 MILLION FOREIGN AID TO PAY HIS DEBT'



To Russia With Firmness: Pay Up!

IF the Soviet Union is foolish enough to gamble on the loss of its voting rights in the United Nations General Assembly, there is little the UN can do but meet the Soviets with firmness and insistence that the rules be observed.

The UN charter says that any nation which falls more than two years in arrears in its payments to the organization shall lose its right to vote in the General Assembly. Russia now owes $55.7 million—almost entirely her share of the peace-keeping operations in the Mideast and the Congo.

The question of the Soviet's credentials will come up when the UN convenes in November.

We are sure that loss of Russia as a voting member of the UN, which might lead to a full Russian walkout, would seriously reduce the world organization's effectiveness to deal with world tensions. We suspect that many people—Americans included—would wonder if the organization had outlived its usefulness.

But if the UN backs down and meekly searches for some avenue of escape that would permit the Soviets to continue voting, then the organization faces the loss of something that may be worse: world respect.

The Soviets are standing firm on a long-stated view that the General Assembly has no right to intervene in the Mideast and Congo operations or anyplace else. The Soviets argue that only the Security Council should be empowered to send troops. They have, thus, proposed a new plan under which the Soviets would help pay for a permanent UN military force entirely under the control of the Security Council.

This has good and bad points. The veto power of one of the "big five" nations on the council can be an unfortunate brake on vitally needed peace-keeping operations, such as the mission to the strife-torn Congo. This is why the assembly went around Russia and the Security Council in the Congo matter. On the other hand, of course, trigger-happy demagoguery on the assembly floor theoretically could be just as bad.

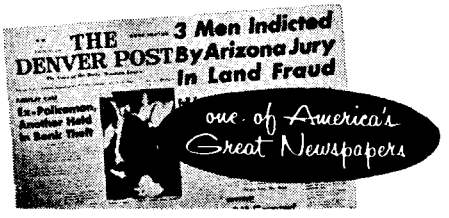
But the main point right now is that if the Russians are going to belong to the UN they should pay their way—not only the regular dues (which they do pay) but the special assessments as well.

We can't believe the Soviets would give up the many obvious advantages they possess by virtue of membership in the UN: a platform from which to speak, a source of power against rival Red China and the chance to manipulate neutral nations to their own advantage.

However, we believe that President Johnson, through the U.S. delegation to the UN, should make it clear that this nation wants Russia to live by the rules.

Reprinted from The Denver Post

Palmer Hoyt,
Editor and Publisher



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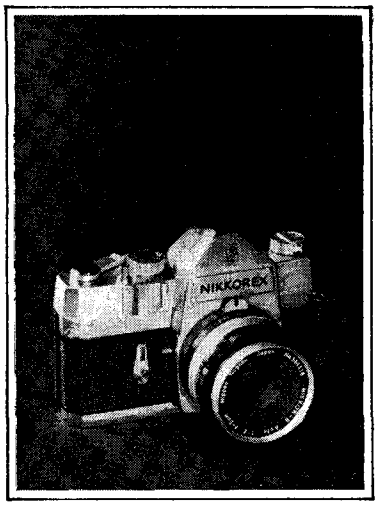

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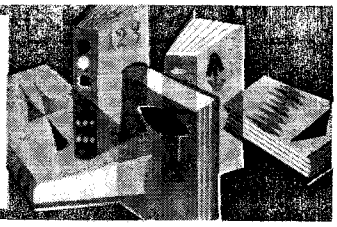
Books in Communications



Plain Talk

THERE is good reason to suspect that an adman who writes a book about advertising may not be an entirely disinterested observer. After all, what's to prevent him from working in an occasional veiled pitch for that elusive account? Or giving the impression, by the examples he chooses, that his own agency's sort of ads are the only kind that really deliver the customers? Or suggesting that he and his cohorts are on to some secret formula that, for a mere 15 per cent of your advertising dollar, will put you several million boxtop-years ahead of the competition?

Some such gloomy suspicion is bound to cross the mind of anyone within range of the steady fallout of books by admen, since most of them are so clearly partisan arguments than even the occasional happy exception suffers from the company it keeps. But the current season brings one that escapes at least the full weight of that suspicion because it is written not by an adman but by an ex-adman—Milton Biow, who founded his own agency, piloted it so successfully that by 1953 it was billing $50,000,000 and had 451 employees, and then, when he became ill, simply closed it rather than let someone else trade on the Biow name. Biow's book, *Butting In: An Adman Speaks Out* (Doubleday, $4.95), is part autobiography, part reminiscence, and part informal textbook, and in combination it gives credence to his claim that "I am one of the few admen free to talk."

What does he talk about? He is, in the first place, outspokenly critical of advertisers who in his view have blundered. Why, he asks, did Pepsi-Cola toss away the selling value of its name when it introduced Patio Cola? And why has Bulova, with its new Accutron watch, all but buried the Bulova name? He is also critical of art contests for advertisements ("They make for pretty advertising but not for selling goods"), group-think (". . . the biggest ideas . . . come from one man surrounded by big people"), and admen who ask a client whether he likes an ad ("Your responsibility is to make ads that sell goods. . . . Nothing else means anything"). It's a vigorous and peppery performance, strongly suggesting that the adman-turned-author feels secure enough in his opinions not to have to worry about losing friends.

Nor, it appears, did Biow ever venture very far from his own way of doing things. "A good many people," he says, "have asked me what other agencies I worked in. Not only have I never worked in any other agency, I never stepped inside of one. . . . We started small and learned the advertising business as we went along. When we had a job to do, we did it—our way!"

HE WAS, as he says, a loner. He liked to figure things out for himself, and his solitary ruminations almost always seem to have paid off—at least as Biow himself tells the tale. There was the time, for example, just after Lindbergh's transatlantic flight, when Biow braved cordons of press agents and seemingly impenetrable obstacles just to persuade the flier to accept a $1,000 watch from Bulova, one of his clients. Lindbergh responded with a telegram of thanks and a letter, thereby providing Bulova with enough publicity to sell 250,000 duplicates of what it gleefully dubbed the "Lone Eagle" watch. There was the time, too, when he was desperately trying to figure out a way for his radio station, WNEW (which he helped found in 1934 and soon developed into the nation's first twenty-four-hour-a-day station), to cover the heavyweight championship fight between Primo Carnera and Max Baer. The snag was that NBC had exclusive broadcasting rights, and WNEW was therefore unable to get its equipment into the outdoor arena. The problem was neatly solved when Biow's station paid a nearby apartment-dweller $50 to let a man with microphone and binoculars peer out of a window overlooking the arena. WNEW not only got the show on the air, to the utter mystification of its competitor, but even managed to find someone to sponsor it.

Butting In is by all odds the season's liveliest book about advertising. If Biow doesn't always seem quite the rugged iconoclast he makes himself out to be, he is at least refreshingly remote from Madison Avenue's customary party line. Whatever its impact may be in the ad agencies, his book should at least send a few alert publishers in search of some other outspoken ex-admen.

—JAMES F. FIXX.

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Journalism Education

Continued from page 104

the best newspapers, who know that the major editorial need in the press today is for people who have the skill to communicate complex ideas in a clear and accurate style. Much more is demanded of a reporter today than was asked twenty-five years ago.

Aside from the newspapers in a position to hire the best and to assemble a collection of specialists, the outlook for able recruits has not been encouraging during the past decade. The American Newspaper Publishers Association, the Newspaper Fund, and other agencies have been attacking this problem with intelligence and vigor, but newspapers are still losing good people to public relations, advertising, and electronic journalism. The word "journalism," of course, now embraces all the media, but newspapers have traditionally been the chief concern of journalism education, even though students are trained in the other media as well.

If the newspaper business has for the most part failed to support journalism education until recently, it could also be said that the educators have failed in not maintaining universally high editorial standards in their courses. By spreading themselves too thin over a wide area, many schools and departments have vitiated the quality of instruction in writing and editing. The result is evident in the appallingly low editorial standards that prevail on so many American newspapers. It may be the thinnest of straws in the wind, but one of the papers read at the AEJ convention in Austin bore a title couched in atrocious English; the text contained sentences that would not survive a freshman composition class. It was, however, admired by the sociologists.

Some newspaper executives have been urging that publishers and journalism educators bury whatever differences have been separating them and work together to improve the quality of instruction and of newspapers by recruiting the best possible candidates and setting high professional standards for them. Clearly, this will not be possible if the schools and departments find themselves preoccupied with the sociological study of communications. Newspapers will, in that eventuality, have to look elsewhere for their talent, and the theory of "learning on the job" will get a thorough testing.

It may be that journalism education ought to remind itself of an observation made by one of the best European book publishers, Kurt Wolff, now associated with Harcourt, Brace. "In the beginning," said Mr. Wolff, "was the word, not the machine."

Letters to the Editor

Continued from page 32

fic disciplines to help him interpret esoteric theories. In the case of *SR*'s report on Ranger VII, Professor Kuiper handled the interview so skilfully that his guest is still unaware of having discussed any difficult concepts. And the ease and courtesy with which the professor's laboratory staff played the role of informative host for a day before the professor himself returned from California and took the science editor home to a gracious lunch with the Kuiper family appears all the more remarkable now that the professor has disclosed the atmosphere of inner pressure and tension that actually surrounded the visit.

Professor Kuiper did use the phrase "instant science" several times during his day-long conversation with *SR*'s science editor in Tucson. It is a well-turned phrase, of which any author might be proud. Professor Kuiper can be forgiven for supposing that use of the words by others may have been prompted by himself. But *SR*'s science editor had in truth read the phrase (without knowing the identity of its originator) before visiting Tucson and had bestowed upon it his own definition, which he published in *SR*. As Professor Kuiper's letter points out, the professor did not define the phrase, simply tossing it out as a quip; nor was the *SR* definition attributed to Professor Kuiper. Given these circumstances, the professor's charge of betrayal seems unjust.

Professor Kuiper says *SR*'s science editor has been unfair in not crediting Jet Propulsion Laboratory with a brilliant achievement in Ranger VII. In fact, the *SR* report on Ranger VII called the moon flight "a genuinely brilliant achievement," a "triumph . . . [with an] incandescent glow"; Ranger VII itself was referred to as "a magnificent tool"; the failures of six previous moon Rangers—all managed by JPL—were explained as pilot stages in a complex technological experiment. JPL was criticized only for the misleading publicity it put out about the moon flights.

Professor Kuiper describes as "complete fantasy" any implication that he would have been a source of information that could be used publicly against the government. No such implication was made in *SR*'s columns. It may be noted, for emphasis, that *SR* nowhere quoted Professor Kuiper as a critic of anyone; indeed, at one juncture, the text made clear that he declined to discuss an action by JPL which *SR*'s science editor criticized.

JOHN LEAR.

New York, N.Y.

Trade Secrets

IF ONE OF THE FUNCTIONS of a travel editor is to edit travels, would you try, please, to preserve some pockets of privacy? There are so few left. Your "Dixieland Cape Cod" described the Outer Banks area [*SR*, Sept. 12], listing many of the tourist attractions on Bodie and Hatteras. That's fine. Kitty Hawk, Nag's Head, Manteo, Hatteras Light, the dunes, the Lost Colony, are well worth a trip. The public has a right to be reminded of them. But why not leave it at that? Ocracoke Island, just to the south, is seldom described in articles, and now you've gone and done it.

When we were there, we had fourteen miles of clean, sandy, dune-bordered, shell-bedecked beach completely to ourselves during an idyllic week's vacation. There was no habitation of any sort on the beach. At our small hotel in the village, there were three fishermen, two salesmen, and one middle-aged couple who had come for a rest. Not a tourist in sight. I understand the invasion has begun, but only by way of a slight infiltration. Will the troops start coming now, after your report? I don't want to sound selfish or antisocial. I admit there was certainly room for more on that lovely beach. What makes me shudder is the thought of beer cans, chewing gum, portable radios, gaudy outfits, and all the rest of the paraphernalia of the genus *tripper*, including the hot, pervasive greasiness of hamburgers burning on hibachis, blighting a stretch of sand that has been unspoiled for centuries. Alas, poor Ocracoke. . . .

There are so few places left, within easy reach, where one can be un-elbowed. If you

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come across any more, could you hold off the publicity? After all, you might want to go there yourself some day.

MARION WEST STOER.

Baltimore, Md.

Man in Motion

IN BOOKED FOR TRAVEL [*SR*, Sept. 12], I noticed the editor's note at the end stating that Horace Sutton is on vacation.

When *isn't* Mr. Sutton on vacation?

HERBERT ROSEN.

Dunkirk, N.Y.

HORACE SUTTON ON VACATION? Where does Horace go on vacation when he isn't tempting us to go where he's been working?

JOE M. TOCKMAN.

Colorado Springs, Colo.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *He stays close to home* *(see page 50).*

Those Beatles Again

ARTHUR KNIGHT IS to be commended for the discrimination and good sense he displayed in his review [*SR*, Sept. 19] of the hirsute hams' cinema debut.

SUSAN SLEEPER.

Fargo, N.D.

ARTHUR KNIGHT'S REVIEW OF *A Hard Day's Night* was wonderful. I suppose it's flattering for the Beatles to be favorably compared to the Marx Brothers and the Three Stooges as to timing and comedy, but their vast appeal certainly lies elsewhere. Who would ever have likened the Marx Brothers to "young colts," or called the Three Stooges "direct and unpretentious"?

I've been to see *A Hard Day's Night* twice and hope to see it again. It's like playing a good record over and over. It should be in the art theaters.

MARY M. COLLINS.

Rochester, Mich.

I AM A BEATLEMANIAC and would like to thank you for a fabulous review of a fabulous movie, *A Hard Day's Night*. Arthur Knight's statement that "kids who yell and shriek as they perform are not responding to the music . . . but to the sight of the Beatles knocking themselves out in happy unison" is absolutely true. His last three adjectives, "unpretentious, fun-loving, and direct," describe the boys perfectly and tell exactly why we "yell and shriek."

JOANNA PAUL VREELAND.

Mt. Carmel, Conn.

Brainwashed?

I WISH TO EXPRESS my complete delight with "Number 34.7DY. Mea Culpa!" in PHOENIX NEST [*SR*, Sept. 19]. I have also experienced the plight of poor William Fadiman, who wrote the article.

A certain book club notifies its members that the current selection will be forwarded unless it is notified otherwise by a certain date. However, on more than one occasion the final date for rejection has passed by the time the notification of the current selection has arrived. As a member, I specifically recall receiving an encyclopedic reference work on a subject in which I had absolutely no interest, with a price tag of $22.50, because my notification from the club was received five days after the final date set for rejection.

Letters of explanation are ignored. Ordering cancelation of your own membership suffers the same indignity. On two occasions I have written to cancel but they evidently consider me such a valuable member that they have bestowed upon me their highest honor, refusal to accept my resignation. I still receive my monthly notices as regularly as clockwork, and I would imagine that long after I cease to exist my heirs will continue to receive them.

My only consolation is that there does appear to have been some improvement in recent months; occasionally the club does forward a book I'm glad to receive.

JACK B. HORNER.

Elizabethtown, Pa.

Too Much Too Soon

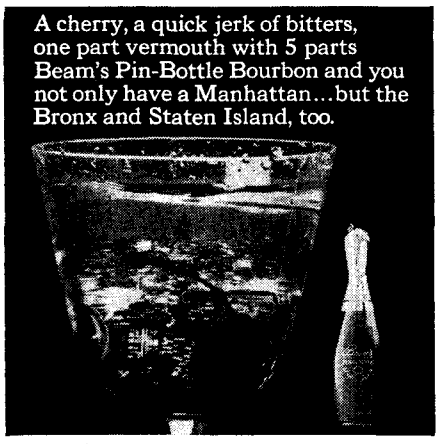
RICHARD L. TOBIN, in "The Man with the Pencil of Light" [*SR*, Aug. 29], seems to miss one very important point. He speaks most truly when he states that man is "still unprepared in ethics, law, and self-control" to handle our high degree of technology. The point he misses, however, in his predictions for "Communication 2004" is the horror of what could amount to the destruction of personal privacy. The idea of walking along the street with a pocket-size walkie-talkie, communicating with someone walking along a street thousands of miles away, is alarming.

What will become of the art of letter-writing? The postman won't even ring once. Who will sing "I Wonder What Became of Sally"? when we can keep track of every step she takes? There won't be any place to hide—not even in that cozy little cocktail lounge. Any minute your pan may be flashed (in color) to your wife in Schenectady—and the sweet nothings you whisper in someone's ear will be heard from coast to coast.

Uh-uh. The year 2004 sounds worse than the year 1984. Well, I'll be talking to you from my private berth in the mausoleum.

J. SHOTWELL.

Philadelphia, Pa.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Movies

Continued from page 35

al' if it is simply to be a crowd-pleaser, and Mr. Roud, having been chosen to choose, is doing just that. He seems to be saying that a festival should pull together the many strands of film expression and exhibit its range.

Along these lines, he has shown us the Soviet *Hamlet*, a majestic and filmic mounting of the Boris Pasternak translation by director Grigori Kozintzev. The subtitles were not strict Shakespeare, but an English translation of Pasternak's rendering. And though the interpretation stuck to traditional lines, the pictorial presentation was unique and powerful. He brought in the unfinished *Passenger*, whose director, Andrzej Munk, died before its completion, and it proved to be eminently worth seeing, as did Francesco Rosi's *Salvatore Giuliano*, even though that, too, seemed unfinished. Mr. Roud did something else. He cast his eye over the field of films passed by for theater distribution and picked several for inclusion, among them Bunuel's vintage (and faded) *L'Age D'Or*, Mizoguchi's *The Taira Clan* (1955), and Ichikawa's *Enjo* (1959), thus adding a retrospective quality to the festival.

The New York newspaper critics broke out of harness this year and reviewed the festival films at full length, thus creating a situation that may be bothersome in subsequent years. Their right to do so is unquestioned, but the realities of art-house distribution are such that those who have already purchased American exhibition rights to foreign films may be unwilling to allow them to face the possible critical blasts of Crowther and Crist. Unlike most Hollywood films, foreign films often rise or fall according to their reception by Crowther of the *Times*, and to a far lesser degree by Crist of the *Tribune* and Winsten of the *Post*. At least, that is what the distributors *say*. On the other hand, if Crowther should like a film, will the distributor be able to count on another rave when it opens at a theater some months hence? That segment of the film industry is in a tizzy right now over the matter. The major Hollywood studios, too, may not like the idea of showing their films in advance at the festival and having them blasted, if the captious critics should react nastily. All this is beside the point for the surprisingly attentive and knowledgeable audience that came to the festival. They seemed to know what they thought, and what they liked or did not like, without the help of industry publicity and critical comment. That this audience exists is in itself a prime reason for having the New York Festival. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

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(Continued on page 112)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 111)

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Clean Air

Continued from page 25

ing of raw sewage in rivers," the head of Arizona Biochemical responded. "The real health hazard comes from buried, dumped, or burned trash and garbage. The situation is especially dangerous in Phoenix because of the problems of flooding and reliance on underground water. We have had problems, but we've cleaned them up except for our financial difficulties. We still hope to solve those, too."

Dr. S. F. Farnsworth, director of the Maricopa County Health Department, which is also responsible for enforcement of Phoenix health codes, agreed that the biochemical plant's health hazards had been cleaned up.

But a year has passed since the city's contract was abrogated by Arizona Biochemical, and the garbage and refuse are slowly but surely filling up the gravel pits. When the biochemical plant began its operation late in 1962 it was widely publicized as the final answer to disposal of municipal garbage and refuse without polluting the air, the land, or the water. It was the largest and most comprehensive total disposal plan then known, and the first in the United States to envision total disposition. Nearly 300 representatives of Canadian and United States municipalities and regional governments were present on opening day and carried the word back to their communities. But the subsequent developments have remained virtually unreported outside Phoenix. A random check of a half-dozen communities represented at the opening indicated that in the fall of 1964 hardly any were aware that the composting of municipal refuse had been abandoned in Phoenix in the fall of 1963.

OVEREMPHASIS on the profit motive appears to have been the wrecking factor not only in Phoenix but in some other communities that experimented with composting on a somewhat smaller scale. McKeesport, Pennsylvania, for example, abandoned composting as uneconomical when it failed to develop markets for the end product. A pilot project by Michigan State University was shelved when its nonbacterial method of waste conversion resulted in an end product valueless as compost because it contained only 2 per cent nitrogen and thus would rob rather than enrich the soil.

Meanwhile Phoenix, in common with most other American cities, has a multitude of other problems in its struggle against rising air pollution, water contamination, and land despoiling, though it is by no means a typical or atypical community. By comparison with many, if not most, less isolated—or less industrialized—communities, Phoenix is fortunate to have strong public support, including local newspaper support, for anti-pollution control programs.

Control of water pollution is perhaps the most effective. State and country laws make water pollution a misdemeanor punishable by $300 fine and/or six months in jail. County health department enforcement against dumping of garbage, manufacturing waste, and refuse in the artificial lakes and drainage streams has been vigilant. Phoenix operates a comprehensive sewage system not only for the municipality but for four communities in the county—Glendale, Scottsdale, Mesa, and Tempe. Residents outside the city pay $2.50 monthly for city sewer use. There are two sewage treatment plants within the city limits, one of which is being enlarged to handle the increased flow from the country areas. Effluent is processed in drying beds. Treated effluent does, however, escape down the dry Salt River bed, and what does not evaporate is often used for irrigation water by the farmers in the county.

An Air Pollution Control ordinance was adopted by the county in February of 1963 and is administered by the County Health Board of five members, with a fifteen-man advisory board. The total county health budget for 1964-65 (to June 30, 1965) is $1,384,788, derived from a property tax, of which $364,735 is budgeted for environmental sanitation, plus $62,000 for land-fill operations. City health and pollution control is a county matter. Of the 9,000 square miles comprising the County of Maricopa, the 162,500 families that make up the Phoenix population of 520,000 occupy 222 square miles.

Although the Air Pollution Control code provides no criminal penalties for violation, it may be enforced through Superior Court injunction. The first effort of the board has been to require permits for open burning, with a result that open fires have been sharply reduced, though private barbecues and private incinerators have not been totally prohibited—as they were, for example, in Los Angeles as an anti-smog measure. Industry in and around Phoenix is chiefly classified as light, with a predominance of electronics plants, and is not yet considered a major menace, though it also makes a contribution to the occasional pall of smog gathering over Phoenix in the evening.

Dust from the surrounding desert and from auto traffic on the many miles of unpaved roads, particularly outside the city limits, remains a major problem against which the only proposed remedy thus far is road surfacing to hold down the road dust. Reclaiming the desert with compost, ground-cover crops, and grasses is envisioned chiefly among the dreams of the Valley Beautiful Citizens Council, a private volunteer group of concerned citizens that is still in the research and study stage.

Even the usually bright and comfortably warm weather, which is among the major attractions of Phoenix as a resort and permanent home center and tends to keep pollution from heating devices to a minimum, helps at the same time to restrain enthusiasm for a more vigorous street and road-paving program. The unpaved roads are considered adequate in good weather, in a way reminiscent of the traditional tale of the farmer who couldn't repair a leaking roof during a storm and saw no reason to do so when the storm had subsided.

The city of Phoenix is spending about $3,800,000 annually in a losing effort to keep pace with population growth within the city—18 per cent more than in 1960, when a twenty-year program for adequate arterial road-paving was begun. The city now estimates that it is some $3,000,000 per year behind—and there is little sentiment as yet for making up the difference with higher assessments or special taxes.

LOOMING is a problem to which Phoenix—in common with a great number of our rapidly growing cities—has devoted almost no planning. Paving the roads will without doubt help to hold down the pollution from dust, but just as surely will attract an even higher ratio of private automobiles, buses, and trucks. As the dust recedes, the invisible pollutants—chiefly carbon monoxide and nitrogen dioxide from motor vehicle crankcases and exhausts—are certain to rise.

Neither the state nor the country considers the toxic fumes from motor vehicles sufficiently dangerous to consider adopting an attitude toward them, much less to formulate such legislation as is on the books in California and under study in New York. It is an indifference by no means confined to relatively fortunate Phoenix. Outside of California, no city is equipped with adequate authority to abate such noxious wastes from the atmosphere we breathe. And although the problem is clearly not merely a municipal or regional problem, but a national one—impossible to confine within city, country, or state boundaries—national legislation has not yet been either formulated or proposed.

Yet Arthur J. Benline, New York City's Commissioner of Air Pollution Control, has written that "the air around us is even more important than the water we drink and the food we eat. Dirty air may not make one sick quite as rapidly as dirty water or food, but the long-range effects on the health of the people can be far more drastic."

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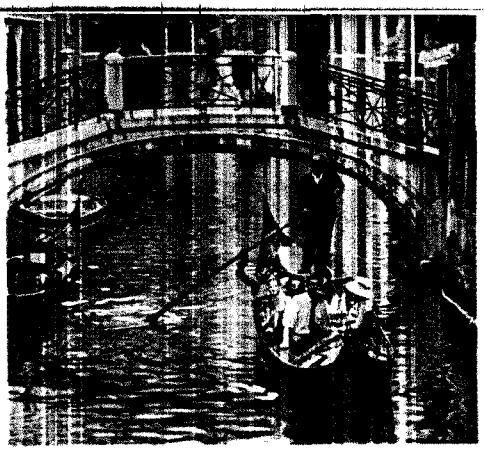
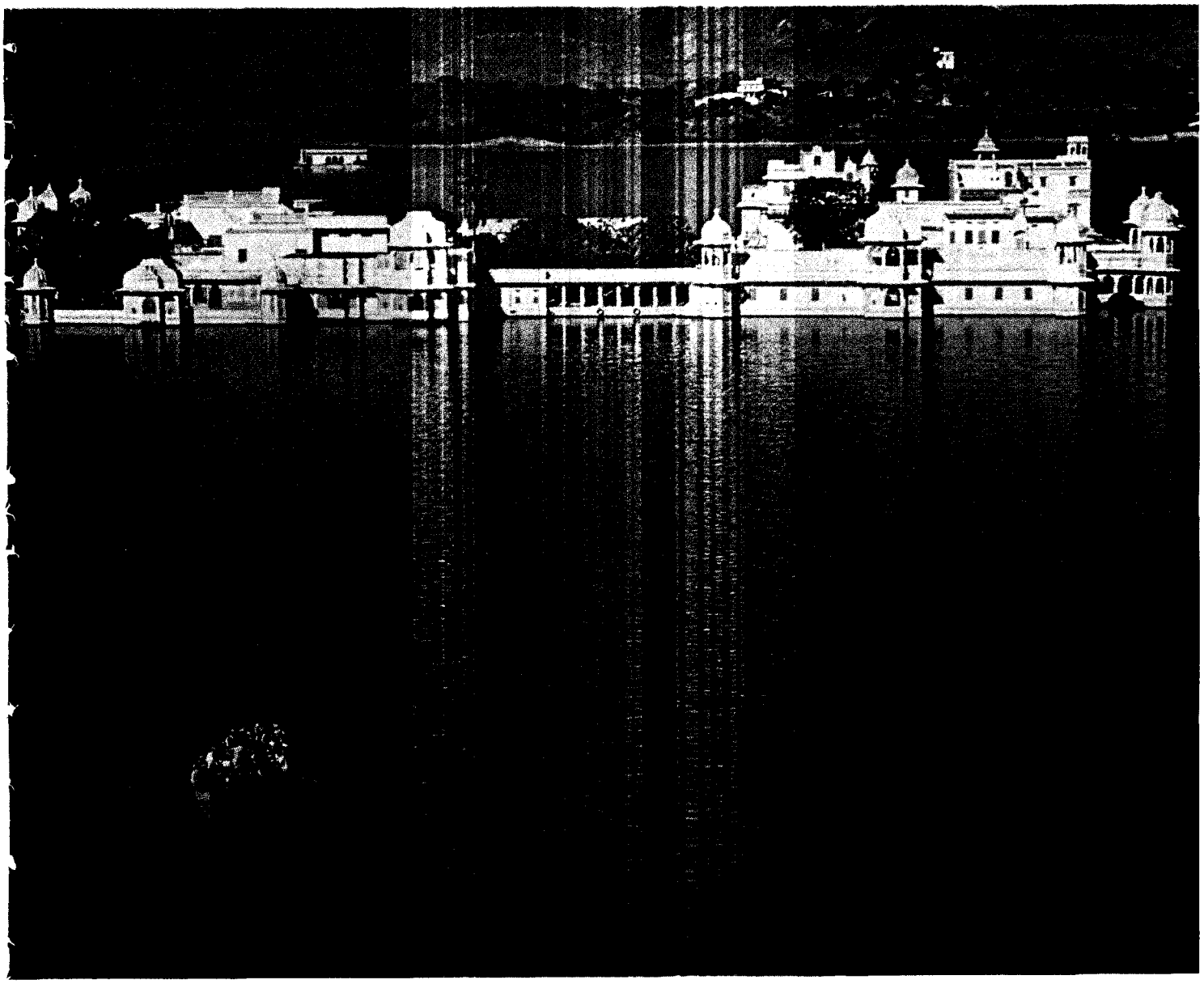


Lovely. Everyone knows.



Lovely. Heaven only knows.

Stand on the peak of one of the wooded hills of Southern Rajastan and you can look down on Udaipur, India's "City of the Dreams". Below you, 16th century palaces seem to float on the dark blue waters of an almost too-perfect lake. Over one of the bridges, perhaps, trudges a string of camels, carrying wood and grain. Would you like to stay in the sumptuous palace of a Maharana? You can, for as little as $10 a day (including 3 delicious meals—and high tea!) If you'd like to know more about India, her modern hotels and travel facilities, see your Travel Agent. Or write to the Government of India Tourist Office.

India

New York, 19 East 49th Street. Chicago, Palmer House. San Francisco, 685 Market Street. Toronto, 177 King Street, West.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1592

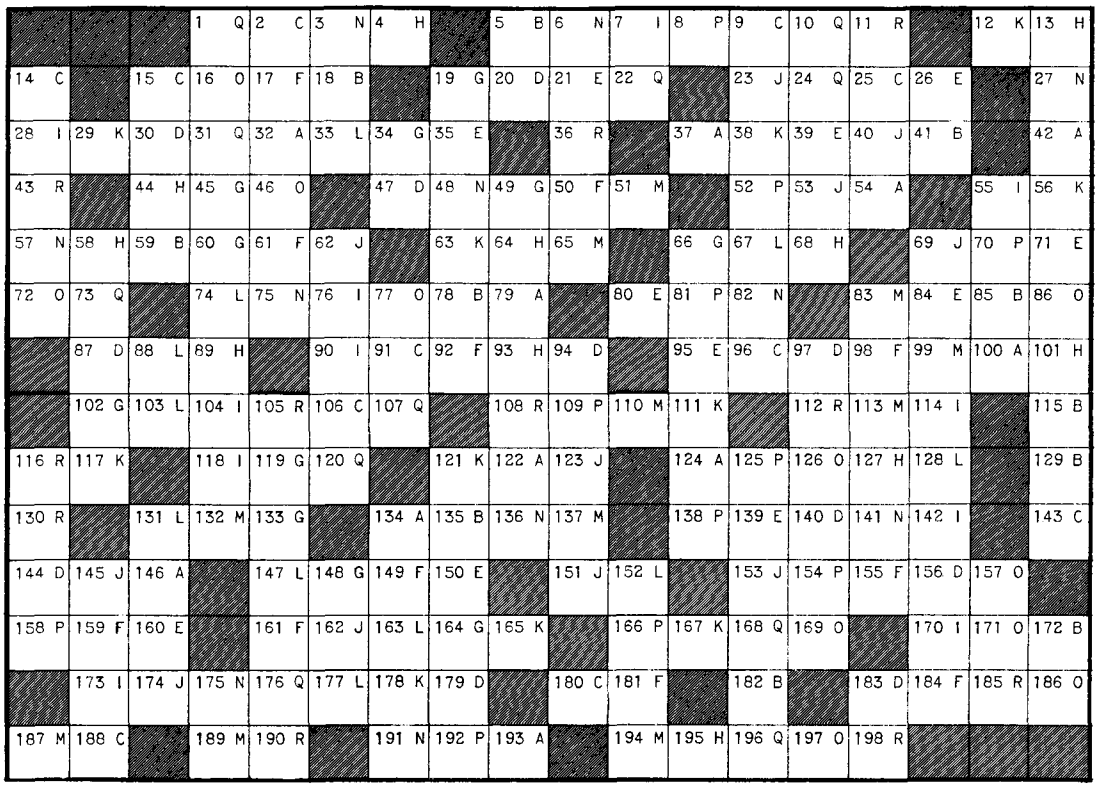
Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. To places besides this.	42 37 122 100 79 124 146 134 193 54 32
B. "Oh, Pa!" wailed the youth by phone, "Ma said I might take her car, but now I can't start it or even let myself back into the house, because I've — — —" (3 wds.).	85 129 172 59 18 182 5 41 78 135 115
C. Where a fascinating pet was to be found in a popular song of five years ago (3 wds.).	180 188 96 2 106 15 91 14 25 9 143
D. Atmosphere contaminated by dangerous chemicals, etc. (2 wds.).	183 156 87 144 47 94 30 179 140 20 97
E. Foreigners resident in a country with which their country is at war (2 wds.).	26 71 84 21 35 80 139 39 150 160 95
F. Threshing a second time.	149 155 161 98 61 50 17 159 184 181 92
G. Theatricality.	66 148 164 19 34 45 49 119 60 133 102
H. How, in the Middle East, a gratuity, a tip, is regarded (2 wds.).	13 4 58 195 127 68 93 64 89 101 44
I. Prehistoric man who lived in dwellings built over water (2 wds.).	104 118 173 142 55 170 28 76 90 114 7
J. August (2 wds.).	123 174 62 162 153 53 23 151 40 145 69
K. Opinion or argument shared equally by two or more persons (2 wds.).	29 167 12 111 56 117 121 38 178 63 165
L. First three wds. of old "Little Willie" verse about his red-haired sister: *From this nimbus* "on my head, Rays and sparks fly flaming red; Mother calls me 'Little Saint'; Willie tells me, 'But you ain't'."	163 147 152 74 131 67 128 88 33 177 103
M. Opposite gesture to that of the "Man With the Hoe" who "gazes on the ground" (3 wds.).	194 110 189 99 137 187 65 113 132 51 83
N. Rendered less like a woman.	57 175 191 136 48 3 27 75 141 6 82
O. The George Eliot novel whose heroine is Dorothea Brooke, 1872.	86 186 197 72 77 169 46 171 157 126 16
P. Characteristic mode of progress of some of the apes, swinging from one hold to another by the arms.	138 109 192 166 154 8 70 52 125 158 81
Q. Grasps mentally; makes out clearly.	10 196 120 22 168 73 1 24 107 176 31
R. The heavy satins and damasks which would "stand alone" used for gorgeous robes of ancient times (2 wds.).	198 105 36 108 190 11 112 116 43 130 185

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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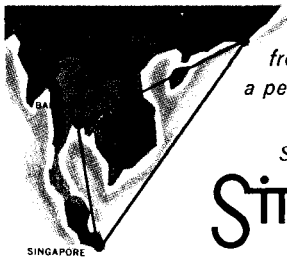
ORIENT BOUND?
SAVE FOUR FOR SINGAPORE: Four days (at least!) of intrigue, adventure, splendor and surprise. Singapore is the sum of all you expect the Far East to be . . . plus a touch of the Indies besides. Only 760 free air miles from Bangkok, at the crossroads of the world. Your travel agent will route you there as a bonus. Consult him for information, or write: TOURIST PROMOTION BOARD, Singapore, Room 1830, 295 Madison Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

1ST DAY Hire a sampan and explore the world's most picturesque harbor. ♦ Have your fortune told (you're going on a long trip). ♦ Sip a Singapore Sling—it might make an author of you.

2ND DAY Cross the Causeway to Johore. "Snap" the fairy-tale mosques and palaces. ♦ Ride through rubber plantations and exotic jungle. ♦ Watch the passing parade; you can hardly miss catching a festival. ♦ Sample the tempting specialties at clean, colorful outdoor stalls.

3RD DAY Peek into a native Malay kampong built on stilts. ♦ Bargain for the world's treasures at duty-free prices. (No certificate of origin required). ♦ Stand on a corner and watch the fascinating Orient go by: Indian, Chinese, Malay, Eurasian. ♦ Tan any day of the year on a sunny, palm-fringed beach, or by a modern hotel pool.

4TH DAY Take a trishaw to Change Alley—liveliest bazaar on earth. ♦ Play a guest round on the lush, rolling hills of a superb golf course. ♦ Enjoy the spectacle of a Singapore "World"—unique after-dark playground . . . still more you want to see? So, stay longer!



Less than 1¾ jet hours from Bangkok . . . and not a penny more for fare!

SAVE FOUR FOR
Singapore

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Meet a brave new world face to face. Discover Australia: the uncommon place.

Discover the Outback. This is the land of the aborigine—and Ayers Rock, a single red rock six miles around. Hidden beneath the folds of this mammoth monolith are caves walled with aboriginal paintings. Discover Sydney's beaches. Take a 20¢ ferryboat ride to Manly Beach for a priceless view of the headlanded harbor. Or take your pick of two dozen other golden beaches, all less than 30 minutes from the center of Sydney. (Even if you don't go near the water you'll enjoy the colorful ceremonies of the volunteer lifeguards.) Discover Healesville. Only 45 minutes from Melbourne you can walk among the whimsical Australian animals in this bushland wildlife sanctuary. (Koala cuddling optional.) Discover the sheep country. This is the sundowners' domain and the home of the drover. (He counts sheep—during the day.) Only an hour's flight from Sydney you can visit a sprawling sheep station at Dubbo or Bathurst. Australia is all this—and more. It's the uncommon place, highlight of the storied South Pacific. For a free copy of "This is Australia," and news on New Zealand, see your travel agent. Or write Australian Nat'l. Travel Assn., 350 Post St., San Francisco or 636 5th Ave., N.Y.

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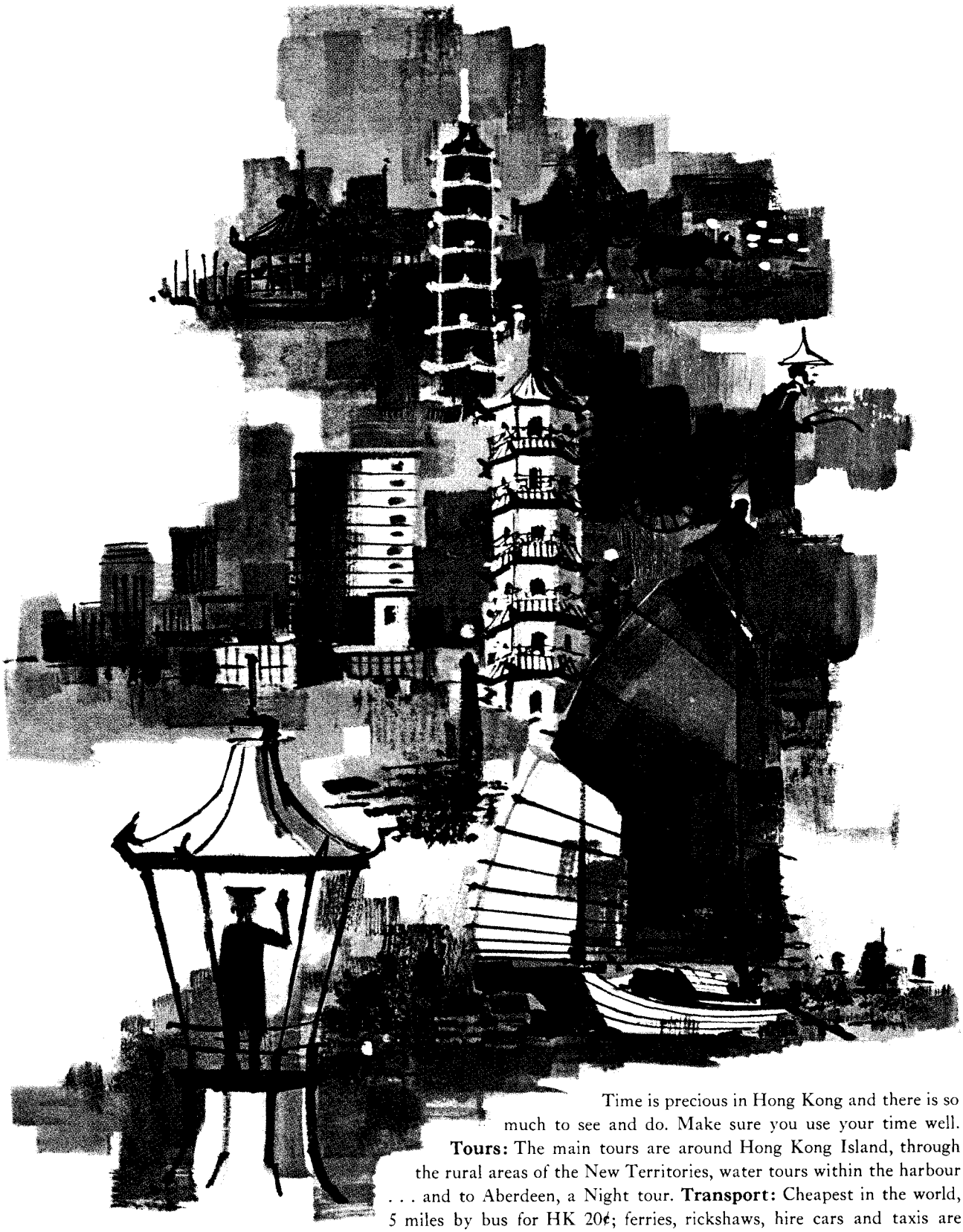

THE ORIENT IS HONG KONG

Time is precious in Hong Kong and there is so much to see and do. Make sure you use your time well. **Tours:** The main tours are around Hong Kong Island, through the rural areas of the New Territories, water tours within the harbour . . . and to Aberdeen, a Night tour. **Transport:** Cheapest in the world, 5 miles by bus for HK 20¢; ferries, rickshaws, hire cars and taxis are cheap and abundant. **Food:** Superb Chinese food; also restaurants specializing in every type of European cuisine. **Shopping:** Great variety and exciting. The tax-free port ensures bargains. **Accommodation:** Nearly 7,000 fully air-conditioned hotel rooms from single accommodation to luxurious suites. **Highlights:** View from the peak of Hong Kong Island. Dinner at the Aberdeen floating restaurants. Tiger Balm Gardens. Old Chinese villages. A ride in the Peak Tram. For comprehensive material write to the Hong Kong Tourist Association, Box 2597, G.P.O. Hong Kong, B.C.C.

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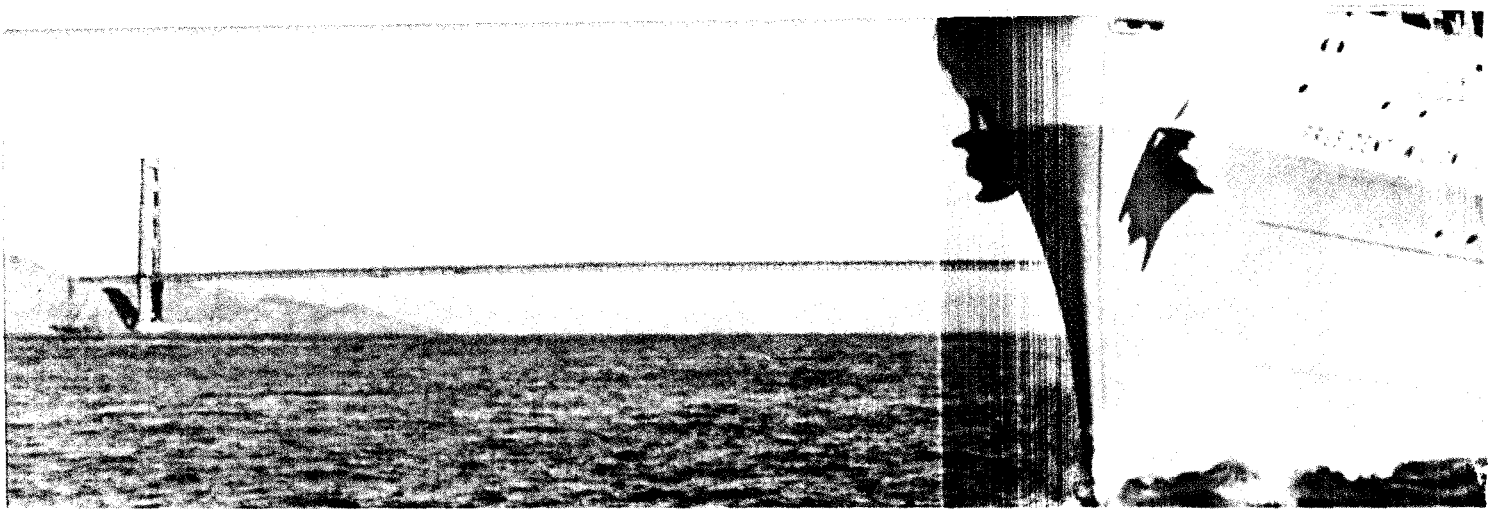
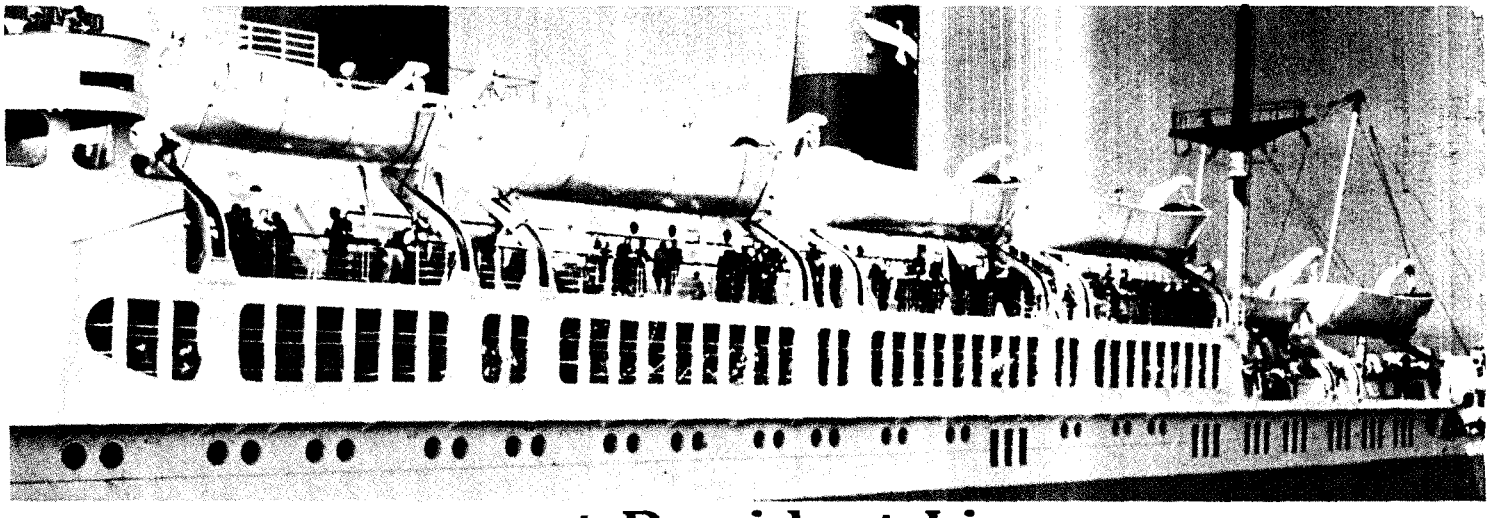


Every two weeks



a great President Liner

sails from San Francisco to the Orient.

Your course: West-Southwest. Speed: 20 knots. Destination: Hawaii, Japan, Hong Kong, the Philippines. Along the way you'll see fish that fly, birds that swim, and a bow wave that glows in the night.

Your ship itself will be an adventure. You'll find that your stateroom comes with radio, telephone and 24-hour room service. That the salt water pool is heated to a pleasant 78 degrees. That there are, if you care to count, 420 different dishes served during the two-week Pacific crossing. And that the voyage, if anything, will seem too short to meet all of the 250 passengers aboard your great President Liner.

One-way fares to Manila start at $689 First Class; $403 Economy Class. Space is still open on two of three special Fall cruises (Nov. 7 and Nov. 21) featuring five extra days, three extra ports and a daylight trip through Japan's Inland Sea—at no extra cost. Later, holiday rates cut round-trip costs by 25% off the normal one-way fares. See your Travel Agent.

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